

# PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

ASTRONOMERS assert that the nebulous mist with which the ether is charged is perpetually taking form—that the regions of space are but a celestial dairy, in which the milky way is for ever churned into stars. Nor do the new stars extinguish the old; for, as the thirteenth man in the omnibus always says—there is room for one more. It will not, therefore, surprise the public to see a new Magazine. The reader, like the astronomer cognizant of infinite star-dust, knows very well that in the rapid life of this country there is a constant scintillation of talent, which needs only a nucleus to be combined into beams of light and heat.

Taking the reader, therefore, by the hand, or rather by the eye, here at the portal, we invite a moment's conversation before he passes within.

A man buys a Magazine to be amused—to be instructed, if you please, but the lesson must be made amusing. He buys it to read in the cars, in his leisure hours at home—in the hotel, at all chance moments. It makes very little difference to him whether the article date from Greece or Guinea, if it only interest him. He does not read upon principle, and troubles himself little about copyright and justice to authors. If a man goes to Timbuctoo and describes his visit picturesquely and well, the reader devours the story, and is not at all concerned because the publisher may have broken the author's head or heart, to obtain the manuscript. A popular Magazine must amuse, interest and instruct, or the public will pass by upon the other side. Nor will it be persuaded to "come over and help us" by any consideration of abstract right. It says, very justly, "if you had no legs, why did you try to walk?"

It is because we are confident that neither Greece nor Guinea can offer the American reader a richer variety of instruction and amusement in every kind, than the country whose pulses throb with his, and whose every interest is his own, that this Magazine presents itself to-day. The genius of the old world is affluent; we owe much to it, and we hope to owe more. But we have no less faith in the opulence of our own resources. Not alone in the discussion of those graver contemporary interests of every kind, which is the peculiar province of the foreign Quarterly Review, but in the treatment of minor matters of daily experience, which makes so much of the distinctive charm of a Magazine, we hold to the conviction that our genius is as good as it is in practical affairs. To an American eye, life in New-York, for instance, offers more, and more interesting, aspects, than life in London or Paris. Or, again, life

in London and Paris is more interesting and intelligible to an American when reported by an American, than by the man of any other country. America practically goes to Europe with every American. We do not mean, of course, with every man whose birth chanced to fall in America, and to whom Europe is Paris, and Paris a *Jardin Mabille*, or a *Magasin des Modes*, but with every man who sees through "American spectacles," as a late anonymous author expresses it. We all understand his impressions and estimates, because they are made by a standard common to ourselves. And if we add to this, the essential freshness of feeling and true poetic sense of the American, we find some reason for the opinion that not only does an American know how to travel, but he knows how to tell his travels well. Hence, in a popular Magazine, which is a running commentary upon the countless phenomena of the times as they rise—not, as in a newspaper, in the form of direct criticism, but in the more permanently interesting shapes of story, essay, poem and sketch—this local reality is a point of the utmost importance. If there are as sharp-eyed and cunning-handed men in New-York or Cincinnati, or New Orleans, for instance, who can walk into the markets, and search all the mysteries of characteristic life in those cities, and then with emphasis and skill, make all of us see as they saw, why is it not as interesting as the same thing done in London?

This is true in other spheres—of thought, as well as life. We trust to show not only the various aspects of life, but to hint at their significance. In what paper or periodical do you now look to find the criticism of American thought upon the times? We hope to answer that question, too, by heaping upon our pages the results of the acutest observations, and the most trenchant thought, illustrated by whatever wealth of erudition, of imagination and of experience, they may chance to possess.

A Magazine, like a poet, we know must be born and not made. That is, it must be founded upon fact. No theory of what a good Magazine should be, will make a Magazine good, if it be not genuine in itself and genuinely related to the time. And it has been already announced in our prospectus, that we have no desire to try an experiment.

Are we then so sure? Has not the long and dreary history of Magazines opened our eyes? Is there some siren seduction in theatres and periodicals that for ever woos managers and publishers to a certain destruction? Why do we propose another twelve-month voyage in pea-green covers, toward obscurity and the chaos of failures?

These are fair and friendly questions, while we stand chatting at the portal. With the obstinacy of Columbus,—if you please—we incredulously hear you, and still believe in the West. No alchemist, after long centuries of labor, ever discovered the philosopher's stone, nor found that any thing but genius and thrift would turn plaster and paper into gold. But, if even he had withstood his consuming desire, he would have perished at first of despair, as he did, at last, of disappointment.

So our Magazine is a foregone conclusion. Columbus believed in his Cathay of the West—and discovered it.

We pray the reader to enter, and pardon this delay at the door. Within he will find poets, wits, philosophers, critics, artists, travellers, men of erudition and science, all strictly masked, as becomes worshippers of that invisible Truth which all our efforts and aims will seek to serve. And as he turns from us to accost those masks we remind the reader of the young worshipper of Isis. For in her temple at Saïs, upon the Nile, stood her image, for ever veiled. And when an ardent neophyte passionately besought that he might see her, and would take no refusal, his prayer was granted. The veil was lifted, and the exceeding splendor of that beauty dazzled him to death. Let it content you, ardent reader, to know that behind these masks are those whom you much delight to honor—those whose names, like the fame of Isis, have gone into other lands.

Finally, our Magazine shall say for itself what was said in the person of a young enthusiast born into the world and determined to reform it: "Now, though I am very peaceable, and on my private account could well enough die, since it appears there was some mistake in my creation, and that I have been missent to this earth, where all the seats were already taken,—yet I feel called upon in behalf of rational nature, which I represent, to declare to you my opinion, that, if the earth is yours, so also is it mine. My genius leads me to build a different manner of life from any of yours."

This, says Putnam's Monthly, to its contemporaries who have already taken front seats in this prosperous world.

## CUBA

**F**REEDOM of discussion on every subject, whether foreign or domestic, is a right claimed by the citizens of this republic. And it is exercised. We are at peace with France: she was our ally in our struggle for independence. We have with her existing reciprocating treaties. But this does not prevent the freest and most forcible expressions of opinion on the subject of her late revolutions. Some of our most respectable journals can scarcely find language sufficiently strong to express their disgust of the apathy of the French nation, and their indignation against Louis Napoleon, who is denounced as a perjured traitor, murderer, and assassin. To be sure, this is a business with which the French have rather more to do than we, but we claim the right to express our opinions for all that. Indeed, notwithstanding our national policy not to mix or embroil ourselves with the affairs of the Old World, we do daily discuss them with the greatest freedom. And this is right. The field of man's action and contemplation is the World. We cannot, if we would, remain indifferent to what is passing in any of the civilized states. One great effect of freedom is to fill the heart with an earnest desire that every living being should participate in its privileges. It is this which makes us feel a lively sympathy for the oppressed everywhere. But oppressions are various. There are different aspects of the picture. One individual cannot be expected to regard them all. Some among us are engrossed with attempts to benefit the heathen in distant lands; others feel a profound interest in the enslaved negro, at home; oth-

ers think only of the oppressed Hungarians, while others, still, are pitying the unconscious French, or lamenting over the condition of the injured Irish, or the wretched operatives of Great Britain. The serf of Russia, the poor Indian of America, the unfortunate Pole, have also friends and honest "sympathizers" among us. We do more than sympathize. We express our sympathy freely, boldly, without the slightest regard to those whom we consider tyrants and despots.

In the case of Hungary, the appeals of a down-trodden nation found an ample response in the hearts of Americans, and the great Magyar was received by us with the most enthusiastic appreciation. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there was one grand ovation to Kossuth, with express reference to the position he had assumed toward Austria. More than that, our Government received him on our shores with discharges of ordnance, and gave him an official welcome to the Capitol. The reanimated leader announced that he was ready to receive *lawful* contributions in money and arms, and both were freely contributed. Yet Austria and the United States were at peace, and treaties and diplomatic relations existed between them. A short time before, when Ireland seemed about to arouse from her state of degradation and oppression, subscriptions were most generously raised here to aid her chiefs in their efforts, and highly respectable parties—from among our own citizens—acted as a committee to take charge of the fund thus created. Yet Great Britain and the United States were at peace; the most friendly relations subsisted between them,

and no one dreamed of their being disturbed by these manifestations of individual sympathy or outbursts of individual opinion. Farther back, how strongly did we manifest our sympathy for the Greeks, in their struggle for liberty; how generously was our individual aid extended to them; and who does not remember the stirring eloquence of Henry Clay in their behalf, when, in his zeal for the generous cause, he forgot for the time even the constitutional objection against granting to Greece national aid.

Such instances are not confined to our own experience. England enjoys constitutional freedom, and she exercises to the largest extent the rights of free discussion. She too has something to say about Louis Napoleon. She too made a hero of Kossuth, and not content with that, some of her sturdy brewers taking the affair into their own hands, took certainly undue liberties with the person of Haynau. Doubtless they did wrong; they broke the laws of the realm; they committed a breach of the peace; but there was a sound and wholesome indignation at the bottom, which, if it does not excuse, goes far to palliate the outrage. Further than this, Great Britain has expressed her sympathy loudly and energetically on the side of the African; she *compelled* Spain to enter into a treaty by which the slave-trade should be suppressed; and she now endeavors to enforce that treaty by her armed vessels of war.

So for nearly all the oppressed on the earth, there are ready sympathizers, here and elsewhere: for the Frenchman, the Hungarian, the Pole, the Slavonic serf, the English operative, the Irishman, the African, the Indian; and, now that Russia is casting her malign shadow eastward, for the Turk also.

But there is almost within sight of our own shores a province of one of the monarchies of the old world whose inhabitants are suffering under greater and more oppressive burthens, and are governed by a sway more absolute and tyrannical, than has ever been exercised against Slave, Magyar, Pole or Indian. It is the Island of Cuba. We propose to present its history briefly, so as to show its actual condition, before taking up the subject of our relations with Spain, or canvassing the various collateral questions which are now daily presented.

Previous to the eighteenth century, the history of Cuba is principally occupied with accounts of the settlements commenced by the first governor, Diego Velasquez. Its advance was extremely slow, and, having exhausted the native Indian population—who were a docile

and gentle race—the island was only held by Spain as a convenient military and naval station on the way to the mines of Mexico. Notwithstanding this, we notice in the laws and municipal rights of Cuba the same independent and liberal spirit which prevailed in all the settlements of that nation, among the Moors or elsewhere, so far as the Spanish settlers or their descendants were concerned. Even in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries public assemblies of citizens were held to elect the members of the corporations; free and bold charges were made and sustained against governors; and no taxation was permitted which was not sustained by these bodies.

In 1812 the constitution was proclaimed in Spain; *the whole people of the colonies were assimilated to the inhabitants of the mother country with respect to representation*; and Cuba sent her representatives to the Spanish Chamber of Deputies. In 1818 Señor Arango, the deputy from Havana, obtained a royal ordinance for the abolition of restrictions on Cuban commerce. From this period we may date the prosperity of the island. Before she had been a burthen to the home treasury. Now she began to remit large sums annually to the government; an army of 25,000 men, sent from Spain in a miserable plight, was maintained by her, and in a few years was entirely equipped, clothed and disciplined in the best manner, without expense to the mother country. Indeed, since 1830, in every embarrassment of her government, Spain has been supplied with means from the treasury of Cuba, and it has been a reserved fund for her every pressing emergency. When the civil list failed Queen Christina, Cuba furnished resources for defraying the profuse expenditure of the palace. The contributions wrung from the island formed no small portion of the riches bequeathed by Ferdinand Seventh to his rapacious widow and to his reputed daughters. From Cuba also were derived the means of setting on foot the luckless expedition of Barrados for the reconquest of Mexico; and from 1832 to 1841 it had exchanged thirty-six millions of dollars against an equal amount of government paper. At length, so much importance was attached to the revenues of this island, that they served as ample guarantees for loans, foreign and domestic. The wealth, the beauty, the fertility of Cuba proved her ruin. By degrees, she came to be regarded only as a machine for raising money; and to carry out the purposes of the home administration to the fullest extent, it was necessary to destroy the privileges and



the liberties which the Cubans had heretofore enjoyed.

Although the standard of Independence was raised across the Gulf of Mexico, and Cuba was invited to join in its defence, and although Mexico and Colombia prepared an expedition which should give liberty to the island, the inhabitants shut their eyes to the alluring prospects, and maintained an unwavering loyalty. They were repaid for their fidelity as tyrants are apt to reward such conduct. On the plea that disturbances in South America might require the exercise of arbitrary power by the governor of Cuba, in 1825, a royal order was issued, *and it is still in full force*, addressed to the Captain General, which after the usual preamble, proceeds as follows: "The king, our master, in order to keep in quietude his faithful inhabitants, confine within the proper limits such as would deviate from the path of honor, and punish such as, forgetting their duties, would dare commit excesses in opposition to our wise laws; and being desirous of preventing the embarrassments which, under extraordinary circumstances, might arise from a division in the command, and from the complicated authority and powers of the different officers of government, for the important end of maintaining in that island his sovereign authority and the public quiet: it has pleased his majesty, in conformity with the advice of his council of ministers, to authorize your excellency, fully investing you with the whole extent of powers WHICH BY THE ROYAL ORDINANCES ARE GRANTED TO THE GOVERNORS OF BESIEGED TOWNS. In consequence thereof, his majesty most amply and unrestrictedly authorizes your excellency *not only to remove from that Island such persons, holding offices from Government or not, whatever their occupation, rank, class, or situation in life may be, whose residence there you may believe prejudicial, or whose public or private conduct may appear suspicious to you*, but also to suspend the execution of whatever royal orders or general decrees in all the different branches of the administration, or in any part of them, as your excellency may think conducive to the royal service."

The sad effects of this royal order were not immediately felt. The island was at that time governed by General Vives, whose policy, during the whole of a long administration, was mild and conciliating; and he was so far from putting into execution the terrible authority with which he was endowed, as to act on his wise conviction, that it would be equally disadvantageous to Cuba and to Spain. This was,

however, merely the good fortune of the inhabitants; the fearful decree stood, in all its terrors, only waiting the presence of a despot to carry it out in its fullest force. Such an one was found in the person of Don Miguel Tacón, who, two years after the retirement of Vives, was appointed Captain General. This was in 1834. It should meanwhile be borne in mind, that during the several crises in Spain, from 1808 to 1837,—and they were seven in number,—we find the "always faithful island of Cuba" receiving and promptly obeying the decrees of the crown. Throughout all the disturbances, in every revolution or change of ministry, Cuba remained the same, always loyal, obedient, uncomplaining.

From the accession of Tacón may be dated a series of injuries, cruelties and oppressions, against the unfortunate island, unparalleled in the history of civilized communities. This man's administration has been frequently lauded by strangers, who regarded him in the light of a reformer of the social disorders which prevailed, at that time, to a frightful extent. Indeed, his coming was hailed with joy by the mass of proprietors, while every well-disposed person beheld with gratification his energies directed to prevent and punish robbery and assassination; to the destruction of dogs in the streets; the cleansing and macadamizing of the principal thoroughfares; the erection of markets, a prison, a theatre, &c., &c. But if Tacón exercised a strong and arbitrary will in carrying out these projects, he soon displayed the same qualities in oppressing persons of every class. The fact is, he was a tyrant. He possessed a jealous nature, was short-sighted and narrow-minded, and had an uncommon stubbornness of character. Never satiated with power, he found in the royal order of 1825 ample authority for every species of despotism. He knew that all they required of him at home was to extort as much money as possible from the inhabitants of the island: for the rest, no questions would be asked. It was through his influence that the wealthy portion of the community was divested of the privileges conferred on them by the *estatuto*. He even deprived the old municipalities of Havana of the power of naming the under-commissaries of police. To sustain his absolute government by trampling on every institution, was a necessary consequence of his first violent and unjustifiable act. In order to obtain credit in the management of the police, he displayed a despotic and even brutal activity in the mode of exacting, from the inferior officers, distributed in the several wards of the city

under personal responsibility, the apprehension and summary prosecution of criminals. They soon found that there would be no complaint, provided they acted vigorously in bringing up prisoners. So far from presuming their innocence, or requiring proof of their crimes, those who were once arrested were put to the negative and difficult task of proving their innocence. The more unwarrantable the acts of his subalterns, the more acceptable to him, since they, in his opinion, but displayed the energy of his authority. They trembled in his presence, and left it to persecute, to invent accusations, to imprison, and to spread terror and desolation among the families of the island. It is but just to add, that banditti and thieves and professed gamblers were terrified by his sweeping scythe, and became much more modest than they had been during the brief administration of the weak and infirm General Ricafort, his predecessor. The timid and short-sighted merchant or planter who perceived this reform, did not comprehend or appreciate the illegality of the system, nor its pernicious effects on the future destinies of the country, and was the first to justify the man who interposed himself between the subject and the crown, not permitting any petitions contrary to his pleasure.

The consequence of all this was, a regular system of espionage. The prisoners were distributed in the castles, because the jails were insufficient to contain them. In the dungeons were lodged nearly six hundred persons, the causes of whose detention nobody knew—a fact authentically proved by a casual circumstance. In about eighteen months of his administration Tacon caused one hundred and ninety persons to be deported. Besides these, seven hundred and twenty were sent away under sentence of banishment for life, while in the *Gallera*, vast multitudes of prisoners, of all grades, the innocent and the guilty, were huddled together in one long narrow hall. The misery of this awful place cannot be exaggerated. Señor Tacon styles it "un infierno de inmoralidad." Tacon's only object in building it was to rid the government house of the *fumes* of pestilence which were engendered in the dungeons of that palace in which he lived. Not content with these acts of horrible cruelty, he destroyed at a single blow all freedom of discussion in the municipal body, usurped its powers, and frightened away such members as he thought would not bow to his will. During the government of Tacon the act of exclusion was passed at Madrid, which shut out the unfortunate island from all representation in the Cortes. This was

in February, 1837, and the act, it should be borne in mind, was in direct violation of the new constitution, which had just been adopted, the 28th article of which stated that the basis was the same for national representation in both hemispheres, while by the 29th article, the basis in Cuba was the population of the island, composed of persons who, in both lines, were of Spanish origin. The rejection of the Cuban deputies at Madrid completed this rapid enslavement. The Cubans were henceforth cut off from even the possibility of relief. From the same period also may be dated a new series of wrongs, injuries and oppressions against her unfortunate inhabitants. The Spanish Cortes, jealous of the extensive trade of Cuba with the United States, had already imposed a duty of nearly ten dollars a barrel on flour imported from them into Cuba. This was now raised to about ten dollars and three-quarters, thus placing the enormous tax of 150 per cent. on the first necessary of life. When it is considered that all articles of primary necessity come from abroad, and that they are all enormously taxed, this one item of her tariff will be readily appreciated, both in itself and in its relations. At the same time the tonnage dues of Cuban vessels were placed nearly on the same footing with those of foreign vessels. This was of course ruinous to her merchant marine, and was especially aggravating, since the island offered vast advantages in her fine forests for shipping, and up to 1798 had furnished timber for the construction, in the Arsenal at Havana, of one hundred and twenty-five vessels—fifty-three of which were frigates, and six three-deckers. This line of policy once adopted, it was carried out with relentless vigor. The home government now considered, not how large a revenue the island yielded, but how it was possible to get more from it. Ingenuity was racked to devise new objects and measures of taxation. The list of the different Cuban taxes is a curiosity of itself. The prime ministers of other monarchies might learn a lesson from it, were it not that there is no government which would dare avail itself of such an enormous system of oppression.

The pursuit of robbery and plunder—it can be called by no milder name—has been reduced to a complete system. Each official reserves to himself a large sum from the amount wrung from the inhabitants, so that while the revenue of the island, from the various sources of taxation, must be at least twenty-five millions of dollars (it is ordinarily incorrectly stated at about twelve millions), only about three millions find their way to

the Spanish treasury. In the mean time the slave-trade is carried on as extensively as ever, and with greater cruelty. Spain will not abolish it. She is determined, in spite of treaties, to pour annually into Cuba a fierce black population which shall intimidate the Creoles from any attempt at freedom. This, and this only, is the secret of the unflinching prosecution of the slave-trade in the face of treaties, and *contrary to the wishes of the Creole population*. It has been said that the continuance of the traffic is owing to the enormous bribes to the Captain-General, of thirty-two dollars for each slave, and that this is the only reason it is not abolished. It is ridiculous even to suppose that Spain, if she had no other object but to enrich an unscrupulous official, would run the risk of continually breaking her treaty with so powerful a nation as England, always on the alert if possible to enforce it.

But that no one may have a doubt of the ultimate object of Spain in constantly flooding Cuba with Africans, we translate the following from the *Heraldo* of Madrid:—"It is well for all to know, whether native or foreign, that *the Island of Cuba can only be Spanish or African*. When the day comes when the Spaniards should be found to abandon her, they will do so *by bequeathing their sway to the blacks*, just as a commander abandons a battery to the enemy after defending it as long as possible, but taking care, above everything, to spike the cannon, that the adversary shall not make use of them." While the Spanish organ in New-York, the *Cronica*, holds the following language:—"If, in consequence of the war, signs should be manifested that the hostile elements, now subdued by the interests of our common race, were to be let loose, *Spain would arm her Africans*, and would guide them as auxiliaries as long as it were in her power to do so, and would grant them full liberty as a reward for their aid, when she should perceive that these means were not sufficiently powerful to enable her longer to resist!"

It will be seen that Spain has not only deprived Cuba of all means of redress, but also that she openly avows a determination to hold her in chains by the most terrible of all menaces, that of encouraging a servile insurrection.

But to proceed: The press, under the most infamous and servile censorship, is a weapon wielded only against her rights. A petition, signed by more than two, is condemned as a seditious act. The corporations, as we have stated, have no longer a representative character, and they are under the immediate control of the

Captain-General, who appoints their members, and dictates at will their resolutions. The Board of Improvement has become a mere arm of the government, to sanction despotic acts, to support additional taxes, and to introduce mixed races into the population. All who have dared to oppose these measures are forced into obscurity, or persecuted, or expatriated.

The Creoles are excluded from the army, the judiciary, the treasury, and the customs, and from all influential or lucrative positions; private speculations and monopolies are favored and established with a view of taking from them their means of wealth; the poor in the country are compelled to serve in the precarious police, which is thus sustained; and fines are imposed, and forced aid for the repairing of the roads, according to the will of the officer in command, or the pliancy of the individual.

The twenty-five millions of taxes, after deducting what is embezzled by the officials, are employed in supporting an army of twenty thousand men, and likewise the entire navy of Spain, in the paying of a vast number of officers residing either on the island or at home; and in remittances for general purposes. In spite of the enormous tithe collected, it is only by subscriptions that the inhabitants can secure to themselves temples for their worship, or cemeteries for their dead; and for a baptism or a burial, or to obtain any of the consolations of religion, the care of which is indirectly under the all-absorbing military authority, a large additional sum must be paid. The military government has taken from the other political and administrative branches the control of education, in order to restrict, to limit, and to embarrass it. The tributary system has drained many sources of wealth. The flour monopoly has put down the cultivation of coffee; and the grazing of cattle has become a ruinous business from the tax on slaughtered animals.

Every inhabitant is compelled to ask for a license, and pay for the same, when he wants to go from the place of his residence. No citizen, however peaceful and respectable he may be, is allowed to walk through the city after ten o'clock in the evening, unless he carry with him a lantern, and obtains leave successively of all the watchmen on his way, the infraction of which law is punished with immediate arrest, and a fine of eight dollars. He is not permitted to lodge any person in his house for a single night, be the same either native or foreigner, his friend or a member of his family, without giving information of the fact, under the penalty of a like punishment. He cannot remove his

residence from one house into another, without giving notice, previously, of his intention, to the authorities, under the penalty of a heavy fine. An order has been made which in effect prohibits parents from sending their children to the United States for purposes of education, and such as wish to do so are driven to the expedient of proving or feigning ill health in their children, in order to obtain passports for them.

This view of Cuban affairs is not derived from Cubans alone, nor from our own countrymen. English and French writers on the subject sustain it fully. A work on Cuba was published in London in 1849, by Mr. R. R. Madden (author of the well-known book on the Infirmities of Genius), who held, by appointment from the British government, the office of Acting Commissioner of Arbitration, under the treaty relative to the slave-trade with Spain, during the years 1836, '7, '8 and '9, and who claimed to have closely investigated the condition of the island. Mr. Madden remarks: "The policy of Spain was renewed of considering every species of Cuban produce as a commodity of a distant region, that it was legitimate to burthen with oppressive taxes;" and then very forcibly depicts through several pages the "violence and rapacity of the governors of Cuba," and sums up the case very concisely as follows: "The Spanish government regards this colony as its *property*. It thinks the smaller quantity of liberty it can give to Cuba, the greater quantity of money it can take from it." Mr. Robert Baird, an eminent Scotch barrister, who published two volumes in Edinburgh and London in 1850, on the West Indies and North America, records his testimony as follows: "The Governor or Captain-General of Cuba, may be said to enjoy despotic power. The present Governor, Roncali, Count of Alcoy, since his arrival in the island, has constituted himself a supreme tribunal, having a complete jurisdiction of *all cases*! I had no opportunity of witnessing his Excellency's freaks in this so-called summary court of justice; but if half that I heard of it were true, it must have been a strange sight, in a civilized country, to see a comparatively illiterate soldier professing to decide of his own knowledge and judgment, and after a few minutes, questions involving intricate facts, disputed rights, and important principles. Indeed, it is said that the plaintiff, the person who *first* applies for Count Roncali's aid, has always the best chance.

For a confirmation of Mr. Baird's remarks, and the justice of his impressions,

by a French author, the reader is referred to an article entitled, *L'Île de Cuba*, par E. Clavé, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Juin, 1847.

If a true statement has been given of the situation of Cuban affairs, Cuba has a right to attempt her freedom. Taking what has been said for truth, a case is made out which would justify Cuba by the unanimous voice of mankind for the act of revolution. For it is a safe proposition to submit to the civilized world, that no nation shall oppress by any arbitrary or tyrannical despotism a dependent country or colony. Although the means of redress may not always be at hand, no one disputes the right of the oppressed to seek for or to use them.

But how do the inhabitants of Cuba regard their situation? Are they content to bear their chains? Have they no idea that they are oppressed and trampled on? If they are alive to all these grievances, why do they not raise the standard of independence, proclaim themselves a free people, and do as our thirteen colonies did in 1776? There is no doubt—it cannot, indeed, be questioned—that since 1836-7, a general feeling of disaffection, we may say of hatred, toward her oppressors, has pervaded the whole Creole population of Cuba. Mr. Madden, whom we have before quoted, remarks, "All the intelligence, education, worth, and influence of the white natives of the island (Creoles), have been enlisted against the government of Spain, and an intense desire for independence excited." He adds further, "It is needless for recent political writers of Cuba to deny the existence of a strong feeling of animosity to the mother country, and a longing desire for separation. *From my own intimate knowledge of these facts I speak of their existence.*" Let it be borne in mind that this language is from an English official, who was four years a resident in Cuba, and who manifests strong jealousy of the United States. That the Creoles do not attempt revolution, is not so much from dread of the powerful army which is maintained in the island, as from their apprehensions of the colored population, and that Spain would make good her threat to arm the slaves against their masters. We doubt if such tremendous odds as the unfortunate Creole has to contemplate, in view of a revolutionary movement, would deter the Saxon from asserting and battling for his liberty. But the Cuban character is puerile and submissive compared with the hardy bravery which nerves the other race. So that while they might risk life, property, everything, on a fair venture for In-

dependence, they shrink from encountering what seems to them an irresistible force. And perhaps, as they are situated, it is irresistible. Our ancestors had an immense country to fall back upon; they could retreat into impenetrable forests, or fill mountain passes, or take advantage of the enemy's ignorance of their geographical resources. They had no fears of the rising of a fierce black population, nearly double their own, in numbers, and incited to hostility by the mother country ready to furnish them with all the means of war. On the contrary, the Cuban inhabits an island which, although considerable in extent, is but little over fifty miles in mean breadth. Hemmed in by the sea, a terrible enemy within his gates, scores of soldiers ready to overrun his territory, to pillage, to ravage, and destroy, his situation is calculated to challenge our commiseration more than that of any other subject of oppression in the world. The very apparent helplessness of his condition adds to his claims upon our sympathy.

We have given a brief abstract of the political history of Cuba, and presented the actual condition of the Creole population, without even a reference to any extraneous question. We have stated the case between Spain and Cuba just as we would one between Austria and Hungary. Thus far, a stranger unacquainted with geographical divisions, would not know but the island was situated in the Mediterranean instead of the Caribbean Sea, or lay at the entrance of St. George's Channel, instead of the mouth of the Mississippi.

We have seen that the position of the Creoles of Cuba is that of an oppressed and degraded race, fully sensible of their wrongs; that they now regard the power which oppresses them with detestation; that, notwithstanding their earnest desire to be free, they are kept under by the terrors of a servile insurrection, and the fear of relentless persecution. But do the Cubans despair altogether of liberty? Have they no hope from any quarter? or, if from any, from what quarter? There is no doubt that they look to the United States, and to the United States only, as their ultimate hope and salvation from the cruelties of Spain. American authority on this point may not be disinterested; it is more satisfactory to quote again from Mr. Madden, who strongly opposes the annexation of Cuba to the United States, while, at the same time, he avows very candidly that he did his utmost to prevail on England, in 1837 (the particular period before referred to, when the Cuban deputies were

rejected), to guarantee the island from the intervention of any foreign power; and he adds, "*if England could have been induced to do so, the white inhabitants were prepared to throw off the Spanish yoke.*" He remarks very naively, in a foot-note appended to this assertion, that he "pestered his superiors with his opinions on the subject in 1836-7-8-9, and he could say conscientiously that he had freed his mind in regard to it, if the star-spangled banner were floating to-morrow on the Moro Castle, or flaunting in the breeze at St. Jago de Cuba." Mr. Madden proceeds to observe that "the leading men of the Creole, or white Cuban people, had then (1837) little anxiety or fear as to the result of an effort for independence. A liberal allotment of land in the island for the soldiers who might be disposed to join the independent party, it was expected, was a prospect which would suffice to gain over the army, nominally consisting of 20,000 men (Spaniards), in the island; but the actual number of native Spaniards did not exceed 16,000 men. The chief apprehension that was entertained was of the slaves, of their taking advantage of the revolution to get rid of all the whites, both Spanish and Creole. But the hope of obtaining any guarantee from England was not likely to be realized, and the terrible fear of a rising of the slave population, gaining ground the more as time was spent in deliberation, at length all thoughts of independence, were merged in consideration of interests that were thought of more immediate importance—those, namely, of life and property. Spain is indebted to these considerations, and to these alone, for the retention of the island of Cuba, ever since the period I have referred to." Mr. Madden continues. "It is not to England, now, that the white natives of Cuba look for aid or countenance in any future effort for independence. *It is to America they now turn their eyes*, and America takes good care to respond to the wishes that are secretly expressed in these regards." The writer, after partially exonerating the Government of the United States from any agency in the matter, goes on: "This feeling, *I am sorry to say*, had already begun to gain ground among the intelligent and educated class of Creole Cubans, in 1839, before I left the island. All the communications I have had with natives of Cuba, of the class I refer to, of late years in other countries, and in the present year particularly, would lead me to imagine that *the desire to link the fortunes of Cuba and the United States is now very generally and strongly felt.*" Mr. Madden then proceeds to deprecate such an event



at considerable length, which makes his testimony on the point before us unquestionable. He next shows the reason why Cuba looks with hope if not with confidence to the United States; "the property of the island," he says, "has derived no small advantage from the numerous American establishments in it. Improved modes of agriculture, of fabrication, of conveyance, were introduced by the Americans. I was present at the opening of the first railway, from Havana to Guines, in 1837. To American enterprise and energy, solely, I have reason to know, this great undertaking was indebted." And further on: "The substitution, in Cuba, of the old grinding-mill, rudely constructed of wood, by steam-engine machinery, is also chiefly due to the Americans. To them, therefore, Cuba is indebted for the various improvements in the fabrication of sugar, and the modes of conveying the produce of its plantations, which enable the proprietors to compete successfully with those of the English colonies. *Cuba, ever since I knew it, has been slowly but steadily becoming Americanized.*" That we may present further evidence from a similarly independent foreign source, we quote from a work published in London, in 1851, entitled "The United States and Cuba," by the late John Glanville Taylor, written with remarkable candor and correctness. "Every step of progression," says this author, "which Cuba has made, every undertaking which has been projected and accomplished, every opposition to and breaking through of the mists of Spanish prejudice, has been carried out by Anglo-Saxon enterprise. Her mines, her railroads, her improvements in machinery and agriculture, are all due to it, and it is only by continually pushing and driving on their part, that the Spanish authorities can be coerced, as it were, into abating a jot of their old fashions and policies. They see, or ought to see by this time, that it was a continuance in them which lost them all their other possessions, and would also lose them Cuba; they are letting in light now, it is true, but it is *not of their own kindling*, and I have reason to know that even the mighty engine of the press is carried on and worked by American enterprise, and that the very types are cast in the United States. Ominous sign! If these improvements in Cuba were due to the exertions of a regenerated race of Spaniards alone, we might yet hope; but, with such facts before us, unless something extremely unlikely should occur, I can see but one end."

Considerable sensation has lately been excited by the publication of the official papers relative to the policy of our gov-

ernment in regard to the island of Cuba for the last thirty years. A great many have condemned this publication as exceedingly unwise and injudicious at the present juncture. On the contrary, we are glad that the whole story is out. We do not believe in any secret policy whatever. Honesty and straightforwardness require no concealment. Only rogues should dread the publicity of their actions. We hold in contempt the hackneyed doctrine of diplomacy which, in its tortuous and detestable course, winds snake-like towards its object. The diplomatist fears everything which seems to be honest and outspoken, as if the intercourse between governments should be marked step by step by cunning intrigue. Fair, open, and direct dealing between individuals is everywhere commended. Even the sensible knave learns to exclaim that honesty is the best policy. This is quite as true of intercourse between nations—a fact which we commend to diplomatists generally, while we avow our conviction that the sooner the present system, known by the name diplomacy, is abolished, the better. A word about these official documents. They do not present any new facts. They only exhibit the course of diplomatic transactions. Everybody knew that the United States had regarded Cuba for many years with eager interest; that for thirty years she has declared that from reasons of self-preservation she would not permit Spain to part with Cuba to any other European power; that she was content, so long as it remained subject to Spain; that England has intrigued more or less to achieve the independence of Cuba, and that President Polk offered one hundred millions of dollars for the island. These facts, we say, were all known before the publication of the official papers, but the dates and attending circumstances we get more particularly from them. We cannot however overlook the clear and elaborate correspondence on this subject of John Quincy Adams while Secretary of State. We commend the whole to the perusal of the reader as indicating a manly avowal of opinions and a forcible defence of them. We quote from his letters to Mr. Forsyth, as follows, under date of April 28, 1823:

"In the war between France and Spain, now commencing, other interests, peculiarly ours, will, in all probability, be deeply involved. Whatever may be the issue of this war, as between those two European powers, it may be taken for granted that the dominion of Spain upon the American continents, North and South, is irrevocably gone. But the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico still re-



main nominally, and so far really, dependent upon her, that she yet possesses the power of transferring her own dominion over them, together with the possession of them, to others. These islands, from their local position and natural appendages to the North American continent, and one of them, Cuba, almost in sight of our shores, from a multitude of considerations has become an object of transcendent importance to the commercial and political interests of our Union. Its commanding position, with reference to the Gulf of Mexico and the West India seas; the character of its population, its situation midway between our Southern coast and the Island of St. Domingo, its safe and capacious harbor of the Havana, fronting a long line of our shores destitute of the same advantage; the nature of its productions and of its wants furnishing the supplies and needing the returns of a commerce immensely profitable and mutually beneficial, give it an importance in the sum of our national interests with which that of no other foreign territory can be compared, and little inferior to that which binds the different members of this Union together. Such indeed, are, between the interests of that island and of this country, the geographical, commercial, moral and political relations formed by nature, gathering, in the process of time, and even now verging to maturity, that, in looking forward to the probable course of events for the short period of half a century, it is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our federal republic will be indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself. It is obvious, however, that for this event we are not yet prepared. Numerous and formidable objections to the extension of our territorial dominions beyond sea present themselves to the first contemplation of the subject; obstacles to the system of policy by which alone that result can be compassed and maintained are to be foreseen and surmounted, both from at home and abroad; but there are laws of political as well as of physical gravitation; and if an apple, severed by the tempest from its native tree, cannot choose but fall to the ground, Cuba, forcibly disjointed from its own unnatural connection with Spain, and incapable of self-support, can gravitate only towards the North American Union, which, by the same law of nature, cannot cast her off from its bosom.

"In any other state of things than that which springs from this incipient war between France and Spain, these considerations would be premature. They are now merely touched upon to illustrate the

position that in the war opening upon Europe the United States have deep and important interests involved peculiarly their own—the condition of Cuba cannot but depend upon the issue of this war. As an integral part of the Spanish territories, Cuba has been formally and solemnly invested with the liberties of the Spanish constitution. To destroy those liberties, and to restore in the stead of that constitution the dominion of the Bourbon race, is the avowed object of this new invasion of the Peninsula. There is too much reason to apprehend that, in Spain itself, this unhallowed purpose will be attended with immediate, or at least temporary, success. The constitution of Spain will be demolished by the armies of the Holy Alliance, and the Spanish nation will again bow the neck to the yoke of bigotry and despotic sway. Whether the purpose of France or of her continental allies extend to the subjugation of the remaining Ultra Marine possessions of Spain or not, has not yet been sufficiently disclosed.

"But to confine ourselves to that which immediately concerns us—the condition of the island of Cuba—we know that the republican spirit of freedom prevails among its inhabitants. The liberties of the constitution are to them rights in possession; nor is it to be presumed that they will be willing to surrender them because they may be extinguished by foreign violence in the parent country. As Spanish territory, the island will be liable to invasion from France during the war; and the only reasons for doubting whether the attempt will be made, are the probable incompetency of the French maritime force to effect the conquest, and the probability that its accomplishment would be resisted by Great Britain. In the meantime, and at all events, the condition of the island, in regard to that of its inhabitants, is a condition of great, imminent and complicated danger; and without resorting to speculation upon what such a state of things must produce upon a people so situated, we know that its approach has already had a powerful effect upon them, and that the question, what are they to do upon contingencies daily pressing upon them and ripening into reality, has for the last twelve months constantly excited their attention and stimulated them to action. Were the population of the island of one blood and color, there could be no doubt or hesitation with regard to the course which they would pursue, as dictated by their interests and their rights; the invasion of Spain by France would be the signal for their declaration of independence. That even in their present state it will be imposed upon them as a

necessity, is not unlikely; but among all their reflecting men it is admitted as a maxim fundamental to all deliberation upon their future condition, that they are not competent to a system of permanent self-dependence; they must rely for the support of protection upon some force from without; and, in the event of the overthrow of the Spanish constitution, that support can no longer be expected from Spain—their only alternative of dependence must be upon Great Britain or upon the United States. Hitherto the wishes of this government have been that the connexion between Cuba and Spain should continue as it has existed for several years; these wishes are known to the principal inhabitants of the island, and instructions, copies of which are now furnished you, were some months since transmitted to Mr. Forsyth, authorizing him in a suitable manner to communicate them to the Spanish government. These wishes still continue *so far as they can be indulged with a rational foresight of events beyond our control, but for which it is our duty to be prepared.* If a government is to be imposed by foreign violence upon the Spanish nation, and the liberties which they have asserted by their constitution, are to be crushed, *it is neither to be expected nor desired that the people of Cuba, far from the reach of the oppressors of Spain, should submit to be governed by them.* Should the cause of Spain herself, issue more propitiously than from its present prospects can be anticipated, it is obvious that the trial through which she must pass at home, and the final loss of all her dominions on the American continents, will leave her unable to extend to the island of Cuba that protection necessary for its internal security and its outward defence."

We have previously shown how Spain was enabled to retain Cuba, notwithstanding the numerous revolutions through which she passed; and we cannot add anything to the clear statements of Mr. Adams relative to the policy of our government on the subject.

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We may now lay down the following propositions regarding Cuba. She is oppressed beyond any parallel in history. She dreads and hates her oppressor. She longs for freedom. She looks for aid to the United States, to which she is indebted for nearly all her late improvements. She has been gradually becoming Americanized for the last fifteen years. While the government of the United States has declared that it would not consent to her transfer to any other European power, but was content that she should remain, as she is, subject to Spain, it has still desired to purchase the island, and Spain has re-

fused to sell it. Finally, France and England have invited the United States to become a party with them in a convention, by which the three powers should severally and collectively disclaim, now and for the future, all intention to obtain possession of the island of Cuba, and by which they should also be bound to discountenance all attempts to that effect on the part of any power or individual whatever; which invitation has been respectfully declined by our government, on the ground that, in the language of President Fillmore, "the proposed measure would be of doubtful constitutionality, impolitic, and *unavailing.*"

What is the duty of our government in this emergency? Such is the next question, in logical order, to be presented. It requires no great amount of reasoning power, no great exercise of judgment, to decide on any practical line of conduct, when one brings to bear on it the plain tests of honesty and truth. This is as true of states as of persons. But where these are to be shirked, it requires a vast amount of argument, of sophism, and of special pleading, to make "the worse appear the better reason." There is not, we affirm, one rule of morality for a nation, and another for an individual. What is right will be right always, and what is wrong will always be wrong, whether in persons or in governments, no matter how much the wrong is attempted to be whitewashed with the affectation of a desire to promote liberal principles, or concealed by the tortuous intrigues of a narrow diplomacy. We may foresee that certain events will come to pass, but the instrument which hastens them is not always to be commended. Offences must come, but woe is denounced on him through whom the offence cometh. "Thou shalt not covet," is a law addressed to all intelligences, individual or aggregate. Our neighbor may be a drunkard, a spendthrift, or a man incompetent for business; his farm, which adjoins our own, may be fast going to ruin; we foresee that he cannot long hold it; that it must come into the market, and that we alone, in such an event, can possibly purchase it: but this is no reason why we should plot to hasten the consummation which we know will put us in possession of the desired fields. It would be unmanly, it would be base for us to do so. Yet the profligate or feeble possessor of the estate has by his own conduct brought ruin on himself; he is properly punished; he suffers a just reward. Now while we assert, that, as between Cuba and Spain, the latter has forfeited all right to a supremacy over the former, this gives to the United States no rights in the case what

ever. It is true that the unfortunate island is entitled to the sympathy of all Christendom; and although as individuals we should feel her wrongs, and in all proper ways assist any people struggling with despotism, yet, in such an instance, a nation is not permitted to do so. The reason is plain enough. If one man beholds another inflicting blows and wounds upon a weaker and unresisting fellow-creature, he does not hesitate to interfere in his behalf, without stopping to inquire whether or not he may be committing a technical assault. But a nation cannot proceed in the same way. The subject who comes forward to protect his fellow is amenable to the law of the land in which he lives, and he must answer to it if he has done injustice. But a nation is amenable to no constituted earthly authority. Hence the necessity—indeed the absolute necessity—of the rule we have laid down. Situated as the United States are with Cuba, every expression of sympathy, even from individuals, will be looked upon with suspicion by other states. Mercenary motives, than which nothing can be more utterly wicked and contemptible, influence great numbers of our population to ask for Cuban independence and for annexation. And this tends to throw distrust on the honest, earnest sympathy of the great body of our citizens. In such a condition of affairs, considering that Spain is a weak nation, tottering toward ruin, our government should be especially cautious to conduct toward her with a strict adherence to existing treaties.

—It is excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.

Nothing could disgrace our country more than to take advantage of her strength, and of Spain's weakness. And it is proper that we avoid all excuses and pretexts for any quarrel; to endeavor to create such excuses and pretexts would be pitiable.

Much has been said, of late, about "manifest destiny;" and the term has got to be a sort of watchword in the mouths of patriotic orators and political speech-makers. It is, however, a poor excuse for the unlawful seizure of the territory of a friendly power, or for an unwarrantable interference with their rights, to raise, in avoidance of the charge of robbery or oppression, this plea of "manifest destiny;" for the proposition is as good on the part of the highwayman, as on that of a power which shall take to the high road of nations, and, armed with more resistless energies, prey upon the weak or distracted. We must take care in this respect that the republic suffer no disgrace, that it pre-

serve untarnished its integrity and its good faith.

But what of the Future? Is it not our duty, as well as our right and privilege, to regard the signs of the times, and form judgments in relation to them? We have spoken of "manifest destiny" as a political watchword. There is a sense in which it may be used by the more prudent and reflective, and in which it becomes no longer absurd: for when the judicious observer of events endeavors to form an opinion as to the future, and, from examination of the past, and all that he can see in the present, a result presents itself which is not to be mistaken, he is content to say that it is this which it is the manifest destiny of a nation to do, to become, or to achieve.

It is a fact, that Cuba longs for admission into our Union. She pleads earnestly and continually. She tells us, that from the moment she becomes an integral portion of the United States, all the exactions and oppressions which now weigh so heavily upon her, will be at an end. The slave-trade will be abolished; the people will enter at once into the enjoyment of freedom; her ports will be open to the commerce of the world, her soil cultivated to its full capability, her products sent to an unrestricted market; and under the influence of the moral and political forces which are the vital elements of the American nationality, her children educated, and her pulpits and presses set at liberty, she would become the most prosperous of the States. On the other hand, she depicts the advantages which will accrue to the United States from the annexation of Cuba, as incalculable. She argues that, if annexation were fully consummated, Cuba would be as valuable to our confederacy as New-York itself—as an outpost, essential to American trade, and as a centre of transit and exchange, increasing in importance to the whole family of the confederation, in even measure with the growth of the states on the Pacific, and the rising tide of oriental commerce which the flag of the Union is about to lead from Asia across the Isthmus. She lies exactly in the track of the golden current, and none of the states are, like her, in a position to watch and defend its every inlet and outlet. In the circle of production, essential to a home supply, always sure, and independent of foreign interference, Cuba claims that she would fill a remaining gap, with her coffee, cocoa, and tropical fruits: thus serving all her sister states, since she would sell to every one, and buy of every one, which is not true of the special products of any other state. She would also add as much as

the Union really needs to the production of sugar, and would make that, henceforth, a strong and distinct feature in the national balance of interests. She urges that a new sectional pursuit always implies another mediation in the councils of the confederacy—a proved truth in favor of the permanent equilibrium of the republic. The manufacturing east, the wheat and cattle-raising west, the commercial centre, the cotton-growing southwest, the rice and sugar-planting south, and, last and latest, the new-born and gigantic mineral resources starting up on the great northwestern lakes, and seaming the continent, down to the far Pacific, with their sudden influence—have each and every one their independent geographical weight and representation, as well as a diffused reciprocal dependence on each other, and on the Union as a whole. In the perpetually recurring—but under these balance checks never fatal—state jealousies, every distinct interest is a distinct guarantee for the general equity of adjustment. It has been seen in the slavery discussions how far sectional bitterness can go, when the whole Union is reduced to two great conflicting parties, with no disinterested and intermediate powers to urge peace, and teach conciliation. Yet even in this difficulty it will be found, at last, that the counsels which suggest, and the votes which compel moderation and compromise, will come from almost a third interest. Cuba may suffer from the dispute between the free and slave states; but apart from this, she desires to come into the Union without offence to any, and to the absolute profit of every partner in the confederacy. In bringing to the commonwealth a class of luxuries which each state largely demands and consumes, and which is not produced by any, she also brings to the Union fresh elements of mediation, harmony, and stable equipoise.

Such is the argument which Cuba is constantly addressing us. And individually we cannot help but approve it. Others there are who do not hesitate to make rash avowals, and harebrained threats, appealing to improper motives, urging false reasons, and dangerous suggestions, by which, unhappily, many are led astray. In every-land there is a class of men of "desperate fortunes;" everywhere we find a certain number of "fiery volunteers." What these have already done, we know; what they are preparing to do, we can guess. There is nothing more noble than to battle in the cause of freedom. We honor Lafayette—we surround with glory the name of Kosciusko—we bless the memories of those foreigners who hastened to our shores in the war of the revolu-

tion to fight with us for independence—for we *know* that they were disinterested. No rich soil attracted them, no prospective emolument or reward, no promise of divisions of lands, no hope of office, no receipt of scrip. Had they been influenced by any of these things, their characters would have sunk into that of base and mercenary soldiers of fortune. We have some such among us, but we believe the number is limited. Yet, even such may make or hasten a denouement. We have but to watch and to wait, careful to preserve our honor.

In this connection it will not be uninteresting to see how British writers regard the future of Cuba. We quote once more from Mr. Taylor: "Shall I say," he remarks, "after all, what I think on this subject of annexation with the United States, which I have not adverted to before? I am not at all sure, then, but that this would be one of the best things that could happen for Cuba. The Americans are an enlightened, progressive race; the Spaniards the extreme reverse; and however lamentably split and opposed in party views the Americans themselves may be, yet, as a *trade*, few of them would think of defending slavery." "I find it extremely difficult," he continues, "to pass any judgment on the effect which might be produced by the annexation of Cuba to the United States. That its conquest would be certain, if undertaken by the United States government, few even doubt. It is perhaps as well that the late miserable buccaneering attempt on that fine island failed in the ridiculous manner it did, since it defers the entire subject, as it were, to maturer consideration. May success attend all America's nobler aims to advance the human race and character! And let the Spanish government beware, for it will be quite out of its power to travel much longer in its old tracks, and if it cannot accomplish the essential reforms leading to freedom, it will be surely done for it."<sup>57</sup>

Mr. Baird, whose work I have also before referred to, writes as follows: "Could any one, who has personally ascertained the truth of transactions and occurrences such as those before recorded, feel much regret were Cuba to pass out of the hands of Spain into those of the United States? No doubt there are serious objections to the acquisition of Cuba by the United States of America. In the first place there is the important want of a *causa belli* to justify anything like a forcible seizure. In not making with Spain such treaties as England has done, and covenanting with her

for the suppression of the slave-trade, and paying her money as the price of her consent, America has deprived herself of a justifying cause for warlike proceedings against Cuba, which she might now have turned to very good account. But while, for previous reasons, I do not think it likely America can buy Cuba; I have not the same horror that some express at the idea of her taking it. I also differ from those who think that the possession of Cuba by the United States, would strengthen the hands of the supporters of the slave system in America itself, and procrastinate or prevent the settlement of that question—the great national question of the American continent. But my conviction is, that it would just leave the slave question where it is; while, at the same time, it would effectually put an end to the traffic in slaves, at least in as far as Cuba is concerned.

"I submit then," he concludes, "to the public of my native country, that were Spain's debt to England, for the repayment of which Cuba may be considered as part of the security, duly provided for or secured, there is little or no interest which could or should prevent England from viewing the occupation of Cuba by our brethren of the United States of America with feelings of complacency. For the honor of America herself, such occupation, if it is to be undertaken, should be undertaken only on some justifying cause, or by a legitimate transaction of sale. If America gets Cuba, the possession may not be very valuable to herself, whatever it is under the present system to Spain; but her doing so will, at all events put an end to the slave-trade, in so far at least as the importation of slaves into Cuba is concerned."

So much for the opinions of candid English writers on the subject of the annexation of Cuba to the United States. So far as English interference is contemplated, we have always regarded it as a dream. A nation living on credit, whose masses are deprived of labor at the slightest threat of war, and whose capital and commercial business are so interwoven and confounded with those of the American people, cannot run the risk of even a temporary suspension of friendly relations with them. On the other hand, the present considerable consumption of English manufactures in Cuba, can but increase under the more liberal regulations of our own government. Peace, and markets for her manufactures, are matters of life and death for England; the minister, Tory or Whig, who forgets these truths, would bitterly lament his error; because the mind of man is not able to compass the disasters

which a war, especially with her ancient colony, would bring upon herself and upon the commerce of the world. But we believe there are higher and far more important reasons for amity between the two countries. Say what we will, bluster as we may, and as we sometimes do, there is a cordial feeling now existing, and fast increasing, and which must and will bind them together. We see evidences of this daily, notwithstanding the efforts of shallow-minded people on both sides to excite national prejudices, and irritate national feelings.

Still, what of the future? Cuba will become a part of the United States. The how or the when, it is useless to predict. Political events have transpired so rapidly within the last few years, that

"That of an hour's ago doth hiss the speaker."

We are borne onward by a force which seems hastening some great consummation. If all do not agree as to the result which these changes are to bring, no one can shut his eyes to the changes themselves. They have multiplied within the year; they are multiplying; they will continue to multiply. The conservative and the radical—the ultra Whig and the ultra Democrat—are all overwhelmed by the resistless course of things, if they stop even but a moment to contemplate it. What is to be done? Shall we attempt to stay this sweeping current, and be carried away by it? or shall we rather do what we may to control and direct it? Let us see what are the principles on which this extraordinary progression depends.

The people of the United States assert political, religious, and commercial freedom; they believe in the philanthropic mission of their country to extend the same throughout this hemisphere; and, while they acknowledge that slavery is *constitutional*, and beyond the reach of abolitionary cabals, they claim that it is not beyond the moral influence of civilization, which slowly induces its peaceful termination. Such, in our view, is the expression of public opinion in the United States; of that opinion which, being the result of the contests of parties, guides the acts of the government. As a people, too, we contend that the physical and moral wants of mankind *cannot* be disregarded. If subjects are oppressed by tyrants, supported by brute force, the citizen of the free state will be very likely to use his individual might and influence to take off the irons from the victims.

The power of the American confederacy lies in the number of resolute freemen



who cover the surface of its territory—in the fact, that their industry does not sustain heavy taxation to pay debts contracted by preceding generations, nor to support menials, office-holders, or princes, useless or injurious; or armies, only necessary to perpetuate wrong. More even than all this, does their power spring, especially in foreign countries, from the certainty that the cause of the Americans is the cause of individual right. It is this which makes America the asylum of the oppressed of all Europe, and the government of the Union, that which approaches nearest perfection, by indefinitely diffusing enjoyments, her nationality the practical realization of cosmopolitanism. The expansive arms of her policy find no obstacle in the origin of her citizens. The Dutch peopled New-York, the Swedes New Jersey and Delaware, the Germans Pennsylvania, the French flew to South Carolina after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and in Louisiana and Florida the French and Spanish still preserve the usages of their ancestors. The result has been astonishing. We have increased in wealth, civilization, industry and power, in a manner unprecedented in the annals of the world. Our population doubles every twenty-five years; and a progression so stupendous foils human calculation as to what will be our power and influence in times to come. More than twenty millions of souls now, forty millions in 1873, and so successively on, till we come to three hundred and twenty millions in one century. Make from this estimate, founded on experience, what reasonable deductions we please, and what results may we not still expect? Those are now in existence who will see this vast confederacy holding a population of two hundred millions! Where is the model, the

precedent, the resemblance of this great spectacle, in history?

The careful and philosophical observer of the essential progress of mankind in our times, has been led more and more to cherish a belief in the sublime idea of the fraternizing and cementing of the nations, which shall be a fulfilment of the crowning prophecy of inspiration. It has pleased Heaven to make our country the home of freedom, the birthplace of liberal institutions, the best example for the struggling, and the surest hope of the enfranchised everywhere. More than this, we have rendered feasible, purposes and systems, in policy and civilization, which might well have been regarded as impossible, but for steamboats, railroads, telegraphs and printing-presses, that in an hour are capable of flooding continents with intelligence. We find under these circumstances a glorious truth confessed, which a little while ago was regarded as incredible, that the extension of empire by CONQUEST will soon be superseded by the irrepressible desire of states to become united to each other by the NEW LAW OF ANNEXATION. This is already inspiring no inconsiderable proportion of the inhabitants of every nation on this continent to become an integral part of our own great Republic. The history of the future will be, in a continually increasing degree, a detail of the rapid operation of this principle, until the world shall be completely united and bound together by the tracks of its intercommunication, the combination of its interests, the sympathies of its intelligence, and the unity and oneness of its hopes; and the last triumph which is ordered by Providence, has realization in the dawn of that period when all the nations of the earth shall be as ONE PEOPLE.

#### SPRING OR SUMMER?

• SWIFTLY the young Spring came,—  
Love is not dearer—  
Whispered the Summer's name  
As ever nearer.

Swiftly the young Spring fled,  
Dawn is not fleetest,—  
Promiser or promised,—  
Heart! which was sweeter?



## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
Streamed the red Autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships ;  
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance  
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
On every citadel ;  
Each answering each, with morning salutations,  
That all was well !

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure  
Awaken with their call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal  
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room ;  
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar ;  
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead !

## ANDREW CRANBERRY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

I COULD never tell why, but I arose that morning repeating Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "Hymn to Bacchus"—

"Never, believe me,  
Appear the immortals,  
Never alone," &c.

I had not been dining out. I had refused Horatio Tidd's invitation to step round to the club, and take it hot with sugar, which was Tidd's practice. I had returned home at the moral hour of eleven, and, after composing myself with the "North American" (the best of sedatives), had slipped quietly into the sheets; and that was the end of me until seven, A. M.

At that hour I awoke, with my eyes turned towards the ceiling, and instantly began to repeat the lines I have quoted.

"Come, Cranberry," said I to myself, "this is a little absurd for you, who have to go down town and arrange the means of getting a dinner, to lie here in bed and babble heathenish hymns, as if life were only a luxurious nap. I advise you to get up."

"Certainly," replied I to myself, "if you think best. So here goes."

And I sprang up, and sat a moment upon the edge of the bed. Yet instantly I began again—

"Never, believe me,"

and away I went, half-musing, half-muttering, until I felt a little chilly about the ankles.

"Well," said I, laughing to myself, "I agree with you; this is about the most silly business I have been lately engaged in."

And I began to strop my razor. (That reminds me of my bon-mot, generally known as the Cranberry-joke. Once dining with a select party, and being asked how I secured such a kid-glove quality to my chin every morning, I answered, "I steel it." Upon which there was a subdued smile all round the table; and old Stryng Beenz, wishing, after his Dutch fashion, to compliment my good looks, cried out, "Then Cranberry steals the best part of himself every day." At which, as no one clearly understood it, every body loudly laughed.)

To return. I placed myself before my shaving-glass, and began to "steel" my chin. But in the midst, as I stood there, holding my nose awry, with my chin half-raised and saturated in lather, out came the words again, like a torrent, and I said confidentially to myself, in the glass—

"Never, believe me,"

and cut my chin for my pains.

Now, I am a reasonable man, I believe. Andrew Cranberry, Attorney-at-Law, is not held to be superstitious; but there was something peculiar in this constant recurrence of my mind to a poem that I had not read for years.

"What does it portend?" inquired I, as I wiped my face with a damp towel, and walked meditatively towards the shower-bath.

"Does it mean," thought I, interrogatively, as I took the string in my hand, "that I shall ever feel gay enough to sing hymns to the jolly god? Or is it a sort of devil's taunt that I must drink only a Barmecide cup, and content myself with cold water?"

Splash! came the shower as I spoke. I had inadvertently pulled the cord.

But the water did not wash away the subject of my thoughts. The sun shone brightly through the muslin curtains of my windows. I felt, without seeing, the beauty of the day. I knew that the life of Babylon was already coursing along its veins—those stony veins called streets. I knew that men had been hard at work since sunrise—since daybreak—toiling heavily at labor that should not end until their lives ended; confined in close and noisome places, in which the day was never very bright, and their hopes grew daily darker. I knew that in the green parks and gardens—under the trees and upon the margin of fountains—children in bright dresses were playing in the sun, shouting, singing, and frolicking. I knew that the endless miles of monotonous red brick wall which makes the exterior of city houses, inclosed every kind and degree of joy and sorrow; that the street door saw gay equipages, and smiling and perfumed fashion, and an air of festal content—as if Babylon were Paradise—while the chamber-door witnessed bitter enries, and cold bickerings, and loveless lives.

All these images came to my mind as I slowly dressed myself, and I half-shuddered to feel that I was one of them; that the inevitable course of events went on; that the stream of life, an aggregate of infinite drops—mine as large as any—flowed steadily forward; and that no power, no prayer, no despair could arrest it.

"Heigho!" said I to myself, "what does all this mean? Andrew Cranberry, what the deuce ails you? Mark my word, young man, this means something."

And I shook my finger solemnly, for my own edification; rubbed the ox-marrow upon my hair (I am a little particu-

lar) with peculiar unction, as if to say, "Andrew! hold hard, keep dark."

Finally, after stepping to the glass, and solemnly winking at myself, to secure a perfect understanding, I went down with an air of quiet determination, to breakfast.

I may as well confess it now and here, I lived in a boarding-house.

Boarding-houses rose with the fall. They came in with the going out from Paradise. I honor the austere Dante, and I sympathize with him that, in the departments of his *Inferno*, he omitted the boarding-house. "It is enough," he seems to say; "I have painted terrors enough to warn you to the right. Should I announce the possibility of an eternity of boarding-house, human effort would be paralyzed."

Fancy it, my dear second cousin Lucy Arrowroot, invalid widow of Nee Britchiz, ancient book-keeper—you who live, or whose days are wasted in that dingy square room, with four rusty black hair cloth chairs, with the seedy carpet, with the angular bedstead, the square washstand, the square bureau with the square portrait over it upon the dingy wall. You, pale Lucy, once the rosiest of village girls, arch coquette—whose ringing laugh now hushed makes that country silence sad (one day I shall tell your story), you who lived in the sunshine like a flower, and whom now only rarely and by stealth, creeping between chimneys and along dark walls, a sunbeam visits—will you please fancy how you would shrivel up with terror—like a bird before a snake—at the very idea of an eternity of boarding-house.

I mean, of course, no reflection upon Lucy's landlady, estimable Mrs. Frizzle Front—one of whose dismal back rooms I occupied until a prolonged fit of depression of spirits seriously alarmed my physician for my sanity—and whom I therefore know very well. It is the nature of boarding-houses to be dismal, and the landlady cannot help it.

But then, again, why have landladies such a tendency to be elderly widows in unmitigated mourning—or attenuated spinsters of a serious turn? In my darker and more misanthropic moments, I have audaciously fancied them revenging themselves upon the world by keeping a few persons endurably miserable for a regular sum per week.

When young Mœlle de Bœuf—that sprightly Parisian—came to Babylon, he said to me (having brought letters from my old tutor, the Rev. Agnus Peewee who was then in Paris, "studying man," as he expressed it), "Now, mon ami, I wish to find 'apartments.'"

I trembled, for I knew very well, from Peewee's letters, what "apartments" mean in Paris—a nice, snug, quiet, airy, handsome suite of rooms, with a ditto, ditto, ditto little chambermaid, called *femme-de-chambre*, or something pretty; and I hadn't the heart to show him the funereal abodes which with us correspond to that Parisian arrangement for bachelor happiness. Poor, pale Lucy, when I spoke to her about De Bœuf, and his account of the accommodations for single men in Paris, said, in her faint, sweet way, "I am glad to hear that bachelors can be made happy"—and then glanced at the grim, square portrait of old Nee Britchiz upon the dingy wall, and the ghost of a smile glimmered upon her face, as if her matrimonial life with the ancient book-keeper had been so happy!

"Well," said Mœlle, "even if I couldn't find pleasant apartments, I can get some sunshine out of a good dinner. Just show me your best cafés—your *Trois Frères*—your *Café Anglais*—*Maison Dorée*—*Café de Paris*, &c."

So I took him—this *flâneur*—this spray of *la jeunesse dorée*—to whom a substantial aroma was a light lunch, and showed him our cafés—the holes in the sides of the street where steaming Babylon gorges its dinner, and considers the necessity of mastication a blunder in the organization of nature, as wasting precious time.

I avoided him after that; I never dared to meet him again. But once I could not escape. It was at Mrs. Parr Venoo's great fancy ball, in her great fancy house upon the Twentieth Avenue. Mœlle de Bœuf, quivering with jewelry, wandered mournfully around the rooms, constantly "setting" his face—that long, bird-like face, with round blank eyes, and a heavily-hooked moustache—between the heads of people in the crowd, so that many of the most sprightly belles looked as if they had a forlorn owl perched upon their shoulders. He said nothing—this patent-leathered Mœlle de Bœuf, quivering with jewelry—but the expression of his face, as he gloomed and glowered from every corner of the rooms, apostrophized our native land thus: "Oh, unhappy country, which forces men to marry, that they may have a decent place to live in, and a decent dinner to eat! I wonder no more at your lank-visaged children—their solemnity is intelligible now! Oh, unspeakable land! where, in the fury of making a living, men forget to live!"

And the owl flitted from fashionable shoulder to fashionable shoulder, impressing me so deeply, that I can rarely mingle even now in the social festivities of Baby-

lon without seeming to see the solemn, silent, swelled, patent-leathered Mœlle de Bœuf, languishing for the Boulevards and the amenities of Paris.

But this is partly digressive. I left myself coming down to breakfast. A boarding-house breakfast is—but no matter. "It's of no consequence."

Breakfast over, I brushed my hat, put on my gloves, took a final survey of the general effect of Andrew Cranberry in the square mirror, over the high mantel, upon which stood two solemn spectral old candlesticks, that seemed to have only officiated as light-givers at funerals, evening meetings, and other melancholy occasions, and did not at all suggest brilliant festivity, clouds of flounced muslin, French flowers, music, perfume, smiles, and all the delicious jam and crush of an evening party. Poor old candlesticks! I suppose they are there yet, summing up in themselves the dreariness of the house, and presiding, in severe stiffness, over the desolation of those dingy parlors.

Thank Heaven! we are now about stepping into the sunshine.

I opened the door. How warm and kindly streamed the sun against me—hearty, broad and cordial as Carlo's welcome upon my annual visit to him. It put me in gay good humor directly:

"Never, believe me,  
Appear the immortals,  
Never alone,"

whispered I to myself, as I stepped briskly down the street, enjoying a good deal of joking and laughing with myself at my own expense, for harping so constantly upon the lines.

"Andrew," said I jocosely, but confidentially, "Cranberry, you unconscionable wretch! you know that you expect something to come out of this little incident of the poem—you know perfectly well, that you are on the look-out for adventures."

"Not at all," said I, with the air of a man delighted that his secret is discovered, but too proud to own it.—"It has happened a thousand times before. I often wake up with the fragment of a tune in my mind, and go on humming and singing it, all day long. Oh no! it's a pleasant little incident, that's all. It shows that Blackstone and Chitty and the Admiralty practice, and all the rest of that preposterous rubbish heaped up in little stout calf covers, and called Law, has not driven poetry out of my head."

"I should rather say not," said Mr. Andrew Cranberry, Attorney-at-Law, quietly smiling at his own thoughts.

At that moment a dark object fell flut-

tering at my feet. It was a black lace veil, which I lost no time in picking up, and looking about for the owner. Nobody could have dropped it but a woman of slight figure, and dressed in black, whom I saw hurrying along the street, and who must have unconsciously dropped it as she passed me. Of course, I instantly matured a theory of the perfect youth and beauty of the slight lady in black, and hurried after her with the most gallant of bland smiles upon my face.—

"Permit me, madam," said I, accosting her, and holding my hat a little removed from my head, as College Professors hold theirs when they pass in between the students to the Commencement Dinner—"is this, possibly, your veil?"

A pair of surprised black eyes answered me with a glance so expressive that my hat came quite off in my hand, and I ended my address with a most respectful bow.

"Thank you, it is mine;" was all the response I received, and the next moment the dark slight figure was floating along as before, and Andrew Cranberry stood alone upon the sidewalk.

But for a moment only. To jeer at myself for stopping and staring, instead of investigating further the history of the surprised black eyes, was the business of a fleeting instant—to follow and proffer courteous attentions was the inspiration and the action of the next.

Fair reader! be not alarmed, nor fear that when you chance to drop your veil, you therefore expose yourself to the insults, or the attentions, of any chance Cranberry; not at all. I simply followed the invitation of the eyes, in following that slight figure floating along the street; and if you, Mœlle De Bœuf, or any other French-minded man, dares suppose that those eyes might not have been the pure orbs of Rosamund Gray herself, you do foul wrong to a maiden, and to the character of an irreproachable Attorney-at-Law.

No, no. The invitation was entirely involuntary and unconscious upon the part of the lady, but it was of that character which permitted me directly to accept it. Had the lady—O floating figure, forgive the word,—*winked*, in acknowledgment of my handing the veil, I should instantly have hailed an omnibus, or rushed into the Bowery to take the cars.

I rapidly gained upon her. I reached her side. It was a lonely part of the street, and there were no noisy carriage-wheels to drown the sound of my voice

with their roar. Then, with all the respect of a Crusader kneeling to the image of his lady upon his shield, I said—"Madam, may I hope that the little service I have rendered you is but the beginning of —"

She turned toward me. I saw again the surprised black eyes fixed full upon me. You, Mœlle De Bœuf, would have withered in that glance, because it was not alone surprise but indignation. I too should have trembled and shrunk away, if I had not been full of the fairest intentions. Meaning nothing but what the Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach, might have meant, I stood my ground manfully, and continued,—

"I am perfectly aware how singular, and preposterous this conduct may seem, but I may never see you again, and—and, and I want to know you," said I, trusting to Providence.

"It is singular, sir," said a low sweet voice, "to accost a lady whom you do not know in this way, and in the street. You are mistaken, sir. I will wait until you retire."

She stood still, but I could see a little mournfulness in her eyes, as if she were grieved that a man whose aspect had pleased her (I knew that immediately), should disappoint her, and prove to be only a Mœlle De Bœuf, after all.

"Madam," said I, "you do me a great wrong, if you fancy that I have any thought which you would not honor. I have indulged a whim in speaking to you, but I do most solemnly assure you, it was the result of a genuine wish to know you." And I pulled out my card-case, and handed her a card, Mr. Andrew Cranberry.

"Mr. Cranberry," replied the lady, "I am willing to believe what you say; and, looking in your face, I do believe it. Yet I do not know why you should wish to know me, whom you have never before seen, and whom you could hardly expect to see again. Propriety, Mr. Cranberry, the usage of the world, &c., &c." continued she with a slight smile, "would require me to order your instant departure; but I am able to take care of myself, and I am confident you mean no wrong."

So saying, the lady resumed her walk, and I accompanied her. She had that subdued, sweet manner, which implies a latent grief—a sorrow that has become a habit. The quiet self-possession revealed a character moulded by actual contact with the world, a manner more beautiful to me than the conventional reserve and timidity of the daughters of my Twentieth Avenue friend, Mrs. Parr Venoo. Our

conversation fell upon obvious topics, but in all she said there was a maidenly wisdom which was no less new than fascinating. I do not very distinctly remember what we said. It was that glancing talk by the way, of which the spirit, the tone and the feeling are so much more than the words.

I only remember this, that with every step of the way, I went whole leagues into love. She belonged to no "set" with which I was familiar. She knew none of the fashionable ladies. She had no gossip. The walk with her was like a warm day in winter—like a summer week in the country to a tired Pearl-street Jobber. She knew the poetry of the poets I loved, the music of the composers most dear to me. But in all she said, and in all I asked, there was no allusion to her situation in life,—nothing which informed me with whom I was speaking.

Suddenly—it was somewhere in the Twenty-second Avenue—she paused before the door of a small house in a poor block. There was a sign under the front windows "Madame Beignet de Pomme, Milliner from Paris." She went up the steps leaving me standing upon the sidewalk.

"I thank you for a very pleasant walk," said she, as she rang the bell.

"Is this your home?" inquired I.

"Yes, for the present," answered she.

"You are a milliner?"

"I am a milliner."

"You are not Madame De Pomme?"

"I am not Madame De Pomme."

It was evident that she did not choose to be questioned further in that direction, and I said no more.

"Will you allow me to come and see you sometimes?" asked I.

She did not immediately answer, but stood looking on the ground and thinking, at length she said; "Mr. Cranberry, I am quite alone in this city; in fact, I have scarcely a friend. You will understand, therefore, how easy it is for people to speak ill of me. Yet I am not willing to lose all the pleasure of such society as I most enjoy (and which I rarely meet), because evil tongues wag so readily. If I consent to see you, I shall do so at a great sacrifice."

As she spoke, a fiery gloom gathered in her eyes, like jealous passion in the eyes of a Spanish girl. "It is a wicked world," she continued; "that will not let me see a friend, without slandering my reputation. But if you will sometimes come to see me, I shall not hesitate to receive you."

She said it with a firm emphasis, as if

forcing down the suggestions of timidity and pride.

"Good morning, Mr. Cranberry," said she as the door opened, and she passed into the house.

Andrew Cranberry, Attorney-at-Law, went down to his office, and did a very confused day's work. I do not think he said any thing to any body that had not the strictest relation to business. In the intervals of work he looked into the little court beneath his window, in which the prospect consisted of the iron shutters and dingy brick wall of the stores opposite, and where the sunshine looked pale and sickly, and dead; and saw nothing there but June days in a pleasant country, with broad acres of wild flowers, and waving grain, and the edges of green woods, and a gentle lawn sloping to a river. He saw a house too, as he looked into the dead sunlight of the court, an easy, rambling, wooden country-house, with a piazza, and vines wreathing the columns, and pots of flowers in the windows. Upon the piazza, as he still looked, in the softest of summer days, sat a figure quietly sewing, and he thought he heard the murmur of a low song. If the deep dark eyes of that figure had ever been sad, they were so no longer,—if the sweet and noble manner had ever seemed to betray a habit of grief, it had utterly

lost it now,—there was pure summer in the sky, summer on the landscape, summer in those eyes and in the repose of that figure. But even while he gazed, two or three smaller figures came bounding up the gentle lawn from the river, with a huge shaggy black Newfoundland dog. He was sure he heard the loud and happy shouts of children,—he was sure the figure, quietly working, raised the black eyes not surprised, but with a tranquil and maternal delight—and, wildest vision of all—he was sure that in the window of a library opening upon the piazza, and watching that group with eyes moist with happiness, stood, in a loose coat and slippers, and leaning against the side of the window, with his forefinger in a book, Andrew Cranberry, Attorney-at-Law. And, by Jove! as he looked into that pale, sickly sunshine of the court, he was sure he heard that figure speak to the lady, and say

"Never, believe me,  
Appear the immortals,  
Never alone!"

—Whether all this had any thing to do with a certain card that was ordered to be engraved within six months of the day that the veil was picked up, is a curious inquiry. That card ran thus:

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cranberry.

#### SONGS OF VENICE.

TRANCED on the calm Lagune,  
In the dusk of the setting moon,  
While the gondola glides  
O'er the receding tides,  
Will I pray of your grace a boon.

Oh! because in your eyes is that star  
In your motions the free waves are,  
Your grace will I pray  
The sole word to say,  
That would not the silence mar.

Low the waves lap on the prow,  
Faint thy kisses touch my brow;  
Bells upon the still air beating,  
Day along the sea retreating.

Our dark boat a bridal barque,  
Threading the enchanted dark,  
Floats, a murmurous love-ditty,  
Through the ocean-hearted city.



## THE HOMES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.\*

ALI BABA, when he entered the Cave of the Forty Thieves, could not have been more amazed by the wealth of its contents, than some people will be when they first read the title of this book; for it flies in the face of two very ancient and quite sacred traditions.

It implies, firstly, that the ambiguous class of men called authors, may be in the possession of *Homes*,—consequently of wealth, social position, and respectability; and, secondly, that among the three thousand American writers who pretend to the name, there are some at least who are really authors, by which is meant, literary creators or men of genius. Are not both of these, assumptions which the general mind will regard as extremely hazardous?

The records of literary adventure have produced the impression the world over, that authors are a peculiar and exceptional class,—a race of shiftless, seedy and improvident individuals, who, unable to live by any of the recognized methods of society, have betaken themselves to the expedient of living by their wits. It is understood that they reside, when they reside any where, in some vacant corner of a garret, like grubs in a hole; that they pass their days in a pot-house or in lurking out of the way of bunballiffs and landladies; and that, after leading lives of vicissitude, poverty, neglect, and sorrow, when they come to die, they revenge their long quarrel with mankind by bequeathing to it certain inestimable treasures of poetry, wit, or profound thought, over which it will gloat and glow for ever.

Who cannot recall a multitude of essays that has been written on the hapless lot of the poet who "learned by suffering what he taught in song?" How often have literary men bewailed the cruel injustice of society to their order? What sighs have not been exhaled and tears wept over the pitiful stories of misconceived and unrewarded genius? Nor have these lamentations been wholly without foundation. The sad experiences of Savage, the miserable death of Otway, and the more miserable death of Chatterton, "the sleepless boy who perished in his pride," the miscarriages of Burns, the indigence of Coleridge, the protracted struggles of Hook and Hood, the suicide of Blanchard, and a thousand other mournful histories have been a staple product of the literary memoirs. Have not the calamities of authors furnished the indefatigable Disraeli with the

materials for a volume? Or is there any possibility of our forgetting those lines of Moore, how

Balliffs will seize his last blanket to-day,  
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow.

While the pretty fable of Schiller is appropriate,—the fable in which he represents Jupiter as dividing all the wealth of the world among the different classes of his creatures. To the kings he gives taxes and tolls, to the farmers lands, to the merchants trade, and to the abbots and monks most excellent wine; but after having disposed of all, he espies a poet wandering away from the rest, destitute and alone. "What ho! my good fellow," exclaims the father of men, "where wert thou when the general distribution was going forward?" The bard modestly replied, "Mine eyes were drunk with the glory of thy coming, and mine ears filled with the harmonies of heaven!" When the monarch of the gods, apparently no less open to delicate flattery than any mortal,—to him thus: "Well, it's a sad case, my boy! I have nothing left on the earth to give you, but as a compensation, you shall have, after death, the topmost round on my throne in the skies." The poet was doubtless pleased, and went away, and ever since, this has been the inheritance of his tribe. We may observe of it, that though a good reversion for the next life, it is not one on which money could be raised in Wall-street.

Well, incidents and memories such as these have given rise to the unfavorable estimate of authorship as a profession, to which we allude, so that in the minds of many, the writing of sonnets is equivalent to going shirtless, and the perpetration of a romance the next thing in its social consequences, to the perpetration of crime. And although the distinguished successes of a few individuals, the facts, for instance, that Scott could build a baronial castle, and Dickens live like a lord, and Disraeli achieve the chancellorship, and Bancroft get to be a foreign ambassador, &c., have partially corrected the opinion, there is reason to believe that a majority of the world still looks upon literature as no better than a miserable and desperate *dernier resort*. Only the other day, Mr. William Jerdan, himself pretending to be one of the literary Corapheii of Great Britain, wrote a book which is one long wail over the unhappy conditions and prospects of writers as a class, and an earnest appeal to

\* The Homes of American Authors, &c. &c. G. P. Putnam & Co. New-York: 1853.

young men to avoid the professional pursuit of letters as they would avoid any temptation of the devil. "Let no man," he says, "be bred to literature, for as it has been less truly said of another occupation, it will not be bread to him. Fallacious hopes, bitter disappointments, uncertain rewards, vile impositions, and censure and slander from the oppressors, are his lot as soon as he puts pen to paper for publication, or risks his peace of mind on the black, black sea of printers' ink. With a fortune to sustain, or profession to stand by him, it may still be bad enough; but without one or the other, it is as foolish as alchemy or desperate as suicide."

This is the old story, but we think there is a great deal of misconception in it; at least we ought not, from Mr. Jerden's failure, which, as a late foreign review proves, is to be ascribed to his own want of capability and prudence—we must not infer the inevitable fate of the whole circle of authors; and, we cordially agree with that periodical further, that literature is as lucrative and promising as any other profession, to men who are really qualified to discharge its exacting and lofty functions. One reason why it records the disastrous rout of so many of its followers is, that so many rush into it without the requisite capacities, and then their defeats are chronicled, if not by themselves, by others, and so heralded to the world. Hardly a shiftless Corydon fails in walks of art that demand the loftiest endowments of the mind—and what crowds of such are there every year—that he or his friends do not parade him as another example of melancholy shipwreck, as if he deserved or could fairly have anticipated any other end. If the same note were taken of the miscarriages in law, medicine and divinity,—if every briefless barrister, every physician without a patient, and every clergyman without a cure, could make his griefs the talk of the town, as authors manage to do theirs, the disadvantages of their vocations would swell into the magnitude and enormity of those of letters, and literature would no longer stand solitary in its aggravations.

For, it is not true that literature is a peculiarly unkind and unnatural mother. Her favors to those children that are worthy of her, if not exuberant, are yet not stinted. It is true, that writing is not so productive of money as cotton spinning or merchandise, because, as the Review we have just quoted well argues, the conditions of literary and of ordinary commercial labor, are very different. The latter supplies a constant want, the former ministers only to an intellectual

luxury, or to wants that do not wear out the supply with such rapidity as to keep up a high and incessant demand. Both must be regulated, to some extent, by the vulgar law of supply and demand, and their profits, by the same law, cannot be forced beyond the natural level of cost and competition. "The latter combines the joint action of capital and labor; it feels a continual competition; it is not dependent upon the humor or the accidents of the time; no prosaic transition of the public taste converts its productions, like poetry, into a drug; however people may become indifferent to books, they are never likely to dispense with shirts, or to decline the advantage of the steam engine; and although the writer to whose merits the age is insensible, or whose merits are of no utility to the age, may be left to starve, the manufacturer will thrive. Is it reasonable to protest against a state of things which has been inevitable from the beginning of the world, and which will continue to be inevitable, so long as the material wants of the world must be served, let its intellectual wants shift as they may? The aims of the two classes are essentially different, and each has its own reward. The literary man has a glory which is denied to the manufacturer, nor could he envy the latter his wealth, if he knew how to appreciate his own position at its true value. He has fame, if he deserves it,—honor, if he merits it; nor need he doubt of achieving the highest social distinctions, if he asserts his right to them as he ought, and maintains them with integrity and self-respect; while the other may be left to the unenvied possession of wealth and obscurity."

This is well said, and is true; but it should also be admitted, in behalf of literary men, to explain and excuse, if not to justify their complaints, that with most of them, the difficulty is not so much the insufficiency of their incomes, as the liberality of their outgoes. A thousand peculiar temptations, springing partly from those mental susceptibilities which differentiate them from others, and partly from their social eligibility, beset them to spend more than they make. The very qualities which form their greatest glory, are those often which lead them into the deepest pain and humiliations. If they were as hard, as unimaginative, as careful of the main chance, as the cotton spinner or the merchant, they would grow rich like the cotton spinner or the merchant; but they are not so constructed. That delicacy of organization, which makes them alive to those finer perceptions out of which literature comes, renders them keenly sensi-

tive also to the pressures and discomforts of existence,—those sands which drop in and grit between the shell of our outward condition and the fleshy sensibilities. They yearn consequently to bring their surroundings into a better correspondence with their tastes and aspirations, and their perpetual tendency is to gather costly appliances and comforts about them, to shut out the actual existence by one of ideal refinement; or, as our young poet Stoddard has it, in his "Castle in the Air," they would sport among

"The garnered excellence of Earth and Time,"

Besides, with superior powers to entertain, or an elevated fame to render their acquaintance a distinction, authors are more sought for than others by general society, where, whether they learn refined or dissipated habits, they equally expose themselves to expense. It is impossible to keep up a varied and generous intercourse, without falling into more or less extravagance; and genius with its irritable fancies and impetuous impulses, is least of all likely to resist the allurements of luxurious living, or to temper the seductions of taste with the cold discipline of judgment. Not that genius is ever destitute of judgment,—seeing that the most subtle, strong, unerring judgment is its very essence,—but then its judgment is the theoretic judgment, which is displayed in the creation and providence of a great drama or poem, and not the practical judgment, which controls every-day affairs. It is in danger therefore of running into prodigality, or, for want of appropriate and ample nourishment, is betrayed into questionable indulgences. Ah! then the clouds darken about it: the present grows comfortless and the future minatory: and poor genius, losing its freshness and glow, is genius no more. It utters its wail into the uncaring universe, like one who falls at midnight from some on-rushing steamship, and hearing no reply but the splash of its own sinking, goes down into the unyielding depths!

But is the world to blame for such miscarriages? Is the literary profession, as a practical pursuit, to blame? Is this lot worse, in its external liabilities, than that of other men; and would not the chimney-sweep or the lawyer, who should forget the actual conditions of social existence, to indulge in dreams and idealizations, fail as signally as the author?

Let us not be understood, however, to maintain in the foregoing remarks, that want of success in authorship is always evidence either of want of merit, or of want of prudence. We mean no such

thing: on the contrary, we know that works of the most unquestionable excellence have often to wait for appreciators,—in fact, that genius, as a general thing, must create its own audience; but this is as true of other professions as it is of literature. It is true in art; true in science; true in mechanical inventions; and sometimes true in practical enterprise; and all that we design to urge is simply that authorship is no exception to other pursuits. We believe that if competent men engage in it with industry, patience, and consistent purpose, conducting their affairs with average foresight, they will reap at the least the average pecuniary rewards. The depreciating view that prevails is an unjust as well as an injurious one,—and one therefore that ought to be removed. It is unjust because it exaggerates the disparagements of a true and worthy literary life, and injurious, because it happens in this world, that the respectability of a pursuit too much depends upon what the Californians call the "prospecting," or the chance of turning up some genial and ravishing deposit of sunny ore.

Nowhere has the literary profession been supposed to be more hopeless than in the United States; and yet, we are persuaded that here as elsewhere, in spite of all the drawbacks, adventitious or necessary, a career of honor and profit is open to all who engage in it with the proper qualifications, and pursue it with fidelity and self-control. We do not say that the pecuniary rewards of it are as generous as they ought to be, or probably will be hereafter; we do not say that it will become in the present state of society as fertile as trade, or even as the learned professions; but we do say that, besides its peculiar harvests in the way of reputation and influence on the great cotemporary and prospective movements of thought, it holds out the gerund of reasonable pecuniary success,—and of social compensations that ought to satisfy reasonable desires.

In proof of this, we appeal to the experience of those writers among us, who have shown by their works, their fitness for their vocations. They are nearly all in comfortable positions, and many of them are affluent. Mr. Putnam's book contains an account of some twenty of them (announcing others that are to follow)—and scarcely one of the number can be said to be poor. Mr. Prescott enjoys a princely income, a part of it inherited, it is true, but the other part derived from his books: the old age of Irving is made glad by more than competence, worthily won by his pen: Mr. Cooper's

novels enabled him to live generously during his whole life: Bancroft is indebted for his political and social position to his merits as a historian: Bryant, though not altogether by his poetry, yet by the exercise of his literary abilities, for the newspaper is a branch of literature, has been placed at his ease: while among those not included in this volume, Melville, Mitchell, Headley, Stephens, Curtis and others, have reaped large rewards from their publications. On the other hand, if Hawthorne and others are not yet at the summits of fortune, they have at least a glimpse of the golden heights.

These results are the more remarkable, because in this country, success is rendered difficult by an artificial obstruction thrown in its way. The American author has to contend against two rivalries,—both formidable—first, that of his native competitor; and second, that of the foreign writer. And in respect to the latter, he enters the lists under the additional disadvantage, that while his own works must be paid for by the publisher, those of the foreigner are furnished like the showman's wonders, "free gratis and for nothing." No sooner is a literary venture of Bulwer, Thackeray, or Dickens afloat, than a whole baracoon of "bookaneers," as Hood called them, rushes forth to seize it, and so long as they may do this, they will not spend money, not much of it certainly,—in any regular merchandise. Who will buy domestic goods when he can import foreign goods without price? It is not in human nature to drive so thriftless a trade. Our manufacturing friends of the protectionist school, declaim dolorously against the policy of government which exposes their arts to the cheap competition of Europe; but what a clamor would they raise if the exotic productions, which come into market against their own, were admitted, not merely duty free, but without having been subjected to an original cost? Yet this is precisely the sorrow of the American author! At great expense himself, he works against an antagonism which costs nothing; for the slight *per centage* allowed to foreign writers by our American publishers, for the privilege of a first copy, is virtually nothing. His case, therefore, is even worse than that of the broomseller of the old anecdote, who, stealing his raw materials, wondered how his rival could undersell him; until he was told that the cunning rogue stole his brooms ready-made. Thus, the publisher gets his commodity ready-made, and floods the market with it, while the poor American producer hawks and sings his articles about the streets in vain!

How long the latter will submit to this injustice, we cannot say,—but let us express the hope, by way of episode, that now, when we are about to have in the chief seat of political power a gentleman, one of whose distinctions it is, that he is the warm personal friend of our most illustrious tale writer,—he will signalize that friendship by exerting his influence to secure to the craft of Hawthorne its just and long-delayed rights. Let him do this, and the authors of America,—destined to a longer life than its politicians,—will take care of his good fame.

But all these considerations take for granted the second assumption of Mr. Putnam's book, to which we alluded in the outset, viz., that we have genuine American authors. Is it so? We know that a different opinion obtains, and that foreign writers declare, with some degree of emphasis, that, as yet, we are mere imitators,—unfledged provincials,—repeating the copies set in the Old World, and quite destitute of originality, independence or native force. It is not three months since a callow Scotch critic, speaking *ex cathedra*, in the *North British Review*, conceded to us only three poets, and those, as he dogmatically alleged, were servile echoes of Wordsworth and Tennyson. Other writers before him have repeatedly and triumphantly asked for our dramatists, novelists, essayists, and wits; and Monsieur Philarete Chasles, in his late self-complacent French summary of American literary achievements, finds it difficult to drum up more than half-a-dozen authors on whom he bestows any thing like praise. There is, therefore, considerable unanimity in the judgment against us; and, though the *London Times* in its recent notice of the "Blithedale Romance," relaxes a little of its accustomed severity, and warns its contemporary British writers to bestir their pens, it must be confessed that there still exists a general incredulity abroad, if not a lurking contempt, in respect to our literary pretensions.

We will not gainsay the partial justice of the sentence, nor endeavor to hide the rags and tatters of our poverty; and yet, whether moved thereto by overweening national pride or by an egregious ignorance,—let others decide—we are disposed to maintain that our literature is wrongly depreciated, and that we have at least done as much as could have been expected from us under the circumstances of our national history and development.

The issue, it seems to us, has never been accurately stated, and, the discussion in consequence has been needlessly embarrassed. As we conceive them,

the only important points are, whether we possess a native literature at all,—whether that literature, if it exists, is equal to what might be justly asked of us,—and whether, such as it is, it furnishes any adequate and generous ground of hope for the future?

It would be absurd to expect of us, in this the seventieth year of an independent national existence, as full and rich a literature as that possessed by the older nations,—absurd, for the reason, that we have had no time to produce it in, while our intellectual energies have been absorbed in other ways. A man who has his fields to clear, his house to build out of the primeval forest, his shoes and clothing to make, his ways of access to his neighbors to open, and above all, his government and social order to institute,—in short, who has to provide by dint of the severest toil for the most immediate and pressing wants of his existence, is not the man who constructs epics, or amuses his fancy with the invention of dramas or tales. His epics, and dramas, and romances he finds in his work. The giants of the woods are giants more formidable to him, and whose conquest is more important, than any his imagination might conjure from the dim twilight of Greek or Scandinavian mythology; he is battling face to face with the frost, and hail, and mud-jotuns that Carlyle speaks of, and has as little relish as he has opportunity, for idle whimsies or songs. At the same time should he be deeply engaged in a novel and somewhat momentous national experiment, working out into practical and victorious solution, a problem in which the political destinies of half a world are involved, the stern and trying task laid upon him, will scarcely permit of his turning aside to the gentler and more imaginative arts. If, therefore, the whole of his earlier life should exhibit an absolute want of literary activity, the fact would not argue against his capacity for that kind of production, but simply that his powers had been diverted into other channels of development. But this consideration is so obvious that we need not press it further.

Or, if in the progress of wealth and leisure, with the growth of intellectual wants and refinements, we find him prone to imitate the artistic efforts of those who had gone before, he would only be guilty of a very common trait of youth. Nothing is more natural than for juniors to copy their seniors. Even men and nations endowed with indisputable genius, are apt in their first crude endeavors, to pursue the paths and ape the manners of their predecessors, whose suc-

cesses have kindled their imaginations, and for whose qualities they feel a kindred sympathy, but the secrets of whose self-dependence they have not yet learned. Fearful at first of the strength of their untried wings, yet full of the impulse of flight, like young birds they watch the motions of their elders, until in due time they themselves launch forth into the air. Indeed, we remember years ago to have read the work of some unrecognized western philosopher, who maintained,—with an abundance of instances to confirm his theory,—that early imitation was a characteristic mark of genius, and that the greatest of men have always begun their careers by the conscious or unconscious adoption of some far advanced model. But be that as it may, we know, in respect to nations, how much of the earlier art and science of Greece was derived from the opulent storehouses of the East, though Greece became the mistress of the intellectual world; we know how dependent the Romans were upon Greece, though Rome subsequently enriched mankind from her native sources; and we know, too, what infusion of the Latin there has been into English speech. May we not infer from these examples then, that if America, as she is tauntingly charged, has sucked too much of her earliest instruction and culture from the breasts of her noble mother, it does not prove that she is now unable to go alone; but it simply shows that America was once quite young. Speaking the language of England was it not inevitable that we should read the literature of England, and draw thence much of our intellectual nurture? Nay, more,—is not the whole earlier literature of England just as much ours as it is that of modern Englishmen? Up to the time of our revolutionary separation, it was surely the common possession of the English race; and the mere change in our political relations worked no defeat of our claim. We have a right to appeal to Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, &c., as our ancestors in the direct line, just as the younger members of a family call the common progenitor father, though they may not have inherited the title and the estates. They may have quarrelled with the elder brother even, and quit the paternal roof, and begun new life-methods for themselves in some distant region of the globe, but their lineage remains as clear and indisputable as that of the first-born.

Now, all this being admitted, the question of American originality narrows itself down to this,—whether the stock has depreciated by crossing the ocean, or in



being exposed to the different influences of new natural and social conditions? Do such of us as have devoted their energies to literature give evidence of deterioration or decay; or is the old vigor still in our loins?

We think that no fair mind can hesitate as to the answer. We believe that our authors have at least not degenerated. On the other hand, we believe that they are worthy scions of the old stock, and more than that, that under the inspiration of a new order of things, such as exists in this country, they have laid the foundations of a peculiar literature,—not yet copious, not yet comparable for richness, depth, variety or grace, with either of the ancient or modern literatures, but still full of native freshness and vigor. Like a noble youth rounding into manhood, we are wild, extravagant and impulsive, betraying the faults of want of discipline and culture, but strong in the consciousness of mighty powers, and bounding forward to a future of glorious developments.

No! we may not point to bright galaxies like those which shed lustre from other heavens; we have no thickly studded constellations and luminous groups scattered all above us; but we may claim single stars that shine with an unborrowed and unfading brilliancy. Few will be disposed to deny that in metaphysics and moral reasoning Jonathan Edwards is of the same order of men with Locke and Butler; in experimental philosophy, Franklin, and in the science of navigation Bowditch, are names consecrated by history. Hamilton, Jefferson, and Madison rank with the statesmen of any age; the historians Bancroft and Prescott take their places by the side of the best modern historians, Alison, Thierry, Guizot, whether we regard the accuracy of their research, or the perspicuity and finish of the style; Cooper as a novelist is only inferior to Scott, to whom all others are inferior; the pleasant essays of Irving fear no comparison with those of Addison and Goldsmith; there are poems of Bryant which will be read with delight as long as Gray's elegy, or Coleridge's *Genevieve*, or Milton's *Lycidas*, or Burns' songs, because like those immortal productions they are perfect in their kind; when we name the only eloquence in our language, which approaches the comprehensive and masterly speeches of Burke, we recall that of Webster; the artist of all modern artists who approaches nearest to Titian is Allston; the liveliest magazinist of the day, not excepting Jules Janin, is Willis; the woman, who has written a book which has had a wider instant cir-

culatation than the book of any other woman or man, is Mrs. Stowe. Well, this is not much: it is not Shakspeare, Milton, or Bacon—it is not Swift, Fielding, Thackeray, but it is some proof of what we contend for,—that the old Saxon blood has not turned to water in our veins, nor the old fire of the heart become a putrid phosphor.

It is a piece of unworthy prejudice to pretend that our leading writers are only second editions of European celebrities. Cooper is no more an imitator of Scott than is Bulwer or Dickens; his materials and his methods of presenting them are his own; and no man not born in America, in the shadow of her primeval woods, under the inspirations of her democratic institutions, could have written any of the best of his works. Bryant is wholly American, or if he resembles Wordsworth or Cowper, it is because he writes English with the deep meditative wisdom of the one, and the pensive grace of the other; but neither Wordsworth nor Cowper have written more true, beautiful, or indestructible poems than the *Waterfowl* or the *Prairies*. Whom does Emerson imitate? Carlyle! Why, with scarcely a quality in common with Carlyle, he is the superior of Carlyle, in clearness and depth of insight, as he is in simplicity and melody of style. Has Mr. Dana a prototype, has Channing, has Audubon, has Webster, has Hawthorne, has Melville, has Uncle Tom?

There always must be more or less structural uniformity in the literature of nations which speak the same language. Out of the same deep heart of the national life, from which language comes, literature also is born; and those mysterious indwelling causes, and those apparent external influences, which mould and modify the one, must give form and color to the other. It is impossible to separate ourselves wholly from the features or the predominant traits of our parents. Had the earlier settlers of this country been mainly French or German, as they were English, our subsequent growth would probably have partaken of a French or German tenor. What literature we might create would have borne a family likeness to Voltaire, or Goethe, to Victor Hugo, or Freligrath, instead of to Milton and Sir Walter Scott, to Addison and Pope; and we should in that event have had to struggle ourselves clear of German mysticism, and French elegance, as we now have to make our way out of the heavy and melancholy gravity of John Bull.

But this resemblance between our own



literature and that of England, springing from an identity of race and tongue,—made especially apparent during the formative and transitional stages of our growth,—will not prevent a remarkably new and original development in the maturer future. Already we have cut ourselves loose from the leading-strings which were inevitable to our childhood,—not in our political system only, but in our manners, morals, and arts; and, under the torrent of influences pouring in upon us from the vast accessions to our population from the Old World, our whole literary and social character is undergoing change. This is not the place to speak of the social indications, but, as it regards the literary, we allege that our younger writers abound in them,—in the most unmistakable evidences of a new and vigorous direction given to their habits of feeling and thought. They are not only less English than their predecessors were; they are not only more universal in their affinities and tastes, the consequence of wider sympathies, and the infusion of the European element; but they are more entirely independent, self-sustained, and have a more distinct character of their own. A certain ready, open impressibility, which takes in all the wonders of nature and all the excellencies of art, and has a quick feeling for every variety of human character,—is the mark of most of them, accompanied by a fresh, buoyant, genial enthusiasm. Without losing the earnestness of their northern origin, they have had superinduced upon it the volatile and graceful vivacity of the south; they are more external, sensuous, impassioned, but none the less intense and thoughtful. The Saxon and the Celtic bloods unite in their veins, giving brilliancy and facility to a foundation of endurance and power.

It is scarcely time for these new combinations to show themselves in full force—except in practical enterprise, where our achievements both in grandeur of conception and ease of execution surpass all that is recorded in modern annals,—but in that branch of literature, which comes nearest to enterprise,—in narratives of travel, there are many signs of a new and vigorous tendency. Stephens in Central America, Melville in the South Seas, Curtis in Egypt and Syria, have marked out styles of their own, each different from the other, and each different from any travellers that have gone before them. They are full of freshness and broad, sensuous life,—not like the worn-out debauchees of Europe who travel to get rid of themselves or to find a new sensation, but like marvellously wise children, capa-

ble of surprises, but accepting all novelities with good humor; indeed, with a certain rollicking fun, and at the same time estimating them at their true value with an unerring practical sagacity.

Among our nascent poets, too,—such as Saxe, Boker, Read, Taylor, and Stoddard,—we discern the earnest of a departure from old methods, and an entrance upon a new and original career. They are more free, frank, and expansive than the modern British poets, and superadd to the concentrated force and strength of their insular models a more affluent, richly colored and catholic view of life. A luxuriance, as of some deep virgin soil, shooting up into weedy extravagance at times, betrays the inspiration of our prolific nature, and reminds us of broad rivers and lakes, flowery prairies, and interminable leafy woods. Their faults, therefore, are faults of excess and not of deficiency. They want discipline, but not sensibility nor native vigor. They have the hale, ruddy-complexioned look of health, and above all, a sincere fearless spirit, which betokens a living spirit within, and the capacity for lusty human growth. Let them be true to the promises of their youth, and their manhood will ripen into luscious and fragrant fulfilments.

But we cannot pursue these topics; we have already dwelt so long upon them, that we have left ourselves little space to speak of the work by which they have been suggested. It is confessedly the book of the year. In the splendor of its embellishments no less than in the interest of its contents, we know of no holiday book that can compare with it,—none at least issued on this side of the ocean. Still we have some faults to find with it: the plates are, here and there, hastily executed: and the letter-press of a few of the contributions is not so sprightly, anecdotal, personal as we should like to have found. It is a prevailing vice of our writers to be too didactic and sedate; and in such a book, of all others, heavy writing is out of place. But this criticism does not apply to the whole volume, in which there is much admirable and vivacious writing: while the entertainment which it furnishes could not well be better. It introduces us by pencil and by pen, to the haunts of novelists and poets, who are dear to the hearts of some, and will live long in the imaginations of others. Having given us many hours of the purest delight, we desire to know them more intimately, as they are known by those permitted a friendly intercourse. We visit Audubon in his snug retreat on the Hudson, while his favorite deer are

stalking about us on the grass, and his favorite birds sing to us from his trees: we wander with Bryant through his island woods, where his heart has learned its lessons of severe simplicity, and his imagination caught the glow of its bright autumnal foliage: we loiter in the sumptuous study of Longfellow, where the old panels suggest the memory of Washington, while the poet sings us golden legends of the Old and the New World: we hold high discourse with Emerson, in the shadows of his Concordian Mecca, while the weird Hawthorne, himself a shade, flits through the umbrage of the Old Manse: the opulent library of Everett is opened to us; Lowell, fresh from his European harvest, conducts us about the nooks of his paternal mansion: Miss Sedgwick roams with us amid the glorious hills of Berkshire: Simms chaperons us among the wild

bays and pines of the Carolina plantation: Kennedy welcomes us to the hospitality of the warm South: the generous Cooper throws open his lordly Northern hall: Irving tells quaint stories of the Western hunters, or of Spanish Dons, or of old English cheer, as we sit beneath the fantastic gables of Wolfert's Roost: and Dana strolls with us along the shores of the far-resounding sea, where we listen to the beat of its mighty pulses, till some image of its boundlessness and glory passes into our souls. But there is one Home, near that same sea, in which we loiter with pleasure no more; for the presiding genius has departed from it, and we tread the vacant lawns, and walk silently through the deserted halls of Marshfield, full of sad and thoughtful memories of Webster

#### A SMALL STORY OF THE CONFESSORIAL

SOME twenty-five years ago a young Irishman came to New-York, in search of a fortune, bringing a letter of recommendation to the late D. L.—— from Lady S.——. After remaining in New-York a few weeks, and not finding any employment to his liking, he called upon Mr. L. and told him he wished to go South, but had not the means to pay his passage; upon hearing this Mr. L. loaned him the sum which he required. The adventurer departed on his way, and a few years afterwards Mr. L. died. As he made no memorandum of the sum loaned, of course his family knew nothing about it. But it was not forgotten by the young Irishman, who, last summer, returned to his native country in bettered circumstances, and confessed to his priest that his conscience was troubled about the money he had borrowed twenty-five years ago and had never returned. The priest told him he must return the money, with compound interest, to the heirs of Mr. L., if any could be found. Application was made to Lady S., in Dublin, for information on the subject, and as she happened to know a gentleman who was on the point of making a visit to the United

States, she said if the money were sent to her she would place it in his hands, and request him to pay it over to the descendants of Mr. L. The full amount was accordingly handed to her, in Bank of England notes, some five times the original sum loaned, and General D.—— promised to make diligent inquiries for the rightful owners. After his arrival in New-York, however, he forgot the matter, but was reminded of his trust by accidentally meeting a daughter of the deceased Mr. L. at a dinner party. He stated the circumstance to her, and promised to send the money to her, to be distributed by her among her brothers and sisters. But, on looking over his papers, he could neither find the roll of bills, nor any memorandum by which he could ascertain the amount. It so chanced, however, that a few days afterwards he had occasion to look in a book of heraldry, and there he found the notes, which had been carefully placed there by himself, but forgotten. They were accordingly handed to the rightful claimants, who could well have afforded to forgive a debt whose existence they were not aware of.

## GONDOLA SONGS.

## I.

RUSHES lean over the water,  
Shells lie on the shore,  
And thou, the blue ocean's daughter,  
Sleep'st soft in the song of its roar.

Clouds sail over the ocean,  
White gusts fleck its calm,  
But never its wildest motion  
Thy beautiful rest should harm.

White feet on the edge of the billow  
Mock its smooth-seething cream ;  
Hard ribs of beach sand thy pillow,  
And a noble lover thy dream.

Like tangles of sea-weed streaming  
Over a perfect pearl,  
Thy fair hair fringes thy dreaming,  
O sleeping Lido girl !

## II.

Girl on the marble riva,  
You watch the gondolas glide ;  
The gondoliers are silent,  
The lovers sit side by side

The gondoliers are silent,  
The lovers have all to say ;  
The cheek of the blushing lady  
Is paled by the dying day.

Her long fair hair is braided,  
Yours falls in a midnight shower ;  
Her face from the sun is shaded,  
Your bloom is a sun-bronzed flower.

The whispering lovers see you,  
As they glide by the marble shores ;  
You are the shade of their picture,  
And they are the light of yours.

You do not glide in a gondola,  
Nor lie on a lover's breast ;  
You stand in the palace shadow,  
And look on the sunset West.

There glitter your proud pavilions,  
And, breathing a summer air,—  
Dark girl on the lonely riva,  
The lover awaits you there.

## THE LIVING CORPSE.

WHY the fancy has seized me to write the strange history which follows, is to me inexplicable. My utter indifference to human sympathy, human praise, or human opinion, which will soon be seen to be no vain affectation, would seem to render such an act superfluous. Perhaps the necessity for some species of action, which even the inert granite is supposed to be imbued with by the progressive spirit of Nature, may account for the proceeding. Since, however, I intend to write, I propose to write intelligibly. It is difficult to describe sensations where memory alone must furnish their corresponding ideas. Were I a human being, in the strict sense of the word, I should, if I may judge by what I see others do, apologize for the imperfection of my narrative. As it is, I shall reproduce the images of the past with the fidelity as also with the indifference of an echo. It is perhaps the first time that a DEAD MAN has spoken in the language of the living, though approximations to the phenomenon are to be found in many writers of the day, whose works, I being absolutely destitute of passions, can alone dispassionately criticise. Weak minds will either fail to comprehend, or recoil with horror from my revelations. To the thinking few, they will be a curiosity, which I affirm gravely to be unparalleled in the annals of literature, or the records of history.

I was not always a living corpse. I am not a natural monster. I was born alive, in the full sense of the word. Nay, I was the result of an unbridled passion, and gifted with all the fiery vitality which such lawless indulgences not unfrequently produce. My mother was an Italian Princess, my father a private soldier in the Prussian cavalry. My birth took place in secrecy, and with all the precautions of pride and shameful terror. I was brought up in an atmosphere of mystery, and though invisibly protected, was, from my earliest recollection, an utterly isolated being. At the age of one-and-twenty, after completing, as they say, my studies at the University of —, I was placed in possession of a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars invested in the English funds, and informed that henceforth I was my own master; whilst I was supplied with a plain and probable legend to serve as a convenient substitute for a more authentic pedigree. It was under these circumstances that I set out on my travels, in the prime of youth and love of enjoyment. My form was tall

and powerful, my face of a rare and marked beauty, and my talents of that order which make the great heroes, poets, and criminals of this imperfect world. My destiny was in my own hands, and I became, if not the greatest, at least the most extraordinary of earth's children. I state these facts in their naked simplicity, because what is termed vanity, is so utterly impossible to a being of my unique nature, that I can waive all common forms, and introduce myself at once in my true colors to the reader.

I shall commence by a brief account of my youth and education, or rather of the early movements of my mind, which led me to adopt a course so singular in its audacity, both of conception and execution.

My two dominant passions, before the extraordinary events which it is the main purpose of this tale to record, were an intense longing for exalted sensations of pleasure, and as a means to this end, a burning thirst for knowledge. Having renounced all religious creeds, and set at defiance all social prejudices, I resolved to make the aim of my existence the attainment by study and experiment, of the most certain methods of scientific enjoyment.

I was naturally what the world calls pre-eminently selfish; as if one man could be more or less selfish than another; as if, in obeying the laws of his organization, any one could act otherwise than yield invariably to the strongest motive, as if any motive could be aught else than a certain amount of *force* acting upon an individual being!

But I will not philosophize. My human and living readers would not understand me if I did. Their perceptions are clogged by passions and prejudices. Hence truth is strange to them, and even terrible. There are some few, eagle-eyed who can gaze upon the sun, undazzled. To these my philosophy would be impertinent; to the mass it is incomprehensible.

I will tell my story without obscurity. I will use the plainest language, and speak to popular acceptations.

I was then, a voluptuary, but not a common voluptuary. I saw that the ordinary mines of enjoyment were soon exhausted, or only to be worked more deeply by labor that defeated its object. I perceived that the most crowded paths of pleasure turned back, by circuitous courses, in never-ending circles.

I resolved to abandon these pastures of gregarious man. But before abandoning

them, I tested them by experience. I plunged into all the dissipations of my age. I sought all the distractions that youth, a strong well-nerved body, and an active mind could hope to obtain. I bought all the diversion that gold could buy. I lived with my generation; I surpassed them; I led them. I practised systematized moderation. I essayed unbridled excesses. And—I was disappointed.

I did not, as the cant phrase goes, awake from my illusions. I had read, seen, and thought too much. I was too clear-headed to have any illusions. Where others saw misty prospects, I saw naked facts. I summed up, and found the balance on the wrong side. My experiment was a failure.

I had travelled, I had seen the wonders of art, and the beauties of nature. I had had access to the best, and to the worst of society. I had labored, and been rewarded by fame. The book which I wrote, won the applause of a nation. I foresaw that it would obtain new triumphs in foreign lands; and my foresight has been confirmed by fact. Lastly, I was united to the woman I loved; who brought me thrice the fortune I expected, and a mind cultivated beyond my hopes. And with all this—I was dissatisfied. I craved for intenser pleasure; more exalted excitement, and I could not disguise from myself that it was so. I reflected deeply.

"What," said I, "is happiness? Is it a monotony of sensations, which are taken to be pleasurable on the faith of popular opinion, whilst the inward voice still whispers languor and tedium, whilst half the day is passed in a dreary vacuity of mind, which is, at best, merely the bare negative of pain? Is it a feverish working and striving for objects which on attainment invariably become insipid and indifferent?"

"Certainly not. Reasonably regarded, it is surely a positive, appreciable state of consciousness, in which we can say without hesitation to the moment, in the words of Goethe, 'O linger yet, thou art so fair!' It is a certain condition of the nervous system, and without that condition—misery."

I fell to watching myself studiously at different times, and under various circumstances.

I observed that, at a certain stage, wine produced sensations of extreme delight. But I also observed that these sensations soon gave way to other and more sombre feelings; that, in fact, there was a happy crisis in alcoholic stimulus, which, when once past, could not be recalled on one

and the same occasion. Indulgence, too, in wine was, I perceived, followed by a vague, dreary despondency, that lasted incomparably longer than the brief passing moments of delicious exhilaration it produced.

On the whole, it was better to leave the mind to nature and mere mental excitements, than to attempt to light the sacred fire at the now neglected altars of Bacchus.

I need not say, that to become vulgarly intoxicated, was, with me, out of the question. There are some strong brains that defy the utmost possibilities of wine. I could have poisoned myself, but I could not render myself an unreasoning animal, by any amount of spirituous liquors. Often I persevered to the last, and when all my wild companions had sunk, I may say in many cases fallen beneath their potent draughts, I alone sat erect, and at worst discovered that my stomach was a weaker organ than my head. In such cases a feeling of awful and gloomy sadness would possess me, and after sitting long in silent and strangely lucid meditations, I would walk home calmly in the gray of the morning with little outward indication of the debauch from which I had emerged.

It was evident that no cascades of wine—even though they beggared Niagara in their ruby or topaz-like curves—could overarch for me that enchanted palace, in which I desired to spend my days, and defy the adversary—Pain, Evil, Devil, Typhon, Ariman or Sathanas, in a word, the dread foe, named or nameless, described or indescribable, of human happiness and its continuance.

Apart from all more palpable causes of suffering, man sits between Memory and Desire, between the Past and the Future, as between two rival mistresses, each dragging him towards her by turns with uneasy passion; whilst before him, and as it were balanced on an eternal and invisible tight-rope, sways the only nymph that can bless him with her love, the only goddess he can really and truly possess, if indeed he can possess anything, the divine Present—and he—dares not clasp the radiant virgin to his heart, dares not drive to the East nor to the West, along the interminable roads of space, the furies that torment him, madden him, and devour him, now, then, and evermore!

For my part, I said to the sad and pale brunette, the angel *Præterita*, and to the blonde seductive blue-eyed spirit *Futura*, a like farewell. The geni of Past and Future ruled the race of man—the Earth-God. But one was a rebel and an outlaw; and that one was I.



I said to the Universe, "Let me *feel* happiness, not merely dream it." And everlasting echoes from all the depths of Kosmos, even from the farthest bounds where creation, ever encroaching, borders upon awful chaos, everlasting echoes answered "DREAM!"

And I replied to the spirits of the Infinite, and demanded proudly, "Ye blind legions of monitors! where in nature is your unclouded happiness? where is your perfection?"

And the echoes laughed back in mockery, "perfection!"

Then I ceased to ask counsel of any men or spirits. For I was determined to be my own guide, and my own teacher, since all the wisdom of the world had not yet led to happiness. Therefore I scorned its pretensions, and derided its impotence with justice.

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I became a great smoker. I purchased the rarest tobaccos and the costliest pipes. I had a perfect museum of meerschaums, nargulés, chibouques, and tubes and bowls of all sorts of shape, size, and contrivance for the inhalation of the fragrant weed. I purchased, at extravagant prices, the choicest boxes of cigars. I smoked grandly, incessantly, infernally. The atmosphere grew dark with my smoking; at least to my imagination. I wrapped my soul in the incense of tobacco. I created worlds of fancies out of its wreathing vapors. I began to think I had found the resource I wanted, and I often exclaimed in dreamy ecstasy—"Divine Nicotiana!"\* I doubted whether the vapors which inspired the Pythoness did not arise from the hookahs of the priests smoking in solemn divan in the subterranean halls of Delphi. And I gave them high credit for having so well preserved the secret they had discovered.

At the same time, like a true Turk, I took care to have the finest coffee of Mocha prepared by the most perfect machinery. I found that, after fasting, the effect of coffee upon the nerves was almost supernatural; but combined with tobacco, it was Elysian. It produced an intense state of enjoyment, during which, I would discourse with a marvellous eloquence to my adoring M'ira, who was never weary of following the train of my prolific and far-stretching fantasies. How easily in this period of my madness (as I have since learned to deem it) did I unravel knots in science and philosophy, that had puzzled the wise men of ages. How intuitively did I seize on combina-

tions, whose results, in the hands of practical men, might have rendered them the acknowledged benefactors of the world, and enriched whole nations of workers! But with me, all was a reverie of selfish recreation. I created glorious plans, I foreshadowed mighty inventions, as a volup-tuous exercise of the mind; I played as it were grand symphonies on the most intellectual themes, and the compositions perished with the dying sounds, like the fantasias of musicians, which are never to be repeated.

But this could not last. My powerful organization resisted for a time the exaggerated abuse of drugs, which, common though they be, are in excess, like all other substances, the deadliest poisons. Smoking destroys the appetite, and ruins the digestive powers. Its effect upon the nerves then becomes tremendous. I soon made this discovery. A neuralgic irritation attacked me, which, as I still pursued my diabolical fumigations, went on with a fearfully *crecendo* movement. Deadly sickness of a peculiar inactive character, fits of the horrors, in which all things became repugnant, wearisome, and nauseating; ideas of suicide, and awful despondencies, descended upon me like a flight of vultures on a dying antelope. I abandoned the poisons. My prostration was complete and unbearable. I partially resumed them, and tried change of air and scene. I just recovered sufficiently to be able to suffer more acutely. I had evidently, at least temporarily, undermined my constitution. It was at this period, that, like a demon watching his occasion, *opium* became my comforter.

For the first time a book fell into my hands, a dangerous book, which has made many wretched: I mean "The confessions of an English opium-eater." This work, as all the world knows, was written by Thomas de Quincy, an Englishman of letters, who is still living. And with regard to this de Quincy, I will mention one thing that is curious. He is intimately persuaded that he is a great philosopher. In reality he is a fragmentary poet, imbued with considerable transcendentalism. His book is extremely amusing, but the reverse of philosophical, for it arrives at no conclusion. It is an opium book in more senses than the writer would have you believe. Such as it is, however, this book was the immediate cause of my taking to opium.

Its first effects were delightful. It tranquillized my irritated nerves, and I entered, as it were, a new world of dreamy

\* Nicotiana is the scientific name for tobacco. It is derived from a Frenchman of the name of Jean Nicot who first imported it to France.

speculation. An invisible barrier seemed raised between me and the external world. Nothing troubled me, nothing annoyed me. I was on the verge of being utterly impoverished by a dispute as to the title of my wife's property. But it gave me no uneasiness. The danger passed away as it came—like a fleeting fancy. The only thing that slightly interfered with my peaceful ecstasy of indolent reverie, was the apprehensions of my wife. She had heard that opium-eating was a shocking thing, and she could not at once get reconciled to the idea. Nor would any thing induce her personally to taste the talismanic liquid—the *happiness in bottles*, as de Quincy has aptly termed it.

The effect of opium in producing dreams, so forcibly dwelt upon and splendidly illustrated by that writer, I need not enlarge upon. Enough to state that the number and variety of my visions were infinite. Ages were crowded into nights. The most monstrous and gigantic images were familiar things. Time and space were extended beyond all conception, except that of an opium-eater. Nevertheless, opium palled upon me, and the opium-dream-world became almost tedious. I had, too, an excessive dislike to the taste of laudanum, which, strange to say, increased rather than diminished. One day I returned home with a small vial of bright green liquid in my pocket. It's very color had a mystic poisonous fascination. How much more potent and cabalistic was its spell than the dark, thick, brown, drowsy-looking laudanum! It was Haschisch. Haschisch is a sort of Indian hemp (*Canabis Indicus*). The liquid in the vial was an extract from its stalks. This Indian poison is mentioned in Lamartine's *Vision of the Future*, and in Alexander Dumas's *Monte-Cristo*. Their exaggerated, or rather apparently exaggerated descriptions of its effects have no doubt caused the majority of their readers to consider this marvellous drug as a mere figment of the poet and novelist's brains. It has, however, a real existence, and is in extensive demand amongst the initiated. In effect it resembles opium, but is more exhilarating, and less narcotic. I continued for a whole year to increase my doses of this new elixir of happiness, and did not find myself assaulted by any of the horrible fancies which de Quincy complains of, as the after results of opium. Like King Mithridates, I was becoming familiar with poisons, and they began to respect their master. But, though I lived as much in another world from that of ordinary mortals, as if my habitation had been in the planet Uranus, I could not escape a more terrible poison than even

the Hydrocyanic, commonly called Prussic acid, in which, as an antidote to certain effects of the *Canabis Indicus*, I freely indulged. *Ennuï*, the spleen, that mysterious and tyrannical malady, pursued me, even into my poison-guarded dream-world. I grew accustomed to the life, the old dreams and fancies recurred, and became tiresome. Already I meditated a deeper plunge in *Venenum*. I fell in, accidentally, in some review, with an account of the *Arsenic-eaters* of Styria, and of the results of that mania, in heightening the personal beauty of its devotees. Certainly the pure delicacy of Mira's clear fair complexion left no room for improvement, except in the fancy of a madman. Nevertheless, I longed to try the effect of an arsenic varnish—if I may so express myself—upon both her and my own countenance. Who could tell whether seeming more beautiful to one another, our love might not acquire new strength, and develop new sources of delight. I was in the midst of a profound reverie or rather Haschisch dream on this subject, when I received a letter from a scientific friend, announcing the discovery of the effects of inhaling *ether*, in destroying sensation and rendering surgical operations painless.

I thought that new light burst upon my soul. In one instant, I became a convert to an entirely new system of nervous influence. I rushed out to buy some *rectified sulphuric ether*, and a machine for inhalation. The latter consisted of a bottle to which was attached a flexible tube, about two feet long, and two inches in diameter. I eagerly poured in some ether and applied the funnel-like mouth-piece to my lips. After a few inspirations of the vaporized ether, I felt a most marvellous and delicious effect. I felt a stream of joyous expansion steal rapidly through my veins, even to the tips of my toes, which tingled with delight. I at once felt the vast superiority of inhaling the stimulant over swallowing it. Instead of going through the tedious process of digestion, whose functions it disturbed and impeded, as in the case of wine, the purified and refined spirit (for ether is but rectified alcohol) entered at once into the lungs, thence into the aerated blood, and thus through every part of the body with the crimson flood of impatient arteries, and so back with the blue current of the veins, to evaporate harmlessly, leaving nothing but its memory behind it!

"Hence!" I exclaimed, "wine, coffee, tobacco, opium, haschisch! away henebane, arsenic, hydrociana! Coarse and noxious stimulants, narcotics, and nerve-swindlers, who wrap the soul in cumbrous veils, that, like the robe of Dejanira, invades the life

of your votaries. I am no de Quincy, I, to mock myself with vain half realized fantasies, to stand up to the middle in Styx, and murmur vaguely—*Suspiria de profunda!*"

And now a new field opened to my researches. The world of *gas* spread temptingly before me. Little do the vain mob understand the import of that word—to them the emblem of emptiness. "It is all gas!" they cry. Yes, truly every thing is gas, is, was, and ever shall be gas. The most solid and material things resolve themselves into mere gaseous combinations. A little more of one gas, a little less of another, and lo! all the varieties in nature are produced. All was originally gas. Chaos was the confusion of gases. All must resolve itself ultimately into gas. You and I are gas, and gas is every thing.

I became a man of gas, a maker and an experimentalist of gaseous mixtures. I remembered the exhibitions which in my youth I had witnessed of the effects of *laughing gas*, the inhalation of which causes the wildest intoxication, or rather, exaltation of the brain, and causes those who breathe it to exhibit the most fantastic feats, illustrative of their predominant passions. If there is truth in wine, in gas there is revelation. Yet the man in whom reason is the ruling faculty, will subdue all outward indications of the mighty *afflatus*. There is a supreme gas, a gas of gases, and its particles are souls. All other gases exist by numerical arrangement, as Pythagoras well conjectured, when he prefigured the atomic theories of modern days. But there is an ultimate atom, a gas which is the basis of all others, and without which all is vacuum.

I knew that in an atmosphere of pure oxygen, the gas essential to life, and at the same time the agent of all decay, the sour stuff (*sauer stoff*) as the Germans call it, an animal could live, and live with a wondrous acceleration of all the physical processes. In man this rapid consumption of matter was accompanied by an equal intensifying exaltation of the mental faculties. On this fact I founded my experiments, and the result was at length, the combination of oxygen with other gases, in an artificial atmosphere of the most astounding and admirable qualities.

To breathe this air, was to breathe positive enjoyment. It was vaporized nectar and ambrosia. Its respiration was the life of a God. But it was also the embodied *Sansar*—"the icy wind of death." No mortal could live more than a few months even in its partially diluted perfec-

tion. It was the short life and merry of the reckless popular adage, reduced to palpable embodiment.

On the other hand, this rapidity of life was only apparent. For we measure time by sensations; and the exalted powers of sensation, confirmed by breathing the wondrous gas, gave time a supernatural extension similar to the life of dreams, but free from all their shadowy indistinctness.

My resolution at once was taken. I would live and die in this glorified atmosphere. I would bid farewell to all that was earthly, without hesitation. I bought a magnificent chateau in the South of France. I furnished it by the expenditure of one-third of my fortune, in a few days, with all the luxury that imagination could suggest. I fitted up my apparatus for the production of the gas, and engaged, at the rate of some thousands of francs, monthly, a young chemist of first-rate education, and superior energy and abilities. To him, I confided all the management and regulation of the apparatus, and also the absolute control of the servants, and of the whole establishment. One suite of rooms, the most splendid, and with the finest prospect in the chateau, were to be my own enchanted habitation. Into these apartments, except at certain times and with due precautions, no servants were to enter. Every thing that I required was to be sent up through the floor, by means of tables that screwed up and down, by noiseless machinery. No one was to disturb me on any pretext; no letters were to be given me, and, as the chemist was poor, almost starving when I first patronized him, I knew that so long as every month brought him a little fortune in itself, I might count on his absolute devotion. Besides, I deceived him as to my intentions. There was only one room—the largest and most splendidly furnished in the house—which was to be actually filled with the life-accelerating gas. It communicated with the other apartments by carefully constructed double doors, and of course it never entered the mind of the chemist that I intended to live and die in the deadly atmosphere which he was to create, or that, after so carefully ordering these hermetically closing double doors, I should purpose fixing them wide open, the moment I was shut up within my mysterious domicile, and thus causing the whole suite of apartments to fill with the same ethereal poison.

In other respects, the chemist was just the person I wanted; he was patient, faithful, and industrious. At the same time, he was a cold stern man, well fitted to repress any insubordination or curiosity

on the part of the household. And now all was prepared for the experiment. It only remained to persuade Mira to be my companion. For I confess that without her, even the potency of the marvellous gas must have failed in its action on my nerves. Her love had become a habit, a part of my being, I could not live or die without her.

And here let me for the first time say a few words about Mira.

She was an entirely exceptional woman. When I married her, some three years before the date of my final experiment, she was only sixteen years of age. Her beauty (I can find no newer or more intelligible image) was of the order which the finest painters strive to impart to their embodiments of angels, and beings superior to man. Its supreme loveliness was not in its delicate regularity of feature, dazzling whiteness and purity of skin, and majestic symmetry of form. All these seemed merely indispensable conditions of such an individuality. What made her irresistibly pleasing to the perceptions of an imaginative and thoughtful man, was a certain calm, unalterable dignity and noble gentleness, that placed her above even the possibility of any of the meanesses and pettinesses of the sex. She had the strong mind of a man, with all the purity and softness of an exquisitely delicate female organization. In temperament, she was my opposite, although intellectually, there existed between us a perfect sympathy. She was as calm and serenely contented, as I was feverishly dissatisfied and eager for excitement. Yet she understood and entered into all my wild speculations, as into an interesting drama, of which she was the sympathizing spectator. She was my only confidant, my only friend, my only real companion. With all my restless cravings for greater intensity of enjoyment, her love was my world, my treasure, and my hope—the more so that I might almost be said to mistrust its possession.

That Mira loved me, was indeed indubitable, yet there was a calmness, a purity, and passive even tenor in her love, that could not be called coldness, and which yet in a manner disappointed the fiery adoration with which I loved her. I would not have lost one of her kisses for all the embraces of all the beauties of the earth; and yet, to my fierce and impassioned nature, there seemed more snow upon her bosom, than a poet's simile implies, more than perchance would ever melt beneath my lip's ecstatic pressure.

In the delusion of my wild tempest-tost soul, which, after all, was but that of a mad poet's, astray in the deserts and pri-

meval forests of thought, I knew not that the crown of her glorious beauty and of my delicious, because never satiated, passion, lay in the very qualities which I regretted, and which I insanely hoped to conquer by my infernal and pitiless inventions.

To my surprise, I had no difficulty in persuading Mira to enter the enchanted atmosphere. A first trial of its virtues was of course decisive. We gave ourselves up to the intense joy of a life, to which pain, care, and sorrow, regret for the past or apprehension for the future, were necessarily strange. The outer world became nothing to us. Love, exalted to a degree of power which to the breathers of common air is inconceivable, appreciation of beauty and delights which are alike inexplicable and incomprehensible, made up the sum of our existence. I pass over, therefore, the seven times seven days of our ethereal life, a period which in ideas and sensations was equivalent to the ordinary lapse of ages, and hasten onward to the extraordinary catastrophe which left me what I am—a monster, more rare and wonderful than the sphinxes and chimeras of old, my fabulous prototypes.

Nor let the reader foolishly imagine that, because memory or science give me the power of describing passion, and thereby exciting *his* sympathies, that I personally do or can feel any echoing vibration of the wild chords which I cause to resound. Unearthly is the music—unearthly the musician.

Opening from the grand saloon of the chateau, was a superb conservatory of more than ordinary dimensions, commanding a view of one of the most splendid landscapes in the world. In the foreground, yet not sufficiently near to intercept the view, rose from the side of the hill, on which stood the chateau, the mingled foliage of an old and primitive forest, while beyond was visible the shining stream of the Rhone, lying, like the crooked sabre of some gigantic Paladin, upon the greensward; and far, far beyond rose the bluish shadowy outlines of mountains behind which the sun would set in golden glory, that made each snow-crowned peak a throne worthy of Sathanas—"the Emperor of the furnace."

Round this conservatory were arranged a collection of strange exotic and tropical plants, so as to leave the centre unoccupied, save by a few couches, chairs and tables, on which lay volumes of poetry and philosophy, and portfolios of exquisite engravings and drawings. This was our favorite sitting-room. It was only necessary to open the glass doors between it and the saloon, to fill it with the same

enchanted air; and I may mention as a curious example of the effects of this atmosphere on vegetation, that the grapes which were quite green and hard on its first introduction, ripened perfectly in a few days, and were the largest and most luscious fruit I had ever tasted or seen. It was one of Mira's greatest enjoyments to call me to watch the camellias budding and flowering actually before our eyes! Were I in the humor I could write a hundred pages on the wonders of vegetation with which my residence in this gas-world made me acquainted. But I refrain without difficulty. To me no science is worth a thought.

In the centre of this hall of crystal stood a white marble statue of Minerva, the only statue in which that goddess has ever been represented entirely without drapery. The figure was Mira's. I myself modelled it during the first year of our marriage, and it was carved by one of the most eminent French sculptors, who afterwards died mad from a hopeless passion for the original. The fountain sprang from and formed the foliage of a glass tree stem, against which she leant, whilst the point of her spear drooped earthward from her arm, as if languid with the warfare against folly. Her head alone was covered with a helmet, which imparted a singular charm to the divine beauty of Mira's countenance.

At length, one day, towards evening, after seven weeks of solitude and happiness, which no Paradise could more than realize, a fatal accident destroyed at once our enjoyment, our experiment in science, and our lives. Yes—I learned it afterwards—we were killed by the merest accident. My chemist who managed the gas-generating apparatus, forgot to examine the metre at the proper time. The gas continued to enter in unprecedented volumes, and its effects were speedily perceptible.

We were seated in our favorite place in the conservatory, our eyes turned towards the setting sun, listening to the swelling and harmonious cadences of Weber, produced by a self-playing instrument of the rarest workmanship, which I had purchased at Paris for an enormous sum, of its inventor, when a more than usual ecstasy seemed to possess us. Our arms, entwined round one another's forms, seemed to contract almost convulsively, our eyes, our lips met with delirious love, and—I remember no more. When I recovered possession, not of my senses, but of my consciousness, I was still seated upon the sofa, on which the angel of death had surprised us, whilst on the marble pavement, at full length, her face turned upwards with an expression of supernatural

felicity, lay Mira—Mira, my wife, friend, and goddess—the fairest and noblest of women. She was dead.

Mira was dead. That was evident. But what was I? I rose, and regarded curiously the culpable chemist, who, having discovered his oversight, had hurried too late to our rescue. He had thrown wide open the windows of the conservatory. I inhaled the common air of the sky. But, though I breathed and moved, however incredible may appear the statement of a fact, hitherto unknown to science, I was to all intents and purposes as much a dead person as Mira herself. That is to say, I was dead to all sensation, emotion, passion, or by whatever other phrase may be described the action of the external world upon the sensitive being. It is true, I could hear, see, feel, taste, and smell, but such sensations had no longer any influence upon me either in causing dissatisfaction or satisfaction. My sensations were mere facts to my consciousness and no more. Mira was dead, that was a fact. She lay there, pale and beautiful, before me—a fact. I myself had lost the half of my life—a fact. The chemist, who was the author of these hideous calamities, as men would say, stood trembling before me—another fact. In a word, I was a *living corpse*. One class of nerves, the nerves of sympathetic sensation, appeared either paralyzed or exhausted of their circulating fluid. Love and anger were no longer my attributes. I had reached, truly, and at one stride, the centre of *indifference* told of by some philosophers. But it was a centre of indifference which they talk of without understanding. I did not understand it—I *was in it*.

The chemist stood pallid and trembling before me. He was a cold, unimpassioned, little impressionable man. But in the presence of my dead eye and marble rigidity of feature, he trembled involuntarily. No doubt he mistook my absence of emotion for some tremendous effect of internal passion. He evidently dreaded an explosion of a terrible nature. But I merely said—

"She is dead—you are no longer wanted—go."

For one moment, he looked at me with a most extraordinary expression, then, overwhelmed by the icy look with which I covered him, he departed in silence.

I remembered that his salary from the beginning was unpaid. Nor had he ever the courage to ask for it. Of course I could have no motive in sending it to him. The happiness of others was to me no longer a possible subject of interest. A man takes no interest in others, who can take



none in himself. The chemist, driven to despair by poverty, committed suicide in the course of the same year.

At the end of a week, the body of Mira was buried. In the mean time, from physical habit, as it appeared, I one day took up a book—a volume of poetry. It was no longer poetry to me, but a collection of signs representing certain phenomena. A book of arithmetic was to me of precisely equal interest.

I had eaten and drunk nothing since the great catastrophe, though I had been urged to do so by people to whose entreaties and pity I was alike indifferent. But, remarking that my body was wasting away, I ate a measured quantity, which I continued to do regularly afterwards, though without any appetite or enjoyment.

I had reason and power of command over my body as much as ever. But those operations which formerly were the result of impulse, I had now to perform as pure acts of will. The only reason why I did not quietly await death, was a clear intellectual consciousness of the fact that I was in an abnormal state, and that it was also possible that I should return to the natural conditions of humanity.

Without being a desire, the discovery of the means of effecting this change became my only object; and in order to attain what, in reality, I cared nothing about (the contradiction is only apparent),

I spent years in trying the most extraordinary experiments in natural science ever imagined. Perfectly indifferent to the success or non-success of my experiments, I yet worked on. If I might be said to have any thing left resembling a desire, it was a passionless inclination towards abstract truth, which seemed to be a sort of mechanico-spiritual law of my being. But to compare this mere gravitation towards an abstract centre to the ardent enthusiasm of ordinary men of science, would be absurd. And here, I recognize the impossibility of conveying to a living man the impressions of a corpse. Therefore I abandon further attempt at illustration.

Perhaps one fact may explain more than much analysis. After some years, during which time I made numerous scientific discoveries of the most remarkable character, I lighted upon the secret. I had it in my power at any moment to return to life, to rise again from the dead, and once more to share the passions and cares of men. But I had no motive to change my condition. I remained a corpse. The discovery was to me—a fact.

Why should I again inhale the gas of happiness and destruction, why revive to an existence that would be a type of the fabled hells of legendary lore? Mira is dead. I am a living corpse; and I am the only being bearing the shape of man who could ever honestly declare himself to be *perfectly contented with his lot*.

## A SWISS JOURNAL.

“—Take thy flight: possess, inherit;  
Alps or Andes—they are thine.”

WORDSWORTH.

### I.

#### FREIBOURG.

“FREIBOURG!” said my heavy-eyed neighbor, as the cars slackened speed in the dusk of an August day.

From Strasbourg we had been constantly darting toward the Black Forest, through a country of garden cultivation. The wide plain of the Rhine was festally hung with vines, that had waved welcome all the golden afternoon, as if Bacchus had been in the train proceeding, express, to his Italian estates. My heavy-eyed friend was not entirely unlike the jolly god, minus Greece and poetry, and plus Germany, sauer-kraut and Bavarian

beer. He represented Bacchus quite as well as the figures of the early German painters represent saints, angels and beautiful women.

But the waving vines were gradually lost in the darkness, the Black Forest grew blacker and blacker, and when my drowsy fat friend snorted and gurgled, rather than said, “Freibourg,” it was impossible to see more than a lofty spire reaching up into the evening air—solemn and stately like all Gothic spires.

A completed cathedral is a rare sight, and we slept before seeing it. In the morning we walked through the clean streets of quiet Freiburg, which are drained by a stream of such clear water

as slips through a mountain gorge, and which dashes through these streets as swiftly, and stood in the square alone with the one-spired cathedral, a few early fruit women, and a few early worshippers who passed in to pray. Nothing but the most general outline of the building suggested the resemblance, yet the noble church built 800 years ago, with its single spire 513 feet high, recalled a New England meeting-house. Of course the likeness was much like that of my friend in the cars to Bacchus, and yet when fancy was once on the scent, away it went, and in the square around the church with its quaint German houses, its fruit stands, and old men and women, saw the bare common about the village meeting-house, where fairs and the general training take place.

"Clearly showing," said Annad, to whom I communicated this absurd whim, "the essential unity of the human race, and the subtle relation between the mediæval Gothic genius and Yankee shrewdness. When we reach Greece I have no doubt you will find the Parthenon reminding you of a log cabin on the prairies."

"Or in Italy pure Falernian of hard cider," chimed in Franz.

A completed Gothic cathedral! The only one in Germany, and the only really great European church that I remember fully completed according to the original design except the Madeleine in Paris, and St. Paul's in London. Neither St. Peter's (which is not Gothic), nor the Milan Cathedral, nor the Florence Duomo, nor St. Stephen's at Vienna, nor Notre Dame in Paris, nor the Cathedral of Strasbourg, nor that of Cologne is finished yet, nor ever will be. Although the king of Prussia,—a great lover of Art and a great hater of Liberty—announces every little while a magnificent project for the completion of the Cathedral of Cologne.

The "Dome" of Freiburg is a large church of florid Gothic. The base of the spire is massive and plain, with only one or two statues. But it becomes gradually richer as it rises, refining more and more, until finally it wreathes away into the blue air in aerial stone-work. The tower and spire are pyramidal from the base to the point. The building is of a rusty gray color, and stands sad and lonely in the midst of the little town of unsympathizing buildings, for there are only 10,000 people in Freiburg. The sentiment of Gothic architecture is always aspiration, but in no example is it more impressive than at Freiburg, where the Cathedral, all its parts consenting, soars into the sky,—a grand old mystic rapt in sublime devotion, raising his soul in prayer.

We followed the pious pilgrims of the early morning, and entered the Cathedral. A reverent group knelt at a side altar, and a priest—fasting, as the church requires—said morning mass. Handsome boys, the acolytes, passed rapidly to and from the door of the Sacristy, or knelt in white robes, holding candles and ringing the silver bell. Yielding to the same feeling which in the New England meeting-house makes the worshipper rise in prayer, I knelt upon the stone floor of the Cathedral, as the sweet voice of the bell announced the moment of transubstantiation, and a fragrant cloud of incense softened the fervor of the sun. Annad, of course, pulled his whiskers and looked at the pictures, waiting for the end of the mummery, that he might inspect the church. Franz sedately bent his head,—his principles forbade him to bend his knee.

Near me knelt a young girl, not bent over, with her face concealed, but with her hands lying upon her knees, and her face turned upward toward the altar like the Magdalen of Canova. She was, perhaps, nineteen years old, but the lines upon her face, the sharply-cut features, and the wan sadness of the eye, showed clearly enough that her knowledge of life had not been gathered from description, but had been wearily worn into her heart. Her light hair was loosely pushed under a cap, and a few locks straggled down her hollow cheeks. The blue of her eyes was lustreless; it had no longer that soft, swimming richness which is so alluring in the blue eyes of youth, health and happiness, and her whole aspect and position indicated a heart-breaking despair that fell like a cloud upon the beauty of the day. The girl shed no tears. It seemed as if she wondered whether she should be touched by the service, whether in the church, in the sunshine, in the cool, sweet morning there was any succor or consolation for her. But as the low sound of the bell fell like trickling music upon her ear and heart,—was it the bell, or the face of the boy who rang it, or the sun that reached through the rainbow window and laid his warm hand upon her head, or the sudden thought of youth before grief, or the comfortable conviction that there was a love warmer than the sunshine, and a forgiveness more efficacious than that of men,—the girl passionately clasped her hands, and bent forward in an agony of tears, and the few fair locks that straggled down her hollow cheeks, seemed in the sunlight a halo around the head of a repentant Magdalen.

The Cathedral of eight centuries was

forgotten in that moment, nor until the girl arose, long after the congregation had dispersed, and passed out of the church, did I remember myself sufficiently to look around and begin to "do" the Cathedral, as became a young gentleman travelling for "the improvement of his mind," as my letters of introduction stated my case.

The interior of the Freiburg Cathedral is richer than that of Strasbourg. Upon the columns, toward the nave, is a range of statues standing in niches, an arrangement that deepens the sense of beauty and elaboration, and does not destroy that of grandeur. In fact, wherever the general grand outline is preserved, the details of ornament rather increase than diminish the vastness of the impression, as in the case of the painted scenes upon the columns and walls of Egyptian temples. Past these statued columns the eye glides into the pointed solemnity of the choir. Loftily arched windows break with colored light the grave uniformity of the wall, and at the end of each side aisle a massive rose-window of stained glass preserves upon the air of the church, dusky with incense, the symbol of the original compact with Heaven. The dignity of the spot gives meaning to the service,—even when it is a snuffy old Gregory XVIth mumbling mass in St. Peter's, or a hard formalist reading the service in Westminster Abbey, or a cadaverous preacher in that same New England meeting-house, consuming the sweet summer air that blows in at the open windows, in insisting to his audience, who gravely nod in the pews and ex-officio believe it—that they are blacker than any known blackness. Cathedral, abbey and meeting-house have a grave and religious influence that no Pope nor preacher can destroy. An influence founded in the association with the building, not only of its intention, but of those who have been truly ambassadors of peace within its walls.

The Suabians have the start of Madame De Staël in her remark (which I beg pardon for quoting here), that architecture is frozen music. For they said long ago, and the saying is now a tradition, "An architect wished to sing a psalm to the praise of God, and Freiburg Cathedral came of it." When it was commenced, the people, the nobles and the clergy all united, in zeal and copious contributions of money, to secure its speedy completion. But, after a time, the princes and priests grew cold toward a project that promised them so little, and relinquished their aid, so that the great Cathedral remained for years unfinished, a

Leviathan statue half blocked out. In the Cologne Cathedral the traveller can see what a melancholy sight that is. When a gallant ship strikes upon the rocks and is lost it is sad; yet it is sadness with consolation in it, because the ship was sailing upon the sea, as ships are meant to do. But when the vessel lies stranded unfinished upon the stocks, and a huge skeleton that was never graced with flesh bleaches in the sun of long centuries, the spectacle is monstrous and unnatural. So there are few more touching things to see than the flowers and long grass that bloom and wave in the crevices of the unfinished towers and buttresses of Cologne Cathedral. In the order of things they do not belong there. Time, weary of men's delay, hangs the bewitched and abortive edifice that never knew nor shall know the dignity of mature completion, with the memorial garlands that belong to decay.

The priests and princes gave out, but the people of the neighborhood, after grieving over the goodly promise of so fair a work, and unwilling that it should come to naught, met together and resolved that the Cathedral should be completed; and, as the account emphasizes it, completed *without* princely or priestly gold, even if the people should be obliged to tear the tiles from their roofs to do it. The result proved the sincerity of that vow. Houses and lands, even when hereditary, were pledged, and when a man had no house nor acre, to raise money upon, he gave his days and his strength to the actual work of building.

This contrasts pleasantly with the funds for building St. Peter's, raised by selling indulgences, or for building St. Paul's, by an extra duty on coals. The Freiburg Cathedral is a monument of human heroism and self-denial, and genuine religious fervor. All the best beauty of human character is worked into that massive, and rare and delicate structure. After twenty-four years of such work as this, the building was, so far advanced that St. Bernard was called to Freiburg to consecrate the Cathedral, and here upon this spot, when only the nave was completed, stood the great ally of Peter the Hermit, and preached the first sermon and his first call to the Crusade, on the 13th of July, 1146. And on the same day three hundred knights and gentlemen sewed on to their armor the red cross of the Crusade. Yet not until 1513, nearly three hundred years afterward, was the church finished as we now see it. Its spire is its marvel. The foundation is sunk 40 feet under ground. The lower story of it above ground is

square, and 120 feet high; then succeeds a twelve-cornered story, ending in a gallery, and from this to the summit, 415 feet from the ground, rises the octagonal shaft of stone filagree. It is the darling of the early Gothic. "Whoever," says Wiebeking, in his work upon German architecture, "wishes to know the true greatness of the early German architects, must study the tower of Freiburg Cathedral."

It was during the Schleswig-Holstein war that we were in Freiburg, and as we emerged into the square the *rappel*, or general military call, was beating. From every lane and street, and, as it seemed, from all the doors, came soldiers with heavy knapsacks accoutred for a march. Few others were yet stirring. They fell into rank rapidly. Officers moved among them uttering sharp crisp orders. There was the rattle of shouldering arms, a roll call, a sudden silence, and then with a loud—it seemed mocking—burst of music, the troops moved at a rapid rate out of the square and out of the town, and marched with equal rapidity toward glory.

We sauntered through the streets, and the whole air of the town and of the towns-people was that of tranquil, domestic, provincial life. There was honey for breakfast at the hotel. It was a strain of Switzerland, for honey belongs to Helvetia as much as to Hymettus. Annad declared that he tasted the Righi and the Finsteraarhorn in his, and I confess a flavor of Mont Blanc in mine. Franz cracking his teeth upon a crust, swore that it was worse than nibbling the Rhone glacier, while Binge, in whom nature had combined Apollo and Peter the Hermit, moistened his crust in water, and said nothing.

The brilliant morning was still flashing through the airy spire of the Cathedral as we stepped into the cars, and entered upon the last stage to Switzerland. The shriek of the locomotive rang through the air like the impatient snorts of a charger snuffing victory. We, knights of more balanced temper, lay, as Franz said, quoting from an old college theme, "cased in the glittering armor of hope, and put the lance of expectation in rest."

We darted on. The gray spire nestled down among the hills as we left it, and was soon seen no more. The hills upon the left of our way rose rapidly into mountains as we neared them, and opened into alluring valleys. Heavy clouds loomed jealously over them, settled deep into them and hung along the ridges, a roof of night, while the sun-stricken grain at the base of the hills, lined that

sullen gloom with gold. Little showers skimmed along the hills, blotting out their dark line against the sky. April redivivus was wreaking his most characteristic whims upon the mountains of the Black Forest at our left, while far over the plain upon our right beamed a calm June morning.

The clouds passed. June triumphed over April at the base of the hills, and drove it far over their summits. The cars stopped. We were at the end of the railroad, and mounting the top of the post-coach we pushed forward again, up—up—up a hill so steep that the horses could scarcely draw us. But still higher and still forward, until we reached the ridge of the long hill, and a fresh wind blew a welcome from Switzerland. The day was cool and clear, nothing was wilted, there was none of the serenity of late summer; nothing was sad. There were no low wailing airs, but a vigorous wind; no sighing leaves, but trees that rustled bravely in the blast; no long, dreamy vapors floating in the sky, but stately and rounded cloud masses.

Conversation gradually ceased as we bowled along. Our eager eyes were like mariners' eyes at sea, watching for a promised land; when—suddenly—seen from the highest point of the hill, Switzerland lay sketched in tumultuous outline against the distant horizon. Soft as shadows were the Alps upon the sky, or rather the Jura, for it was the Jura we saw.

We dashed down the hill toward that shadowy land. Directly beneath us was the Rhine again, glittering sinuous among the gardens. Swiftly down the hill, through vineyards trained high, and waving glossy in the breeze; through country scenery so tranquil, and fertile, and refined, that even John Bull would have rememberingly smiled,—singing with unanimous and energetic chorus all the scraps of old songs we could remember, and humming the Schleswig Holstein march, we rattled down the hill, crossed the Rhine which dashes under the bridge at its foot, of a briny hue, like sea-water, and along whose bank, picturesque and cheerful, is grouped the town of Basle, into whose gate we clattered—our first Swiss station.

## II.

### THE TOWN OF BASLE.

In such gallant style we charged into the ancient town of Basle, and naturally dashed up to the "Gasthof Zum Wilder Mann," the Hotel of the Wild Man.

But the meek and well-ordered host had evidently put all his ferocity into his sign-board, for I have not met a milder man. Over his hospitable door hangs a dreadful presentment of a fierce fellow-creature, and below the image are the ominous words, "The Savage Hotel." It seemed a very resonant prelude to the pastoral enjoyment of Switzerland; like Don Giovanni opening with a midnight tragedy, and gradually dwindling toward *Zerlina* and the peasants' dancing.

Here in the Savage Hotel we made the final arrangements for walking. All our young and active friends who had been in Switzerland had tried walking, but we could not learn from any of them that they had long continued the habit. Usually there is a brave beginning. From the embrace of some "Wild Man" at Basle or elsewhere, the proud young pedestrian sets forth toward Mont Blanc and the eternal glaciers, with his knapsack slung over his shoulders, a heavy alpen-stock or walking-stick in his hand, and great resolutions and heroisms in his heart. He thinks with a kind of pity of his fellow-countrymen tamely accepting the conveniences of civilization, and, as he puts his foot forward, and his chin up, he snuffs Switzerland afar off, and glories in being young, well, and a pedestrian. Such have I seen at morning, "when the sun was low," and the dews of sleep lay sweet upon the brow, and the hard road was as yet untrodden. But as noon scorched the face, and the hard road blistered the feet, and the soft south wind melted all that energy into languor, I have seen that hero quail, and lay his knapsack upon the guide's shoulders, and long for the luxury of tea and bed. And the next morn, how often have I seen him setting forth upon the diligence, or in a hired carriage, vowed to eternal silence upon the charms of "walking through Switzerland."

A yellow leather bag held all the wardrobe that was to be divided among four knapsacks. But how much a yellow leather bag can hold! At least one-fourth of it is no feather weight. Whatever was deemed not absolutely necessary was restored to the bag, which was committed to the charge of the gentle host of the Savage Hotel, until, Switzerland accomplished, we should return and claim it. These arrangements made, and some vegetable cutlets and stewed prunes consumed, we stepped forth to "do" Basle.

The mind of this town, notwithstanding the Great Council of Basle, and the residence of Erasmus, who died here in 1536, and the University founded by Pope Pius Second, in 1460, and notwith-

standing the claim of the Basilians to the discovery of the manufacture of paper in 1417, and that of the art of printing in 1418, appears to have great difficulty in expressing itself in the English idiom. For not only did our courteous host astonish English eyes with his "Savage Hotel," but the sacristan of the cathedral informs an inquiring public that "the Interior is to be applied for," at a neighboring house.

The said Interior contains the tomb of Erasmus and of the Queen of Rudolph of Hapsburg, the founder of the present Austrian Dynasty. But as we did not apply for the Interior, we failed to see them. We saw, instead, the broad rich prospect from the terrace beneath the two towers of the cathedral, and the quaint devices of charging knights upon the front of the building, and found, upon consulting the guide-book (merely, of course, to refresh our memories), that in the 15th century Basle was the largest free city upon the upper Rhine. The books say that the battle of St. Jacob, near Basle, was the Thermopylae of the Swiss. Probably it was; but few travellers could say what the battle of St. Jacob won or lost, while every man with eyes could see the picturesque beauty of the old town, and feel the charm of its dull streets, and enjoy the irregular straggle of its quaint buildings along the banks of the river.

It is a cheerful town, and the streets are clean and still. Its 14,000 people are gradually growing fewer and fewer, for the Basilians are as proud as they are republican, and so much enjoy the privilege of citizenship, that they will not confer it upon strangers, who have therefore no inducement to come to Basle and settle. And as the original Basilians are fond of emigration, there are not many to fill their places, and the once most populous town of Switzerland is slowly rusting away. There is a sadness inseparable from these old places. They have culminated; the freshness of morning, the glory of noon, have passed. Nothing remains but respectable decay. So you feel here, as in so many other European towns, and all the more if you are an American, as you pace the quiet streets and observe the neat and comfortable houses. It is the same in Nuremberg. The life of such towns has a touching solemnity. There are cleanliness and silence in the streets. There is gravity in the aspects and manners of the citizens. In Nuremberg the statue of Albert Durer, sedate, almost austere, typifies the life of the town. Its sobriety and quaint dignity are summed up in that flowing beard. Here in Basle, Erasmus in his scholar's cap and gown,



belongs to these high and dingy streets. Let some learned correspondent from Bologna, Padua or Oxford, in all of which towns he has been, reverently encounter him, and enter the curious library where hang Holbein's masterpieces. Or farther on they may visit Paracelsus, greatest of that learned brotherhood of Basle, who lives again for us with all his fiery ambition, his grand, great hopes, his scorn and tenderness, in Robert Browning's poem. Paracelsus speaks of learned Erasmus in that poem.

"Those shelves support a pile  
Of patents, licenses, diplomas, titles,  
From Germany, France, Spain and Italy;  
They authorize some honor: ne'ertheless,  
I set more store by this Erasmus sent:  
He trusts me."

But even these large figures, that make Basle famous, look sadly out upon us as they turn from their folios and crucibles, and as those phantoms of old scholars glide shadowy along the street this August morning, it is so still that we can hear them saying:

"That truth is just as far from me as ever:  
That I have thrown my life away; that sorrow  
On that account is vain, and further effort  
To mend and patch what's marred beyond repairing,  
As useless; and all this was taught to me  
By the convincing good old-fashioned method  
Of force, by sheer compulsion. Is that plain?"

Alas! poor ghosts!

The pleasant morning shifted with the mood of our fancy, and a rain drove us home to the Wild Man. But it was a weeping shower—Aprile's tears, perhaps, as she mused of Paracelsus. There were no ghosts, but a party of very substantial travellers at the table d'hôte of the Savage Hotel, who went solemnly and unpleasantly through the whole, thrusting their knives into their mouths, dispensing with the ceremony of fresh plates and knives and forks for the different courses, and concluding by carefully scraping their plates with their knives and mopping them with pieces of bread, as if the Wild Man had no scullion to wash the dishes.

After dinner we looked our last upon the yellow leather bag, strapped our new knapsacks on our shoulders, took sticks in hand—I holding one with which I had stirred Vesuvian lava, and whose point I hoped to cool in the snows of Mont Blanc or the Finster Aarhorn. But when we reached the door we unstrapped the knapsacks and slung them up to the top of the diligence, and mounted into the banquette, the covered seat behind the driver. This was not a surrender, nor any want of heart for pedestrianism. But the point of departure for walking was a little village in the shadow of the Jura.

We passed out of old Basle in a soft summer shower. The heavy, moist clouds

hung about the horizon, and glimpses of pure sunny blue broke through them at intervals and finally shattered them all to pieces. The sun reigned supreme over Switzerland, and we bowled up the Münsterthal in the golden afternoon, the valley of the river Birs and the finest vale of the Jura. To us it was a winding avenue to untold delights. With what curious regret the old and blasé traveller looks upon the fresh enthusiasm of first travel! "It's very pretty," said a compassionate old gentleman by the side of the driver just below us, in assent to our suggestion that, like the outer room of a picture-gallery hung with various paintings, as hints of the magnificence beyond, so precipices and mountains, and green reaches and gurgling streams, of a mild and moderate grandeur, were heaped along this exquisite valley as earnest of the Bernese Alps and the wild landscape of mid-Switzerland. "Oh! certainly, certainly, it's very pretty," said the compassionate old gentleman.

The smooth fields lay to the edge of the merry little stream, and fine large trees stood separate and stately upon the green. They were true Swiss trees, worthy to stand in the soil in which Mont Blanc is rooted. Out of this smooth green started the bare, rocky, battlemented mountainsides, that went deepening and curving down the valley, holding up, far above the clustering foliage whose wet moss flashed with diamond sheen in the setting sunlight, sharp, rocky peaks, that drew the rosininess from the light, and stood poetic as the mountain peaks of story. The little villages were uninteresting. The people were not handsome, nor strikingly picturesque, yet from one open window as we rolled along, looked a face of characteristic Swiss beauty,—a drop of nourishment to expectation in articulo mortis—and bowing and kissing hands to that astonished damsel, we passed on and left her far, and now utterly forgotten, in the Münsterthal and the past. A few groups were mowing upon the hillsides, a few cattle grazing, and a few peasants passed, lifting their broad hats to the diligence.

Toward evening the valley opened into a broad open space, level as the bed of a dried lake, and walled by the mountains. The sunset streamed full up the valley, and golden light flashed responsive from the windows of convents and castles scattered upon the plain and the hill-sides. The diligence rattled up to the door of a little inn. We jumped down, and said *Wie gehts* to the chambermaid at the window. She looked hurt, and disappeared. The old gentleman watched compassionately our exuberant spirits. Our windows look-

ed down the valley. A crescent moon hung in the west. I saw it over my right shoulder, and babbled of Italy where one should see it full. A moonlight upon

Como dazzled my imagination. "Oh! yes, certainly, certainly, very pretty," said the dear old gentleman, who could screw his enthusiasm to no higher pitch.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

I.

'TIS a woodland enchanted !  
 But by no sadder spirit  
 Than blackbirds and thrushes,  
 That whistle to cheer it  
 All day in the bushes,  
 This woodland is haunted :  
 And in a small clearing,  
 Beyond sight or hearing  
 Of human annoyance,  
 The little fount gushes,—  
 First smoothly, then dashes  
 And gurgles and flashes,  
 To the maples and ashes  
 Confiding its joyance ;  
 Unconscious confiding,  
 Then silent and glossy  
 Slips winding and hiding  
 Through alder-stems mossy,  
 Through gossamer roots  
 Fine as nerves,  
 That tremble as shoots  
 Through their magnetized curves.  
 The allurement delicious  
 Of the water's capricious,  
 Thrills, gushes, and swerves.

II.

'Tis a woodland enchanted !  
 I am writing no fiction ;  
 And this fount, its sole daughter,  
 To the woodland was granted  
 To fling holy water  
 And win benediction ;  
 In the summer-noon flushes,  
 When all the wood hushes,  
 The dragon-fly, knitting  
 To and fro in the sun,  
 With sidelong jerk flitting  
 Settles down on the rushes,  
 And, motionless sitting,  
 Hears it bubble and run,  
 Hears its low liquid singing,

While, level-winged swinging,  
On green-tasselled rushes,  
He dreams in the sun.

## III.

'Tis a woodland enchanted !  
There the great August noonlight,  
Through myriad rifts slanted,  
Leaf and bole thickly sprinkles  
With flickering gold ;  
There, in warm August gloaming,  
With quick silent brightenings,  
From the meadowland roaming,  
The fire-fly twinkles  
His fitful heat-lightnings ;  
There the magical moonlight  
With meek saintly glory  
Steeps summit and wold ;  
There whippoorwills plain in the solitudes hoary,  
With lone cries that wander  
Now hither, now yonder,  
Like souls doomed of old  
To a mild purgatory ;  
But through noonlight and moonlight  
The little fount tinkles  
Its silver saints-bells,  
That no sprite illboding  
May make his abode in  
Those innocent dells.

## IV.

'Tis a woodland enchanted !  
When the phoebe scarce whistles  
Once an hour to his fellow ;  
And, where red lilies flaunted,  
Balloons from the thistles  
Tell summer's disasters ;—  
The butterflies yellow,  
As caught in an eddy  
Of the air's silent ocean,  
Sink, waver and steady  
O'er the goatsbeard and asters,  
Like souls of dead flowers,  
With aimless emotion  
Still lingering unready  
To leave their old bowers ;—  
And the fount is no dumber,  
But still gleams and flashes,  
And gurgles and splashes,  
To the measure of summer ;  
The butterflies hear it,  
And by some spell are holden  
Still balancing near it  
O'er the goatsbeard so golden.

## V.

'Tis a woodland enchanted !  
A vast silver willow,  
I know not how planted,  
(But this wood is enchanted,

And full of surprises),  
 Stands stemming a billow,  
 A motionless billow  
 Of ankle-deep mosses;  
 Two great roots it crosses  
 To make a round basin,  
 And there the Fount rises;  
 Ah, too pure a mirror  
 For a man sick of error  
 To see his sad face in!  
 No dewdrop is stiller  
 In its lupin-leaf setting  
 Than this water moss-bounded;  
 But a tiny sandpillar  
 From the bottom keeps jetting,  
 And mermaid ne'er sounded  
 Through the wreaths of a shell,  
 Down amid crimson dulse  
 In some dell of the ocean,  
 A melody sweeter  
 Than the delicate pulses,  
 The soft, noiseless metre,  
 The pause and the swell  
 Of that musical motion:  
 I recall it, not see it,  
 But could vision be clearer?  
 Half I'm fain to draw nearer,  
 Half to turn round and flee it;  
 The sleeping Past wake not,  
 Beware!  
 One forward step take not,  
 Ah break not  
 That quietude rare!  
 By my tread unaffrighted  
 A thrush hops before it,  
 And o'er it  
 A birch hangs delighted  
 Dipping, dipping, dipping its tremulous hair;  
 Pure as the fountain once  
 I came to the place,  
 (How dare I draw nearer?)  
 I bent o'er its mirror  
 And saw a child's face  
 'Mid locks of bright gold in it;  
 Yes, pure as this fountain once,—  
 Since — how much error!  
 Too holy a mirror  
 For the man to behold in it  
 His hard, bearded countenance!

## VI.

'Tis a woodland enchanted!  
 Ah, fly unreturning!  
 Yet stay;—  
 'Tis a woodland enchanted,  
 Where wonderful chances  
 Have sway;  
 Luck flees from the cold one,  
 But leaps to the bold one  
 Half way;  
 Why should I be daunted?  
 Still the smooth mirror glances,  
 Still the amber sand dances,  
 One look—then away!

O, magical glass,  
 Canst keep in thy bosom  
 Shades of leaf and of blossom  
 When summer days pass,  
 So that when thy wave hardens  
 It shapes as it pleases,  
 Unharm'd by the breezes,  
 Its fine hanging gardens?  
 Hast those in thy keeping  
 And canst not uncover,  
 Enchantedly sleeping,  
 The old shade of thy lover?  
 It is there! I have found it!  
 He wakes, the long sleeper!  
 The pool is grown deeper,  
 The sand-dance is ending,  
 The white floor sinks blending  
 With skies that below me  
 Are deepening and bending,  
 And a child's face alone  
 That seems not to know me,  
 With hair that fades golden  
 In the heaven's-glow round it,  
 Looks up at my own;  
 Ah, glimpse through the portal  
 That leads to the throne,  
 That opes the child's olden  
 Regions Elysian!  
 Ah, too holy vision  
 For thy skirts to be holden  
 By soiled hand of mortal!  
 It wavers, it scatters,  
 'Tis gone past recalling!  
 A tear's sudden falling  
 The magic cup shatters,  
 Breaks the spell of the waters,  
 And the sand-cone once more,  
 With a ceaseless renewing,  
 Its dance is pursuing  
 On the silvery floor,  
 O'er and o'er,  
 With a noiseless and ceaseless renewing.

## VII.

'Tis a woodland enchanted!  
 If you ask me—*where is it?*  
 I only can answer—  
 'Tis past my disclosing;  
 Not to choice is it granted  
 By sure paths to visit  
 The still pool enclosing  
 Its blithe little dancer;  
 But, in some day, the rarest  
 Of many Septembers,  
 When the pulses of air rest  
 And all things lie dreaming  
 In the drowsy haze streaming  
 From the wood's glowing embers,  
 Then sometimes, unheeding  
 And asking not whither,  
 By a sweet inward leading  
 My feet are drawn thither,  
 And, looking with awe in the magical mirror,  
 I see through my tears.



Half doubtful of seeing,  
 The face unperturbed,  
 The warm, golden being,  
 Of a child of five years;  
 And, spite of the mist and the error,  
 And the days overcast,  
 Can feel that I walk undeserted,  
 But forever attended  
 By the glad heavens that bended  
 O'er the innocent past;  
 Toward fancy or truth  
 Doth the sweet vision win me?  
 Dare I think that I cast  
 In the fountain of youth,  
 The fleeting reflection  
 Of some by-gone perfection  
 That still lingers in me?

#### FRENCH ALMANACS FOR 1853.

PHYSICIANS tell us that if you suppress the humors of the natural body they will break out in sore places, and the same appears to be true of the body politic. Stop the free publication of opinion, and it will publish itself quite as freely, but in irregular and abnormal methods. The blessed President of the French nation, proclaimed Emperor while this sheet is preparing, has abolished the daily press as an instrument of discussion, but, in doing so, has imparted new virility to the almanac.

There has always been a plentiful crop in France of these messengers of science and sentiment, as the *jour de l'an* or day of each new year, approached, but this year, of all others, Paris has teemed with the product. We have before us some thirty or forty different specimens, and though they are not so various or edifying as the works which Pantagruel found in the library of St. Victor, they are sufficiently interesting as signs of the times.

The first and principal of them, the most dignified and learned, is of course the Almanac of France, put forth by the National Society, having a sort of official character, and aiming at high didactic purposes. A motto on the cover states that "fifteen millions of Frenchmen learn from the almanac all that they know of the destiny of Europe, of the laws of their coun-

try, of the progress of science, art, and industry, and of their duties and their rights." What a confession, if it be true! And yet recent events in France render it verisimilar, and under present prospects, we should say that even the almanac will be superfluous soon; for there will be few duties or rights left to the people whereof to get informed!

It is twenty years since this almanac was established, on the model of our Franklin's "Poor Richard's," and having devoted itself during the interval to the diffusion of healthful and useful notions among the poorer classes, of the towns especially, besides giving the usual statistics of such publications, we think the statement in the preface for this year significant. It says, "The actual legislation having forbidden excursions into the domain of politics or even of social economy; we shall conform to the law, yet, regretting that we may not allude to the events of the past year." Poor mortals, they cannot give the working men so much as a crumb of advice on their daily pursuits, or a scrap of information as to what their rulers have been doing, without running the hazard of a visit from the police. Great towards these despots!

But what do they write about in the absence of these topics? you ask; we will tell you. They give of course the ephem-

eris, the ecclesiastical feasts, the state of the tides, the rising and setting of the sun, &c., for in these there appears to be no possible constructive offence to the government; and they give also moral essays, on such novel themes as "disinterestedness," and "modesty," or a brief tale illustrative of "filial devotion," or an account of an exposition of flowers, together with the necrology of the year, a timorous anecdote or two, a judicial decision, some curious medical cases, and several agricultural and domestic receipts. Now—you will answer—that if this is the nature of the reading which fifteen millions of Frenchmen get, you are not surprised at the fantastic tricks of the nephew of his uncle. Nor are we!

Unfortunately this is not all the reading they find. Three of the small annuals on our table are devoted to the special task of indoctrinating them into the beauties of imperial rule. One is called the *Almanac of the Empire*, and relates all the great things that the Emperor did during the days of his power. Another is the *Almanac of Napoleon*, and tells what the same glorious individual did all the rest of his days, how he was totally superior to all the other men that ever lived, and how France by his means was raised to a pinnacle of prosperity and renown quite miraculous to see. But then comes the third—for which the foregoing two are only preparatives—called the *Imperial Almanac*, with a great staring L. N. on the title page, with the "ugly mug" of the same L. N. profusely illustrating the other pages, and a faithful portrait of the identical eagle which lit upon his shoulder (there was some raw meat besides his head in the hat) at the famous descent upon Boulogne. It narrates with a snobbish fidelity that is charming, all the brilliant exploits of the nephew's life, from the time he was born to the time he was about to declare the empire—how he was quite a remarkable infant, and had teeth early; how he rowed his mother in a boat; how he jumped into a stream to save a lady's flower; how he wanted to become a soldier like his uncle, but did not; yet to solace his disappointment, thought it would be equally glorious to sell violets like the little fellow at the gate of the Tuileries; how he put out the gauze of Madame Saqui, the rope-dancer, once, when she caught fire, and many other illustrious and wonderful deeds not chronicled in any other history. We are further informed that he rises at seven o'clock in the morning; that he eats breakfast at eleven; that when sitting at the council board he draws curious figures with a pencil on scraps of paper, having nothing better to do; that he sometimes

rides out in a tilbury; that he dines at seven; that he goes to the opera or some of the minor theatres, and that he sleeps—but nothing is said of that.

The "*Almanac of Literature and the Fine Arts*," furnishes statistics of the twenty-six theatres of Paris, the names of their directors and principal performers, the pieces that have been performed during the year, portraits of Rachel, Meyerbeer, Sontag, Rohan, Cerito, &c., the officers of the different literary and artistic societies, and a sprinkling of anecdotes about distinguished writers. The latter we do not find very original or very piquant, though a sketch named "*a First Representation*," or the little *Miseries of a Dramatic Author*," has much sprightliness of manner. After his play was written, he assembled his friends to hear it read. There were just fifty of them present, and at the close of the exercise he received just fifty different criticisms. One said it had too much action; another, too much dialogue; a third, that the love passages were too ardent; a fourth, that a little love now and then would warm up the heavier parts; another, that it was too classical; another, that it was too romantic; another, that if the three acts were reduced to one it would be capital; and another, that if they were extended to five nothing could surpass its certain success. Thus the manager who had accepted it went away with a long face, the actors who were to perform it were disgusted, and even the call-boys began to put their thumbs to their noses. But the play had been announced, and must be played. Then the chief of the *claqueurs*—as they name the applauders—had to be dealt with, and the proper places for his more or less vehement approvals rehearsed; then the free tickets had to be distributed to suitable personages; then the bill-stickers of other theatres bought up; then the feuilletonists or critics of the journals propitiated by a supper; then the dresses of the leading actress presented to her; then the bouquets for the other actresses purchased, then came the shaking of hands with friends in the saloons; then the lively jests behind the scenes; then the raising of the curtain, and then—an instant, peremptory, irretrievable damnation of the piece, as stupid beyond endurance!

In the "*Almanac of the Illustration*," we have pictorial excellence as the chief feature,—characteristic scenes for each month of the year, views of famous places, copies of pictures, such as the Conception of Murillo, which sold lately for half a million francs; portraits of well known individuals, the figures of the Carnival, popular sports, and caricatures, all exe-

cuted with skill and the invariable French love of effect. Of the latter, or the caricatures, the best is a series representing a ball at Paris. First, an old gentleman full-dressed, with his hands under his coat-tail, and his eyes turned to the chandelier, exclaims, "No one yet! it's diabolical, and so many wax lights burning!" Next, the mistress of the house points out a lank fellow busily consuming ice-cream. "A calamity, that chap," she says, "he is now on his fifteenth glass, cost 17 francs 50 centimes, and the soirée has scarcely commenced." Then, an ambitious mother presents a hideously ugly old man to a modest young girl, remarking aloud, "Ernestine, this gentleman does you the honor of inviting you to dance," and at the same time whispering, "Do the amiable, my child; he has thirty thousand francs income." "It would seem, my friend," observes one dandy to another, "that they give no supper to-night;" to which the other replies nonchalantly, "Then I stop my expenses," and coolly takes off his new pair of gloves. Finally the lady entertainer, a fat frowzy creature of two tons or less, not having been invited to waltz the whole evening, pouts out with great indignation, "Catch me at giving another ball to such idiots!" At the same time the master is thrust violently against the wall by the foot of a dancer, who capers altogether too nimbly under the influence of champagne. On the whole, it is an excellent social satire, and we only wish we could give our readers the cuts as well as the conversation.

Fun is the staple of these almanacs. For two or three consecrated to useful purposes, we have fifteen or twenty given up to anecdotes, calembours, jests, quips, cranks, plays, rebuses and caricatures. It is quite curious to see how they find names for so many works of the same purport. There is the *Laughter's Almanac*, the *Comic Almanac*, the *Droll's Almanac*, the *Facetious Almanac*, the *Wit's Almanac*, the *Almanac of Anecdotes*, the *Almanac of Games*, and a great many others whose sole aim it is to raise a smile. Nor do they always succeed in accomplishing it, in spite of the most prodigious and herculean efforts. Sometimes, indeed, their attempts at droll attitudes, are the most horrible distortions. Old jokes are pursued through a thousand transparent changes, run a gauntlet of travesties, and at the end come out the same old jokes, only a little battered and worn, in consequence of the hard usage they have received. Every event of the year is twisted and turned in many ways to discover its ludicrous side. Every personage of note is the butt of innumerable *mots*. There are comic

reviews of new books, comic notices of the theatre, comic reports of the tribunals, comic sketches of character, comic odes, comic sermons, comic dramas, comic music, comic pictures, and comic conundrums. All the vices of men, and all their misfortunes, and all their miseries, and all their virtues, are food for laughter. In fact, life itself appears only as a vast field of jokes, or Parisian golgotha, where all the skulls are on the broad grin.

But though many of these dashes at fun are disastrous failures, such is the liveliness of French nature, that the great part of them are really amusing pleasantries. We had determined to entertain our readers with specimens of them, but like the man who went into a wilderness to find a straight stick, and returned without any, we found ourselves at the close of the last volume positively bewildered by the multitude of our materials,—it was a veritable *embarras du richesse*—and so we threw them in by despair.

Besides the almanacs expressly facetious, there are others quite as much so without intending it, we mean the astrological almanacs, and those whose speciality consists in the mysteries and moralities of the art of divination. The marvels they record are truly wonderful. Spirit rappings are elementary phenomena in comparison with them, and the strange revelations of clairvoyants are of quite inferior note beside the lore that one may acquire from cheiromancy, palmistry, ledgerdmain, biblical sorties, or the study of the stars. Old Albertus Magnus has yet his numerous school of disciples; the necromancers are held in grateful remembrance, while the stern Hebrew prophets are tyros and quacks in the light of the illustrious attainments of the modern Merlins and Zadkiels. But in the midst of a great deal of absurdity and pretension, there are some curious things. One prediction is recorded—a prediction authentically traced to the sixteenth century, which clearly indicates the separation of the United States from the mother country, its rise in political power, and its enormous physical developments, and several other striking facts in our history. This prediction, however, is not yet closed, and it goes on to say, that after a time the mother and daughter will be completely reconciled, that they will enter into an alliance, that their sovereignty will be extended over other nations, and especially that the United States will acquire Japan. Who will not believe in the "manifest destiny" after that?

This prophecy is of course cast in the rather vague and symbolical language which marks the vaticinating afflatus—as

if a man who saw into the future incontinently lost the use of the common tongue—but it is yet quite as clear as any utterances of the sort that we have had. It speaks thus:

"The proud son (America) and the rough and grasping mother (England) separate with looks of blood. The streams flow with blood.

"The leopard (or lion, England) wars fearfully. A good man, wise, strong as David, when his divinely-directed sling struck down the Philistine giant (Washington) raises up the azure standard sown with stars like the firmament. His mighty voice drives back the raging monster into the seas (the Revolution).

"And causes peace, equity, commerce and industry to flourish. A new world arises. A powerful nation possesses the future. May the name of the just and holy be three times blessed."

The prophecy then alludes in a brief way to the contest between Napoleon and England, which is closed in this figurative line, "The claws of the terrible bird (Napoleon), are worn out by the patience and cunning of the leopard (England)." Though, more authentic history relates that those claws were rather extracted as a skilful dentist extracts teeth, and the imperious eagle himself put into a small cage at St. Helena, where he chafed and raved in a quite undignified way. Yet it was not to be expected, as the modern French historians omit very particular reference to these facts, that an old French prophet of 1608 would be at much trouble to foretell them, and the more especially, as his main object was to show how the proud son was going to whip his mother.

But to resume our own more immediate concerns, the prophecy goes on to declare how the leopard would make prodigious incursions into India and China, and then says:

"Is poison then a weapon allowed a great nation (opium)? The land of idols, of rivers, of waters unknown to foreign ships, is invaded by fire (men of war)!"

"But thy justice is eternal! Worlds arise from the ruins. The children recognize their mother (the English and Americans meet in the East).

"There is the azure banner again, and there the terrible and conquering leopard. They are meeting beyond the sea (in Japan most likely).

"But times are altered, the rough and grasping mother and the rebellious son meet in a friendly embrace at the limits of the old world (take courage, Kossuth, and ye who dream of an alliance between England and the United States, and mark the consequence)!"

"And barbarism and idolatrous worship disappear before them." They will together establish Christianity over the face of the globe.

All that is doubtful about this prophecy is, whether it was written at the time it purports to have been, or whether it bears a later date, when the events to which it alludes were already looming on the horizon. We have no knowledge on the subject which enables us to give an opinion, but we may state that the *Almanach Prophétique* solemnly avers that it was printed in a book written by one Pierre Matisac, under the name of "Spectacle Merveilleux et Edifiant de L'Avenir," as far back as the year 1608, in Paris. The publisher's name was Abraham Saugrin, and many copies of the work are still extant in different parts of France.

Another prophecy, given in the same *Almanach*, relates to the invention of balloons, and is credited to a Jesuit named Boniface Cerrachi, who went from Italy to France in the suite of Cardinal de Bernis, about the time the latter was engaged in the embassy to Venice. He wrote a work which was entitled "*Prophétie Mathématique pour la fin du dix-huitième siècle*," of which a limited number of copies only were published. In this work there is this announcement:

"In the middle of the nineteenth century Europe will witness a real miracle. It will occur in the air, will change the face of the earth, and work a revolution in the relations of nations, their commerce and industry."

This is briefer and more obscure than the previous prophecy, and does not necessarily refer to the construction of balloons; it may mean a comet or some unexpected and unknown celestial phenomenon, but the writers of the *Almanach* are clear that it means balloons, and we suppose they know as much about it as anybody. At any rate, balloons appear to be in the legitimate line of succession, or fulfilment, and as we have some pet anticipations ourselves in that respect, we give in our adherence to the balloon theory, which, to say the least of it, is far more pleasant and christian-like, than any bellicose upturn of the elements or a fizzing spiltfire of a comet that may take it into its tail (comets have no heads—have they?) to knock our planet into the future state.

Following these and other prophecies are a number of curious apparitions and other tales that might have been taken out of Mrs. Crowe's "Night-Side of Nature," but that some of them have occurred since that marvellous record of ghostly visitings was issued. Among the rest, the

*Count de Touche-bœff Claremont*, one of the most eminent and honorable soldiers of France, relates that when he was with the army in the Peninsular, it was his duty on the night of the 5th April (1815), to be upon the main guard, during a bivouac directly in front of the English troops. It was in Madrid near the Escorial. He made several rounds of observation during the night, and having returned from these, he got down from his horse, it being after midnight, and threw himself, enveloped in his cloak, upon a bundle of chopped straw. But he had no sooner fallen asleep than a vision of his mother, then in France, in a dying condition, appeared to him. He awoke under the excitement of the emotions caused by the event, but fell asleep again very soon. The apparition was repeated, though at no time was a sign made or a word spoken.

He was very much impressed by the circumstance, but as the French army soon after made a forced retreat across the mountains, the tumult of camp-life quite erased it from his mind. The battle of Vittoria, on the 21st June, in which he was engaged, and the flight that followed, would have served to have dispelled all traces of it, if any had remained. But at length, when the fugitive troops had succeeded in reaching the frontiers of France, he wrote a letter to his mother announcing his safety and return. It was a long while before he received an answer, owing to the various movements of the soldiers, and when he did, it informed him that his "dear good mother had died during the night of the 5th and 6th of April."

As to the graver instruction vouchsafed these poor destitute French readers,—dependent upon the Almanac, remember, for their intellectual pap,—we take the following statement, which is meant to illustrate the primitive condition of American journalism. The writer begins by saying that every body knows the gigantic proportions of American newspapers. "These great sheets are such provinces of paper, their conductors, to fill them up, are obliged to receive and print articles relating to the most trivial domestic matters. Thus, it happens that the fourth page is always devoted to the private correspondence of different citizens of the Union, who thereby effect notable economies in postage. For example:

"Mr. Crawford, tailor, warns Mr. Edward Burns that he will be compelled to send the sheriff after him, if he does not call and settle his little bill, of which a

duplicate is hereunto annexed. For one cloak called a mackintosh," &c., &c. Or,

"Mr. John Davis requests his friend Seathan to come and breakfast with him to-morrow morning, at, &c. *Note.*—He has just recieved some excellent alligator from Florida."

The journal fell into an error of the press, and printed Seethan for Seathan. The next day a gentleman presented himself to Mr. John Davis.

"What is your wish?"

"You have been so kind as to invite me to breakfast!"

"There must be some mistake; you are not my friend Seathan!"

"I regret that; but read the newspaper, sir; there is my name, every letter of it,—I thought perhaps that you had heard of me by chance, and desired to make my acquaintance. As I have also always professed great philanthropy, I am the friend of all the world, and consequently yours. It would have been contrary to my principles to refuse your kind invitation. I dare to flatter myself, too, that my appetite is as good as Mr. Seathan's any time."

Thereupon he sat down at the table and devoured the alligator.

The next day the newspaper had this paragraph. "Mr. John Davis conceives it to be his duty to put his fellow-citizens on their guard in respect to the gluttony of an individual, calling himself Mr. Seethan, who introduced himself to me under the pretext of a mistake, and eat up all my game!"

A third example,

"Mr. Edgar Mortimer, clerk in a store, to Miss Pamela, milliner, with whom he fell in love by looking at her through his glass windows. Young miss! pardon me the liberty I take in addressing you this letter. Why strive to hide your ardent passion," &c.

To which the young lady replies, in the next number,

"I shall be angry, sir, if you continue to trouble the peace of a sensible milliner, with your inflamed accents. You wish to compromise me; but," &c., &c., &c.

The next day a gentleman enters the store of Mr. Mortimer, reproaches him with his letters, and thrashes him with a cane. Then there is a silence for eight days. The subscribers to the newspaper wait impatiently for the sequel of the correspondence, conjecture a thousand things as to the causes of its interruption, and renew their subscriptions."



## AN EXCURSION TO CANADA.

"New England is by some affirmed to be an island, bounded on the north with the river Canada (so called from Monsieur Canoe)."—*Josselyn's Rareties.*

## I.

## CONCORD TO MONTREAL.

I FEAR that I have not got much to say about Canada, not having seen much; what I got by going to Canada was a cold. I left Concord, Massachusetts, Wednesday morning, Sept. 25th, —, for Quebec. Fare seven dollars there and back; distance from Boston, five hundred and ten miles; being obliged to leave Montreal on the return as soon as Friday, Oct. 4th, or within ten days. I will not stop to tell the reader the names of my fellow-travellers; there were said to be fifteen hundred of them. I wished only to be set down in Canada, and take one honest walk there as I might in Concord woods of an afternoon.

The country was new to me beyond Fitchburg. In Ashburnham and afterward, as we were whirled rapidly along, I noticed the woodbine (*ampelopsis quinquefolia*), its leaves now changed, for the most part on dead trees, draping them like a red scarf. It was a little exciting, suggesting bloodshed, or at least a military life, like an epaulet or sash, as if it were dyed with the blood of the trees whose wounds it was inadequate to stanch. For now the bloody autumn was come, and an Indian warfare was waged through the forest. These military trees appeared very numerous, for our rapid progress connected those that were even some miles apart. Does the woodbine prefer the elm? The first view of Monadnoc was obtained five or six miles this side of Fitzwilliam, but nearest and best at Troy and beyond. Then there were the Troy cuts and embankments. Keen-street strikes the traveller favorably, it is so wide, level, straight and long. I have heard one of my relatives who was born and bred there, say, that you could see a chicken run across it a mile off. I have also been told that when this town was settled they laid out a street four rods wide, but at a subsequent meeting of the proprietors one rose and remarked, "We have plenty of land, why not make the street eight rods wide?" and so they voted that it should be eight rods wide, and the town is known far and near for its handsome street. It was a cheap way of securing comfort, as well as fame, and I wish that all new towns would take pattern from this. It is best to lay our plans

widely in youth, for then land is cheap, and it is but too easy to contract our views afterward. Youths so laid out, with broad avenues and parks, that they may make handsome and liberal old men! Show me a youth whose mind is like some Washington city of magnificent distances, prepared for the most remotely successful and glorious life after all, when those spaces shall be built over, and the idea of the founder be realized. I trust that every New England boy will begin by laying out a Keen-street through his head, eight rods wide. I know one such Washington city of a man, whose lots as yet are only surveyed and staked out, and except a cluster of shanties here and there, only the capital stands there for all structures, and any day you may see from afar his princely idea borne coachwise along the spacious but yet empty avenues. Keen is built on a remarkably large and level interval, like the bed of a lake, and the surrounding hills, which are remote from its street, must afford some good walks. The scenery of mountain towns is commonly too much crowded. A town which is built on a plain of some extent, with an open horizon, and surrounded by hills at a distance, affords the best walks and views.

As we travel north-west up the country, sugar-maples, beeches, birches, hemlocks, spruce, butternuts and ash trees, prevail more and more. To the rapid traveller the number of elms in a town is the measure of its civility. One man in the cars has a bottle full of some liquor. The whole company smile whenever it is exhibited. I find no difficulty in containing myself. The Westmoreland country looked attractive. I heard a passenger giving the very obvious derivation of this name, West-more-land, as if it were purely American, and he had made a discovery; but I thought of "my cousin Westmoreland" in England. Every one will remember the approach to Belknap's Falls, under a high cliff which rises from the Connecticut. I was disappointed in the size of the river here; it appeared shrunk to a mere mountain stream. The water was evidently very low. The rivers which we had crossed this forenoon possessed more of the character of mountain streams than those in the vicinity of Concord, and I was surprised to see everywhere traces of recent freshets, which had carried away bridges and injured the rail-

road, though I had heard nothing of it. In Ludlow, Mount Holly, and beyond, there is interesting mountain scenery, not rugged and stupendous, but such as you could easily ramble over—long narrow mountain vales through which to see the horizon. You are in the midst of the Green Mountains. A few more elevated blue peaks are seen from the neighborhood of Mount Holly, perhaps Killington Peak is one. Sometimes, as on the Western railroad, you are whirled over mountainous embankments, from which the scared horses in the valleys appear diminished to hounds. All the hills blush; I think that autumn must be the best season to journey over even the *Green Mountains*. You frequently exclaim to yourself, what *red maples*! The sugar-maple is not so red. You see some of the latter with rosy spots or cheeks only, blushing on one side like fruit, while all the rest of the tree is green, proving either some partiality in the light or frosts, or some prematurity in particular branches. Tall and slender ash trees, whose foliage is turned to a dark mulberry color, are frequent. The butternut, which is a remarkably spreading tree, is turned completely yellow, thus proving its relation to the hickories. I was also struck by the bright yellow tints of the yellow-birch. The sugar-maple is remarkable for its clean ankle. The groves of these trees looked like vast forest sheds, their branches stopping short at a uniform height, four or five feet from the ground, like eaves, as if they had been trimmed by art, so that you could look under and through the whole grove with its leafy canopy, as under a tent whose curtain is raised.

As you approach Lake Champlain you begin to see the New-York mountains. The first view of the Lake at Vergennes is impressive, but rather from association than from any peculiarity in the scenery. It lies there so small (not appearing in that proportion to the width of the State that it does on the map), but beautifully quiet, like a picture of the Lake of Lucerne on a music box, where you trace the name Lucerne among the foliage; far more ideal than ever it looked on the map. It does not say, "Here I am, Lake Champlain," as the conductor might for it, but having studied the geography thirty years, you crossed over a hill one afternoon and beheld it. But it is only a glimpse that you get here. At Burlington you rush to a wharf and go on board a steamboat, two hundred and thirty-two miles from Boston. We left Concord at twenty minutes before eight in the morning, and reached Burlington about six at night, but too late to see the Lake. We got our

first fair view of the Lake at dawn, just before reaching Plattsburg, and saw blue ranges of mountains on either hand, in New-York, and in Vermont, the former especially grand. A few white schooners, like gulls, were seen in the distance, for it is not waste and solitary like a lake in Tartary; but it was such a view as leaves not much to be said; indeed I have postponed Lake Champlain to another day.

The oldest reference to these waters that I have yet seen, is in the account of Cartier's discovery and exploration of the St. Lawrence in 1535. Samuel Champlain actually discovered and paddled up the Lake in July, 1609, eleven years before the settlement of Plymouth, accompanying a war-party of the Canadian Indians against the Iroquois. He describes the islands in it as not inhabited, although they are pleasant, on account of the continual wars of the Indians, in consequence of which they withdrew from the rivers and lakes into the depths of the land, that they may not be surprised. "Continuing our course," says he, "in this Lake, on the western side, viewing the country, I saw on the eastern side very high mountains, where there was more on the summit. I inquired of the savages if those places were inhabited. They replied that they were, and that they were Iroquois, and that in those places there were beautiful valleys and plains fertile in corn, such as I have eaten in this country, with an infinity of other fruits." This is the earliest account of what is now Vermont.

The number of French Canadian gentlemen and ladies among the passengers, and the sound of the French language, advertised us by this time, that we were being whirled towards some foreign vortex. And now we have left Rouse's Point, and entered the Sorel river, and passed the invisible barrier between the States and Canada. The shores of the Sorel, Richelieu or St. John's river, are flat and reedy, where I had expected something more rough and mountainous for a natural boundary between two nations. Yet I saw a difference at once, in the few huts, in the pirogues on the shore, and as it were, in the shore itself. This was an interesting scenery to me, and the very reeds or rushes in the shallow water, and the tree-tops in the swamps, have left a pleasing impression. We had still a distant view behind us of two or three blue mountains in Vermont and New-York. About nine o'clock in the forenoon we reached St. John's, an old frontier post three hundred and six miles from Boston and twenty-four from Montreal. We now discovered that we were in a foreign country, in a station-house of another nation. This

building was a barn-like structure, looking as if it were the work of the villagers combined, like a log-house in a new settlement. My attention was caught by the double advertisements in French and English fastened to its posts, by the formality of the English, and the covert or open reference to their queen and the British lion. No gentlemanly conductor appeared, none whom you would know to be the conductor by his dress and demeanor; but, ere long we began to see here and there a solid, red-faced, burly-looking Englishman, a little puffy perhaps, who made us ashamed of ourselves and our thin and nervous countrymen—a grandfatherly personage, at home in his great-coat, who looked as if he might be a stage proprietor, certainly a railroad director, and knew, or had a right to know when the cars did start. Then there were two or three pale-faced, black-eyed, loquacious Canadian French gentlemen there, shrugging their shoulders; pitted as if they had all had the small-pox. In the meanwhile some soldiers, red-coats, belonging to the barracks near by, were turned out to be drilled. At every important point in our route the soldiers showed themselves ready for us; though they were evidently rather raw recruits here, they manoeuvred far better than our soldiers; yet, as usual, I heard some Yankees speak as if they were as great shakes, and they had seen the Acton Blues manoeuvre as well. The officers spoke sharply to them, and appeared to be doing their part thoroughly. I heard one, suddenly coming to the rear, exclaim, "Michael Donothy, take his name!" Though I could not see what the latter did or omitted to do, it was whispered that Michael Donothy would have to suffer for that. I heard some of our party discussing the possibility of their driving these troops off the field with their umbrellas. I thought that the Yankee, though undisciplined, had this advantage at least, that he especially is a man who, everywhere and under all circumstances, is fully resolved to better his condition essentially, and therefore he could afford to be beaten at first; while the virtue of the Irishman, and to a great extent the Englishman, consists in merely maintaining his ground or condition. The Canadians here, a rather poor-looking race, clad in grey homespun, which gave them the appearance of being covered with dust, were riding about in caleches and small one-horse carts called charettes. The Yankee assumed that all the riders were racing, or, at least exhibiting the paces of their horses, and saluted them accordingly. We saw but little of the village here, for nobody could tell us when the cars would start;

that was kept a profound secret, perhaps for political reasons; and therefore we were tied to our seats. The inhabitants of St. John's and vicinity are described by an English traveller as "singularly unprepossessing," and before completing his period he adds, "besides, they are generally very much disaffected to the British crown." I suspect that that "besides" should have been a because.

At length, about noon, the cars began to roll towards La Prairie. The whole distance of fifteen miles was over a remarkably level country, resembling a western prairie, with the mountains about Chambly visible in the north-east. This novel, but monotonous scenery, was exciting. At La Prairie we first took notice of the tin-roofed roofs, but above all, of the St. Lawrence, which looked like a lake; in fact it is considerably expanded here; it was nine miles across diagonally to Montreal. Mount Royal in the rear of the city and the island of St. Helen's opposite to it, were now conspicuous. We could also see the Sault St. Louis about five miles up the river, and the Sault Vorruan still farther eastward. The former are described as the most considerable rapids in the St. Lawrence; but we could see merely a gleam of light there as from a cobweb in the sun. Soon the city of Montreal was discovered with its tin roofs shining afar. Their reflections fell on the eye like a clash of cymbals on the ear. Above all the church of Notre Dame was conspicuous, and anon the Bonsecours market-house, occupying a commanding position on the quay, in the rear of the shipping. This city makes the more favorable impression from being approached by water, and also being built of stone, a grey limestone found on the island. Here, after travelling directly inland the whole breadth of New England, we had struck upon a city's harbor—it made on me the impression of a seaport—to which ships of six hundred tons can ascend, and where vessels drawing fifteen feet lie close to the wharf, five hundred and forty miles from the Gulf; the St. Lawrence being here two miles wide. There was a great crowd assembled on the ferry-boat wharf, and on the quay, to receive the Yankees, and flags of all colors were streaming from the vessels to celebrate their arrival. When the gun was fired, the gentry hurrahed again and again, and then the Canadian caleche drivers, who were most interested in the matter, and who, I perceived, were separated from the former by a fence, hurrahed their welcome; first the broadcloth, then the homespun.

It was early in the afternoon when we stepped ashore, with a single companion.

I soon found my way to the church of Notre Dame. I saw that it was of great size and signified something. It is said to be the largest ecclesiastical structure in North America, and can seat ten thousand. It is two hundred and fifty-five and a half feet long, and the groined ceiling is eighty feet above your head. The Catholic are the only churches which I have seen worth remembering, which are not almost wholly profane. I do not speak only of the rich and splendid like this, but of the humblest of them as well. Coming from the hurraing mob and the rattling carriages, we pushed aside the listed door of this church, and found ourselves instantly in an atmosphere which might be sacred to thought and religion, if one had any. There sat one or two women who had stolen a moment from the concerns of the day, as they were passing; but, if there had been fifty people there, it would still have been the most solitary place imaginable. They did not look up at us, nor did one regard another. We walked softly down the broad-aisle with our hats in our hands. Presently came in a troop of Canadians, in their homespun, who had come to the city in the boat with us, and one and all kneeled down in the aisle before the high altar to their devotions, somewhat awkwardly, as cattle prepare to lie down, and there we left them. As if you were to catch some farmer's sons from Marlboro', come to cattle-show, silently kneeling in Concord meeting-house some Wednesday! Would there not soon be a mob peeping in at the windows? It is true, these Roman Catholics, priests and all, impress me as a people who have fallen far behind the significance of their symbols. It is as if an ox had strayed into a church and were trying to bethink himself. Nevertheless, they are capable of reverence; but we Yankees are a people in whom this sentiment has nearly died out, and in this respect we cannot bethink ourselves even as oxen. I did not mind the pictures nor the candles, whether tallow or tin. Those of the former which I looked at appeared tawdry. It matters little to me whether the pictures are by a neophyte of the Algonquin or the Italian tribe. But I was impressed by the quiet religious atmosphere of the place. It was a great cave in the midst of a city; and what were the altars and the tinsel but the sparkling stalactites, into which you entered in a moment, and where the still atmosphere and the sombre light disposed to serious and profitable thought? Such a cave at hand, which you can enter any day, is worth a thousand of our churches which are open only Sundays—hardly long enough for an airing—and then filled with

a bustling congregation—a church where the priest is the least part, where you do your own preaching, where the universe preaches to you and can be heard. \*

\* \* \* In Concord, to be sure, we do not need such. Our forests are such a church, far grander and more sacred. We dare not leave our meeting-houses open for fear they would be profaned. Such a cave, such a shrine, in one of our groves, for instance, how long would it be respected? for what purposes would it be entered, by such baboons as we are? I think of its value not only to religion, but to philosophy and to poetry; besides a reading room, to have a thinking room in every city! Perchance the time will come when every house even will have not only its sleeping rooms, and dining room, and talking room or parlor, but its thinking room also, and the architects will put it into their plans. Let it be furnished and ornamented with whatever conduces to serious and creative thought. I should not object to the holy water, or any other simple symbols if it were consecrated by the imagination of the worshippers.

I heard that some Yankees bet that the candles were not wax, but tin. A European assured them that they were wax; but, inquiring of the sexton, he was surprised to learn that they were tin filled with oil. The church was too poor to afford wax. As for the Protestant churches, here or elsewhere, they did not interest me, for it is only as caves that churches interest me at all, and in that respect they were inferior.

Montreal makes the impression of a larger city than you had expected to find, though you may have heard that it contains nearly sixty thousand inhabitants. In the newer parts it appeared to be growing fast like a small New-York, and to be considerably Americanized. The names of the squares reminded you of Paris—the Champ de Mars, the Place d'Armes, and others, and you feel as if a French revolution might break out any moment. Glimpses of Mount Royal rising behind the town, and the names of some streets in that direction make one think of Edinburgh. That hill sets off this city wonderfully. I inquired at a principal book-store for books published in Montreal. They said that there were none but school-books and the like; they got their books from the States. From time to time we met a priest in the streets, for they are distinguished by their dress, like the *civil* police. Like clergymen generally, with or without the gown, they made on us the impression of effeminacy. We also met some Sisters of Charity, dressed in black, with Shaker-shaped

black bonnets and crosses, and cadaverous faces, who looked as if they had almost cried their eyes out, their complexions parboiled with scalding tears; insulting the daylight by their presence, having taken an oath not to smile. By cadaverous I mean that their faces were like the faces of those who have been dead and buried for a year, and then untombed, with the life's grief upon them, and yet, for some unaccountable reason, the process of decay arrested.

"Truth never falls her servant, sir, nor leaves him  
With the day's shame upon him."

They waited demurely on the sidewalk while a truck laden with raisins was driven in at the seminary of St. Sulpice, never once lifting their eyes from the ground.

The soldier here, as every where in Canada, appeared to be put forward, and by his best foot. They were in the proportion of the soldiers to the laborers in an African ant-hill. The inhabitants evidently rely on them in a great measure for music and entertainment. You would meet with them pacing back and forth before some guard-house or passage-way, guarding, regarding and disregarding all kinds of law by turns, apparently for the sake of the discipline to themselves, and not because it was important to exclude any body from entering that way. They reminded me of the men who are paid for piling up bricks and then throwing them down again. On every prominent ledge you could see England's hands holding the Canadas, and I judged by the redness of her knuckles that she would soon have to let go. In the rear of such a guard-house, in a large gravelled square or parade ground, called the Champ de Mars, we saw a large body of soldiers being drilled, we being as yet the only spectators. But they did not appear to notice us any more than the devotees in the church, but were seemingly as indifferent to fewness of spectators as the phenomena of nature are, whatever they might have been thinking under their helmets, of the Yankees that were to come. Each man wore white kid gloves. It was one of the most interesting sights which I saw in Canada. The problem appeared to be how to smooth down all individual protuberances or idiosyncrasies, and make a thousand men move as one man, animated by one central will, and there was some approach to success. They obeyed the signals of a commander who stood at a great distance, wand in hand, and the precision, and promptness, and harmony of their movements could not easily have been matched. The harmony was far more remarkable than that of any quire or band, and obtained, no doubt, at a

greater cost. They made on me the impression, not of many individuals, but of one vast centipede of a man, good for all sorts of pulling down; and why not then for some kinds of building up? If men could combine thus earnestly, and patiently, and harmoniously to some really worthy end, what might they not accomplish! They now put their hands, and partially perchance their heads, together, and the result is that they are the imperfect tools of an imperfect and tyrannical government. But if they could put their hands and heads, and hearts and all together, such a co-operation and harmony would be the very end and success for which government now exists in vain—a government, as it were, not only with tools, but stock to trade with.

I was obliged to frame some sentences that sounded like French in order to deal with the market women, who, for the most part, cannot speak English. According to the guide-book the relative population of this city stands nearly thus: two-fifths are French Canadian; nearly one-fifth British Canadian; one-and-a-half-fifth English, Irish, and Scotch; somewhat less than one-half-fifth Germans, United States people, and others. I saw nothing like pie for sale, and no good cake to put in my bundle, such as you can easily find in our towns, but plenty of fair-looking apples, for which Montreal Island is celebrated, and also pears, cheaper, and I thought better than ours, and peaches, which, though they were probably brought from the South, were as cheap as they commonly are with us. So imperative is the law of demand and supply that, as I have been told, the market of Montreal is sometimes supplied with green apples from the State of New York some weeks even before they are ripe in the latter place. I saw here the spruce wax which the Canadians chew, done up in little silvered papers, a penny a roll; also a small and shrivelled fruit which they called *cérises* mixed with many little stems somewhat like raisins, but I soon returned what I had bought, finding them rather insipid, only putting a sample in my pocket. Since my return, I find on comparison that it is the fruit of the sweet viburnum (*viburnum lentago*), which with us rarely holds on till it is ripe.

I stood on the deck of the steamer John Munn, late in the afternoon, when the second and third ferry-boats arrived from La Prairie, bringing the remainder of the Yankees. I never saw so many caleches, cabs, charettes, and similar vehicles collected before, and doubt if New York could easily furnish more. The handsome and



substantial stone quay, which stretches a mile along the river side, and protects the street from the ice, was thronged with the citizens who had turned out on foot and in carriages to welcome or to behold the Yankees. It was interesting to see the caleche drivers dash up and down the slope of the quay with their active little horses. They drive much faster than in our cities. I have been told that some of them came nine miles into the

city every morning and return every night, without changing their horses during the day. In the midst of the crowd of carts, I observed one deep one loaded with sheep with their legs tied together, and their bodies piled one upon another, as if the driver had forgotten that they were sheep and not yet mutton. A sight, I trust, peculiar to Canada, though I fear that it is not.

### MODERN "SPIRITUALISM."

THE existence of occult or latent powers in the human organism, entirely transcending the bounds of every-day experience, as well as the materialist's conception of nature and her immutable laws, is not of recent discovery. Archaeologists assert that pictorial representations of the process commonly known as *magnetizing* a human subject have been found in the Egyptian catacombs; and there is no other mode of accounting for the marvels recorded of ancient Egyptian priestcraft, the later Grecian Oracles, or some of the feats of Hindoo jugglery, half so easy or probable, as that which supposes the operators in either case to have possessed a competent knowledge of what is popularly designated Mesmerism, Psychology, Clairvoyance, &c., &c. Medical books of observation, written centuries ago, record phenomena of like nature with those of Clairvoyance, and equally without the domain of vulgar probability. That sick persons, especially when near death, have often exhibited a condition termed Coma, Trance, or Catalepsy, wherein the soul would seem to have shaken off its carnal fetters, and taken cognizance of whatever attracted its regard in absolute defiance of physical impediments, is as well established as any fact of unusual occurrence. Cases in which a mortally diseased, keenly suffering, partially or wholly insane person has perceived and simultaneously described occurrences, both ordinary and extraordinary, which were taking place at a very considerable distance, sometimes in remote apartments of the edifice wherein he lay, but of which it was absolutely impossible that he should know any thing through the medium of the senses,—are

abundantly authenticated. That Swedenborg perceived and proclaimed the existence of a great conflagration in a far distant city, is a fact no longer disputed; as also that he, on other occasions, evinced a power of cognition beyond the range of the senses. Others have possessed this faculty, and have left indubitable proof of its exercise. "Second sight" and its kindred pretensions had probably a basis of reality, as with the Oracles; but, the faculty ceasing or being withdrawn, its place was supplied, so far as it might be, by deceit or simulation, more or less conscious, until finally the whole degenerated into sheer craft or imposture. As the false coin or note implies the pre-existence of a genuine counterpart, to which the counterfeit owes its transient currency; as hypocrisy implies the pre-existence of genuine faith and love; so do the very mockeries of a prescience above the reach of the senses imply and demonstrate a preceding verity. Can you imagine such a fraud as the Delphic Oracle at last became, deliberately plotted and originated by men conscious that they had no power of divining or foreseeing beyond that possessed by all human kind?

It is now some seventy years since Mesmer startled the learned and polite world, by the proclamation of his discovery as to the power which one human being might, under certain circumstances, exert and maintain over the nerves, the motions, and even the perceptions and will of another. The curious and the restless welcomed him for the usual nine days as a magician, or seer; the learned and scientific listened impatiently while they must, then shrugged their shoul-



ders and bowed him out; the pious and priestly execrated, and would gladly have exorcised him; the multitude waited, incredulous, yet uneasy and half eager, for the judgment of the *savans*; the French Academy turned him over to a committee who subjected him to this test—"Mesmerize the toughest subject among us, or we will condemn you as a deceiver and charlatan!" He tried the experiment and failed; proving—what? That Mesmerism was a fraud or a delusion? By no means. A naturalist might just as reasonably have been required to obtain an egg from a fowl regardless of its sex, and on his failure in the attempt, because the bird happened to be a male, his theory of the propagation of fowls through the medium of eggs been stigmatized as a glaring imposture. Time has long since demonstrated the existence of a far broader and deeper reality in Mesmerism than its modern discoverer ever suspected; though we do not remember that the Academy has even yet reversed or modified its original sentence of condemnation. And now, men who would have scoffed at Mesmerism sixty years since, assume its undoubted truth as the basis of an argument against Clairvoyance; as they may yet admit and build upon the verity of Clairvoyance in order to refute thereby the reality of the so-called "Spiritual Manifestations."

What, then, of the modern "Spiritualists?"

Several years have now elapsed since the societies of communist celibate ascetics calling themselves "Christian Friends," but commonly designated "Shakers," professed to be in the direct receipt of almost daily communications from "the spirits of the just made perfect." This claim attracted very little attention; it was quite generally deemed (as it still is) only a natural outgrowth or development of the fanatical folly and knavery which (at least in the popular estimation) form the bases of Shakerism. Two or three German books, of which "The Seeress of Prevorst" is the most remarkable, were reprinted here about the same time, and excited some interest among the curious. Except by those having a strong tendency to mysticism, however, they were regarded as far more indebted for their origin to German beer-drinking, tobacco-smoking, and opium-eating, than to any inlet from the Spirit World. Finally, during the summer and autumn of 1849, it began to be whispered about that communications from the spirits of the departed had been and were being received in the city of Rochester, N. Y.—the alleged "mediums" being three sisters, Mrs. Ann Leah Fish, and Misses Margretta and Ca-

therine Fox, the two latter then some fifteen and thirteen years old. At length, on the 14th of Nov., 1849, in accordance, as was said, with directions from "the spirits," a public lecture on the origin and character of the alleged "Spiritual Manifestations" was given in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, at which the "mediums" were present. "Manifestations" were had, and a Committee was chosen from the audience to report upon their nature and origin at an adjourned meeting the next evening. That Committee in due time reported that they had made such investigations as they thought proper in the presence of the "mediums," at a place with which these persons were previously unacquainted, and where they could have made no preparations for juggle or deception—that the answers given by the alleged "spirits" to their questions were partly correct, and partly otherwise—that the "mediums" had apparently given every facility for the investigation; but that the Committee had utterly failed to discover how the mysterious sounds or "raps" were produced, or what was their cause or origin.

The adjourned public meeting, after some discussion, selected another Committee, consisting of five well-known and respected citizens, including three of social and political eminence, who made a further investigation in another place, with substantially the same results. Thereupon a third Committee was appointed, who appointed a sub-committee of ladies, who took the "mediums" into a private room of a hotel to which they were strangers, disrobed and searched them, to be certain that no machinery or fixtures were concealed beneath their dresses whereby the mysterious sounds were produced. The "mediums" were then made to stand on pillows, with handkerchiefs tied tightly around their ankles; but all in vain. The "raps" were repeated, and intelligent answers to unpremeditated questions were thereby given. A physician had previously applied a stethoscope to the breasts of the "mediums," in order to be sure that the sounds were not made by ventriloquism. He reported that no movement of their lungs or chests was perceptible when the sounds were heard. At the first trial of standing the "mediums" on glass, no sounds were perceived; but the experiment was repeated, and the "raps" were heard as usual. At one of the meetings for investigation, the Committee excluded all persons but themselves and the "mediums," in order to preclude the chance of collusion by unsuspected outsiders. At one meeting, members of the Committee wrote their

questions privately, so that the "mediums" could not know (by any ordinary means) what was their purport; and yet the replies to them (by "raps") were said to have been given correctly. So with regard to *mental* questions. On these points, however, no reports were made by either Committee as such. Their formal scrutiny was limited to the single point of detecting the trick or juggle in which the "raps" were presumed to originate; and on this point their reports were unanimous, that every facility for investigation was proffered them, and that no cheat could be detected.

Thus far, and so long as the "Manifestations" were confined to "the Fox family," the evident presumption necessarily was that the "mediums" were exceedingly clever impostors. Their story imported that the "rappings" had been first heard in their humble rural dwelling at the little hamlet of Hydesville, township of Arcadia, Wayne County, N. Y., some two years before, and while that dwelling was occupied by another family—that they ceased after a while, and were not heard again until March, 1848, (the family of Mr. John D. Fox having occupied the house since the preceding December)—that they very naturally excited alarm and terror in Mr. F.'s family, and induced them (on the evening of the 31st of March), first to call in their neighbors to counsel and encourage them in the presence of these unaccountable noises, and that the first indication of intelligence in the sounds was given them a few days before, in consequence of the youngest daughter, (then twelve years old) attempting to imitate the mysterious "rapping" by snapping her fingers, when the "raps" immediately repeated the *number* of distinct sounds made by her, and proceeded to "rap" five, six, or any number of times, as requested; then to tell the age of any person present by giving a rap for each year, if desired, &c., &c., until a very tolerable telegraphic communication with the invisible cause of these perturbations was established,—that the noise followed the greater portion of the family on their removal to Rochester, and that the telegraph was gradually improved by the employment of the alphabet: the "medium," or some one else present, calling over the letters in succession until a "rap" indicated that the right one had been reached, when said letter was jotted down, and the alphabet called again, and so on until the "rap" ceased, when the letters already set down were divided into words, and the sentence thus obtained received as a communication from behind the curtain, &c., &c. All this, though appar-

ently straightforward, and corroborated by neighborhood testimony, would hardly have attracted attention outside of a narrow circle, or been regarded by any considerable number as other than the specious web of falsehood wherein the pre-conceived imposture had enveloped itself.

But the "Manifestations" were not long confined to the Fox family. They were soon heard of in different towns of Western New-York; then in Western Ohio; then in Providence, R. I., and various parts of New England; and in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, &c., and recent letters speak of them as quite extensively witnessed in California; while late advices chronicle their outbreak in Hull, England. If this "Spiritualism" be a sheer delusion, it is one of so singular a character, of such extensive prevalence, and producing consequences so serious, that it demands the most earnest scrutiny and thorough exposition.

But it is really no longer possible for rational beings familiar with its history and nature to brand it and brush it aside as a mere *human* juggle or imposture. How far the Ancient Nicholas is mixed up with and responsible for it, this writer cannot presume to decide, as he cannot boast any critical familiarity with the works and ways of that eminent personage. If he *is* at the bottom of it, or there is good reason to suspect him of being there, that fact, so far from estopping investigation, ought to induce and enforce it. A careful watch over and shrewd comprehension of the enemy's manoeuvres, devices and dodges is one of the characteristics of good generalship, and would seem as essential in spiritual as in carnal warfare. If the devil is in it, then that alarming fact should be demonstrated and established; but it is really too late in the day to rig out any novel phenomenon with horns, hoofs and tail, and thereupon forbid any one's going near or looking toward it. The immense probability that the apparition which looms so awful and ghostly in the dark will be resolved into every-day flesh and blood, or else into an inoffensive stump or rock,—at all events be reduced to conformity with nature's recognized laws and their comprehended results—if we only bring it to the light, should preclude our leaving it a mystery and a marvel, merely because Old Nick has had the bantling fathered upon him, by those who know very little about the matter, and are stubbornly resolved never to know any more.

That there are jugglers, or downright cheats, among those who profess to be "mediums" of this novel illumination, is very probable,—nay, is morally certain,

*a priori*, and confirmed by indubitable testimony. The world is too familiar with counterfeit clairvoyants, shamming mesmerizers, hypocritical religionists, &c., to believe that, *if there were real recipients or channels of influx* for "light from the spirit world," there would not be knavish or self-deluded pretenders to such gifts, as well. How far self-delusion may go, we cannot pretend to estimate; but we all know that men otherwise sane, have honestly believed themselves specially commissioned and guided from Heaven to admonish, prophecy, and work miracles, when in truth they had no such commission and could do no such mighty works as they contemplated. Salem witchcraft, religious frenzy evinced through unseemly contortions, jerkings and tumblings, are among the familiar examples of wide-spread contagious delusions, which often exhibited the apparent effects of unaccountable if not supernatural power. But the supposition that *all* the alleged "mediums" are conscious, intentional swindlers, is utterly irreconcilable with facts, and at war with human nature. Many of these "rappers," or "tippers," or "writers," or "speakers," (for the modes of "manifestation" are now various,) are little children, even down to five years of age; others are grave, stern, honored men, whose integrity is absolutely beyond suspicion; others, again, are beloved and sensitive women, who dread and recoil from any intercourse, while in the body, with the invisible world, and would not be known as "mediums" for a kingdom. In many families the secret that "manifestations" have occurred there is guarded with religious care, and any allusion to the subject in the presence of non-members thereof repressed, as if it were the acme of shame and sin. Yet the contagion spreads, and every month adds to the number of the witnesses and "mediums."

We know it is urged that human nature is fearfully depraved and deceitful, and that we cannot know the motive—whether love of notoriety, hope of gain, the prosecution of some private intrigue, or some other—which induces this or that individual who has heard of the "rappings," and the usual modes of "Manifestation," to take courage by the success of others and undertake to produce something of the kind herself. Let us cite, then, one or two samples of the "Manifestations" as they are attested to have occurred, and see whether this theory will account for them.

A few days ago, a Mr. Humes, residing in one of the interior towns of Connecticut, happened to be in Bridgeport, and there called on his friend Dr. Jaques, to

whom he casually broached the subject of "spiritual manifestations," avowing his total incredulity with regard to them. Dr. J. replied that, if evidence would convince him, he thought his skepticism might be overcome; and they soon agreed to visit in company a Miss Middlebrook (some twelve or thirteen years old), who is a reputed "medium." On their way, Mr. H. concocted four or five questions which he resolved to ask the invisibles in presence of Miss Middlebrook, saying to Dr. J. that if these questions were answered correctly he would be no longer incredulous. He asked his questions accordingly, and they were all answered to his satisfaction; but now he thought of a few more that he would like to put, which he did with equal success. At length he asked—"Who are you that answer me?" *Ans.* "I am your uncle William."—"No, you are not," said Mr. H., "*for I never had any uncle William.*"—"Yes, you did," persisted the invisible, "but you never saw and probably never heard of me. I left Connecticut when very young for the interior of New-York, and died there a great many years ago."—Mr. Humes persisted that he never had any such uncle, and the interview rather abruptly closed.

Several days thereafter, Dr. Jaques, in the course of an inland ride, came across the father of Mr. Humes, a venerable patriarch of eighty, whom he abruptly accosted thus,—"Mr. Humes, had you ever a brother William?"—"No, sir," was the ready reply. The doctor turned away rather crest-fallen and was riding off, when the old man recalled him with—"Stop, doctor! I was mistaken. I *had* a brother William; but he went off west and died several years before I was born, and I haven't thought of him for many years till now. I don't think there is another person alive who knows that I ever had such a brother. What could have put him into *your* head?" We have this narration at second-hand, but on testimony whose accuracy and truth we cannot doubt.

Of like bearing with the above is the testimony of Apollos Munna, (now deceased,) that, on the occasion of his first visit to a "medium," in a city over three hundred miles from his residence, and where he was quite sure no one knew him, he asked a number of questions, which were answered with what seemed to be superhuman perspicacity, until he finally asked, "Who are you that answer me?"—"I am your sister Lois."—"I never had such a sister—my sister's name was Louisa."—"No, my name was Lois."—He left the matter thus at a dead lock, and on returning to his home, said—"Mother!

can I be mistaken as to the *name* of my deceased sister? Though I never saw her, I supposed I could not be mistaken as to her *name*.—"It was *Lois*," quietly responded the mother.

I do not see how such relations as these, assuming that they are not utter fabrications, are to be accounted for on the theory of juggle, or even on that of contagious self-delusion. If we attribute the whole business to Satan, we get rid of *this* difficulty, but only to rush inevitably on others, perhaps no whit less formidable. Among these is the intrinsic improbability that the old reprobate should give utterance to such counsel as is very often proffered through "mediums," and which, assuming that Satan is their author, would seem entirely to contradict Lord Byron's observation with reference to his own "Cain," that "if you permit the devil to speak for himself, you mustn't expect him to talk like a parson." For instance, in the backwoods of western Pennsylvania dwells a rude but good-hearted pioneer of our acquaintance named Martin King, whose little daughter of twelve or thirteen years became a "medium" about a year ago. Martin is in the main a good creature, but his education is very defective, which is the only excuse we can make for his bad habit of keeping a barrel of whisky on tap, to deal out at a shilling per quart to his hail-fellow neighbors. The "spirits" who manifested themselves through the medium of the daughter promptly demanded that the "spirits" (and water) confined in the whisky-barrel should be cast out, and no more be harbored on the premises. It would take direct and abundant evidence to convince us that it was Beelzebub in this instance who directed the casting out of the alcoholic demon.

But having no settled belief of our own with regard to the origin and nature of this modern "spiritualism," we are very far from wishing to impose one on others. We might cite many well authenticated facts and incidents which tend quite as strongly as those we have just cited, to prove these "manifestations" the work of some superhuman power; we could cite many others which point to an opposite conclusion. Should the subject prove of general interest, we may quote and contrast some of these apparently contradictory phenomena hereafter. Meantime, the lesson we would insist on is this—Let us not fear to open our eyes lest we see something contrary to our preconceptions of Nature and Providence; for if these preconceptions are at war with *facts*, it is high time they were revised and corrected. Bacon very justly observed that "a little learn-

ing inclines us to Atheism, but *more* learning carries us back to a belief and trust in God;" and we have no doubt that, whenever we shall clearly and fully understand whatever of truth is involved in these "knockings," etc., we shall realize its perfect accord with nature, with reason, and with the beneficence, omniscience, and paternal guardianship of the God and Father of us all.

P. S. Since the foregoing was in type, the writer has received the following letter from MRS. SARAH H. WHITMAN, of Providence, R. I., in reply to one of inquiry from him, as to her own experiences in "Spiritualism," and especially with regard to a remarkable "experience" currently reported as having occurred to HON. JAMES F. SIMMONS, late U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, and widely known as one of the keenest and clearest observers, most unlikely to be the dupe of mystery or the slave of hallucination. Mrs. Whitman's social and intellectual eminence are not so widely known, but there are very many who know that her statement needs no confirmation whatever. Her reply was so long delayed, owing to illness, that only a part of it can here be given; but the most material portion is as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—I have had no conversation with Mr. Simmons on the subject of your note, until to-day. I took an early opportunity of acquainting him with its contents, and this morning he called on me to say that he was perfectly willing to impart to you the particulars of his experience in relation to the mysterious writing *performed under his very eyes in broad daylight, by an invisible agent*. In the fall of 1850, several messages were telegraphed to Mrs. Simmons through the electric sounds, purporting to come from her stepson, James D. Simmons, who died some weeks before in California!

"The messages were calculated to stimulate curiosity and lead to an attentive observation of the phenomena. Mrs. S., having heard that messages in the handwriting of deceased persons were sometimes written through the same medium, asked if her son would give her this evidence. She was informed (through the sounds), that the attempt should be made, and was directed to place a slip of paper in a certain drawer at the house of the medium, and to lay beside it her own pencil, which had been given her by the deceased. Weeks passed on, and, although frequent inquiries were made, no writing was found on the paper.

"Mrs. Simmons, happening to call at the house one day, accompanied by her

husband, made the usual inquiry, and received the usual answer. The drawer had been opened not two hours before, and nothing was seen in it but the pencil lying on the blank paper. At the suggestion of Mrs. S., however, another investigation was made, and on the paper was now found a few pencilled lines, resembling the handwriting of the deceased, but not so closely as to satisfy the mother's doubts. Mrs. Simmons handed the paper to her husband. He thought there was a slight resemblance, but should probably not have remarked it, had the writing been casually presented to him. Had the *signature* been given him he should at once have decided on the resemblance. He proposed, if the spirit of his son were indeed present, as alphabetical communications, received through the sounds, affirmed him to be, that he should, *then and there*, affix his signature to the suspicious document.

"In order to facilitate the operation, Mrs. S. placed the closed points of a pair of scissors in the hands of the medium, and dropped his pencil through one of the rings or bows, the paper being placed beneath. Her hand presently began to tremble, and it was with difficulty she could retain her hold of the scissors. Mr. Simmons then took them into his own hand, and again dropped his pencil through the ring. It could not readily be sustained in this position. After a few moments, however, it stood as if firmly poised and perfectly still. *It then began slowly to move. Mr. S. saw the letters traced beneath his eyes—the words James D. Simmons were distinctly and deliberately written, and the handwriting was a fac-simile of his son's signature.* But what Mr. S. regards as the most astonishing part of this seeming miracle, is yet to be told.

"Bending down to scrutinize the writing more closely, he observed, just as the last word was finished, that the top of the pencil leaned to the right; he thought it was about to slip through the ring, but to his infinite astonishment,

*he saw the point slide slowly back along the word 'Simmons,' till it rested over the letter i, where it deliberately imprinted a dot.* This was a punctilio utterly unthought of by him; he had not noticed the omission, and was therefore entirely unprepared for the amendment. He suggested the experiment, and hitherto it had kept pace only with his will or desire; but how will those who deny the agency of disembodied spirits in these marvels, ascribing all to the unassisted powers of the human will or to the blind action of electricity,—how will they dispose of this last significant and curious fact? The only peculiarity observable in the writing, was, that the lines seemed sometimes slightly broken, as if the pencil had been lifted and then set down again.

"Another circumstance I am permitted to relate, which is not readily to be accounted for on any other theory than that of Spiritual agency. Mr. S., who had received no particulars of his son's death until several months after his decease, purporting to send for his remains, questioned the spirit as to the manner in which the body had been disposed of, and received a very minute and circumstantial account of the means which had been resorted to for its preservation, it being at the time unburied.

"Improbable as some of these statements seemed, they were, after an interval of four months, confirmed as literally true by a gentleman, then recently returned from California, who was with young Simmons at the period of his death. Intending soon to return to San Francisco, he called on Mr. Simmons to learn his wishes in relation to the final disposition of his son's remains.

"I took down the particulars in writing, by the permission of Mr. S., during his relation of the facts. I have many other narratives of a like character from persons of intelligence and veracity; but they could add nothing to the weight of that which I have just reported to you."

#### THE LATE JOHN L. STEPHENS

IT is a melancholy duty to which we are called, in this our first number, to speak of the recent death of one whose memory has a double claim on our affectionate remembrance. His personal character, as well as his connection with American literature, entitled him to our

regard, and justify this notice at our hands.

JOHN LLOYD STEPHENS was born at Shrewsbury, Monmouth county, New Jersey, Nov. 28, 1805. He was the son of Benjamin Stephens, who still survives, one of the "oldest inhabitants" of New-York;



his mother was a daughter of Judge Lloyd, of Monmouth county, New Jersey. Both his parents were natives of New Jersey. The future traveller was brought up and educated in the city of New-York. He received his classical education at the schools of Mr. Boyle and Mr. Joseph Nelson, the blind teacher, from the latter of which he entered Columbia College at the early age of 13. He entered low in his class, but left at its head. He remained four years in college, where he was a general favorite with his fellows. On graduating, he entered the office of Daniel Lord, as a student-at-law. He remained in his office about a year, and then entered the Law School, at Litchfield, Conn., at that time under the charge of the late Judge Gould. Here he remained a year, and on his return to the city of New-York entered the office of George W. Strong as a student-at-law, where he remained until admitted to the practice of the law. On his return from Litchfield his early taste for travelling developed itself. In company with a cousin, of about the same age with himself, he projected a visit to a sister of his mother's residing in Arkansas, at that time almost a *terra incognita*. After making their visit, instead of returning home, as at first contemplated, it was determined to go to New-Orleans. They accordingly descended the Mississippi in flat-boats, at that time the only mode of conveyance on its waters. After an absence of some months, he returned home by sea, from New-Orleans, and resumed his study of law. At the end of his novitiate he entered upon the practice of the law, at which he continued for about eight years; but he never felt or exhibited much ardor or zeal in the pursuit of this profession. During that period he took a somewhat active interest in politics, united himself to the Democratic party, and became a sort of pet speaker at Tammany Hall. He always advocated the doctrine of free trade, and was strongly opposed to all monopolies. His manner was earnest, and every one who heard him could see that he felt what he spoke. Owing, perhaps, to his public speaking, he contracted a disease of the throat, which bid fair soon to break up his constitution. His physician happening to hint at a voyage, he seized upon it immediately, and hastened to carry it into effect. He embarked in the autumn of 1834, in the packet 'Charlemagne,' for Havre, and landing on the coast of England, went up to London, and from thence crossed to France. Thence he visited Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Russia, returning by the way of Poland and Germany to France. On his return to France from the North of Eu-

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rope, and when his family expected to hear of his embarkation for home, he suddenly took passage on board a steamer at Marseilles for Egypt, by the way of Malta. He landed at Alexandria, visited Cairo, ascended the Nile as far as Thebes. He returned home in the latter part of 1836. Prior to his return, some of his letters written from Scio, in Greece, and other places, were published, by the request of his friends, in a magazine, edited by Mr. Charles F. Hoffman, and were generally copied in the papers of the day. In 1837 he published his first work, entitled, "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea and the Holy Land." This was followed, in 1838, by "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland." Of the former 21,000 copies have been printed, and of the latter 12,000. These works were republished in London, and received favorable notice from the reviewers.

In 1839, he was recommended to Governor Seward for the appointment of Agent of this State to visit Holland, for the purpose of collecting records of our colonial history; but, being opposed by the Whigs in the legislature, he did not receive the nomination, which was conferred on Mr. Brodhead. About that time Mr. Van Buren, being then President, gave him the appointment of Special Ambassador to Central America, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with that country. On his return to the United States he prepared a third work, entitled, "Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan;" it appeared in June, 1841. Of this 15,000 copies have been printed. While on this mission his attention was first turned to a passage across the Isthmus of Darien.

In 1842 he again visited Yucatan, and published, in 1843, the result of his labors in another work, entitled, "Incidents of Travel in Yucatan." Of this latter work 9,750 copies have been printed.

In 1846 he was chosen a delegate from the city of New-York, to the State Convention of New-York to revise the Constitution. He was nominated by the Democrats, but on account of his popularity was also placed on the Whig ticket. He introduced, and advocated the provision for a Conciliation Court, which was adopted by that body. In 1847, the subject of ocean steam navigation greatly attracted the public attention. England had the monopoly of this mode of conveyance. It was said, America could not compete with her in navigating the Ocean with steam. She had neither the capital, nor could she build vessels and machinery of sufficient strength and power—Mr



Stephens became deeply interested in the project, and a charter was obtained from the State of New-York, incorporating The Ocean Steam Navigation Company in the city of New-York. Of this Company Mr. S. was a director, and the result of the enterprise, were the steam-ships Washington and Hermann. The former made the first trip, and proceeded from the port of New-York to Southampton, England, and thence to Bremer-Haven, the port of the city of Bremen, Germany. Mr. S. embarked in the Washington, on this her first trip, and had the happiness of seeing an experiment in which he felt so deep an interest successfully carried out. He was present at the felicitations offered at the different ports, and at Bremen the excitement on her arrival was intense. The thunder of cannon, and tumultuous rejoicing of every kind greeted her arrival, amid much speechifying, in which Mr. S. took a prominent part. This decided the question of America's competition with England, in Ocean Steam Navigation. He returned to England to meet the Washington by way of Hamburg, Berlin, &c., visited Humboldt, at Potsdam, and published in the Literary World an account of his visit to this distinguished traveller and philosopher, entitled "An Hour with Humboldt."

He took a strong and active interest in the Hudson River Railroad, and warmly supported its claims in a speech at the Merchants' Exchange, in the city of New-York.

In 1849, he became one of the associates of the Panama Railroad Company, and one of its most zealous advocates. About 1st July, 1849, the Company was organized, and Mr. S. was chosen its Vice-President. In the ensuing autumn he visited the Isthmus, and Panama, for the purpose of inspecting the route; from Panama he went to Bogota, the capital of New Granada, and concluded an arrangement with that Government most favorable to the interests of the road. On the journey on mule-back to Bogota he met with a very severe accident, by the falling of his mule. His spine was very much wrenched, and it was with the utmost pain and difficulty that he reached Bogota. On his arrival there he was obliged to take to his bed, lie in one position, and thus carry on amid the most violent pain and anguish of body, all his communications with the Congress of the New Granadian Government. This accident may have helped to impair his health, or at least to make him more susceptible of disease. Certain it is, he never recovered entirely from its effects.\* He re-

turned home by the way of Carthagena, whence he took a steamer for the United States. On his way back he stopped at the Island of Jamaica, and made a flying circuit of that beautiful island. So much was he struck with its natural beauties, and the moral and social aspects growing out of its present anomalous condition, viz., the abolition of slavery, that it is believed he made some very considerable notes of incidents with a view to future publication. On his return to New-York, and upon the resignation of Mr. Thomas W. Ludlow, then President, Mr. S. was appointed in his place, and assumed the duties of President of the Panama Railroad Company. To the duties of this office all his energies, mental and physical, were bent. The two following winters of 1850-1 and 1851-2, he visited the Isthmus and personally superintended the work and progress of the road. To this great work he devoted himself; his zeal was as conspicuous as his hopes in its success were firm and unwavering. On his return in the Spring of 1852, he seemed in as good if not better health than usual, and so continued for six or eight weeks, when he was attacked by a disease of the liver, which developed itself in an abscess, and after an illness of about four months, in almost continued pain and suffering, terminated his life.

As a literary man, the contributions of Mr. Stephens were in the department of travels alone; his observations however had extended over a field so wide in both hemispheres, that his countrymen were wont to call him "the American traveller." And so unstudied, familiar and agreeable was his mode of telling what he had seen, that those who had ever listened to his verbal relation of his "Incidents of Travel," had the man perfectly before them as they read his lively pages. Perhaps there never lived a writer less ambitious of producing an impression by the mere graces of "style;" or one more wilfully and blissfully ignorant of the petty artificial devices, the little tricks of literary composition, by which small writers sometimes contrive to make a shallow rivulet of thought meander over a large field of letters. In truth, he eschewed trickery of all kinds, and was as incapable of employing it when he wrote, as he was of carrying it into the business transactions of life. And it is precisely this naturalness of manner, added to the truthfulness of his character, which have made his writings so universally popular. With a quick and keen observation, an appreciative and good-natured sense of the

\* From Bogota he was carried in a chair constructed on purpose, supported on pillows, and carried on the shoulders of men to the steamer on the Carthagena river.

ludicrous, and a remarkable faculty of retaining vividly to the last the freshness of first impressions, he sat down and told his story with the pen very much as he would have told it to his intimates with the tongue, had he encountered them just after emerging from one of his many adventures.

It happened to the writer of these lines to meet him in London on his return homeward from his eastern travels, when he had no expectation of becoming an author (though for the sake of his friends he had kept memoranda of his observations); and many an hour was agreeably occupied in listening to his stories, particularly of his journey through Idumea, related almost precisely as they were afterwards given to the world. Indeed the publication of his first volumes of travels afforded a remarkable proof of the intrinsic worth of the book, as well as a most unexpected and gratifying instance of literary success: that which was prepared, chiefly for the sake of personal friends, passed rapidly through several editions; and a work unheralded by previous laudatory announcement, and not bearing on its title-page a name established in the world of letters, obtained, by virtue of its contents alone, a wide-spread celebrity, and conferred on its author the character of a popular American writer.

It was not learned, but it was truthful and intelligible to the mass of readers, and this insured its success. We are inclined to believe that the unexpected reception of this first attempt, made our author a traveller on our own continent. In repeated conversations with the present writer, the attention of Mr. Stephens was called to the ruins of Guatemala and Yucatan, as represented in the works of Del Rio and Waldeck. His was just the enthusiasm of character to be captivated by the thought of explorations where so little was known; and his diplomatic appointment to Guatemala by President Van Buren afforded him precisely the field he wanted, with the advantages his work might derive from official station. He used laughingly to say that he travelled over all Guatemala looking for the government to which he was accredited, and which he never could find; while his journeyings enabled him to discover something which would probably prove more interesting to his countrymen than any diplomatic correspondence. And it was more interesting, not merely to his countrymen, but to the learned of Europe also. His travels in Central America and Yucatan are unquestionably the richest contribution ever made by any one man to the subject of American Antiquities.

Those who knew him are aware that he possessed in an eminent degree, many, if not all the requisites necessary for precisely such a work as he had undertaken. His single deficiency was, that he had not had time to acquire the learning of a well read antiquary. But he had all things else that were needed. Sustained by his enthusiasm, he could and would endure an incredible amount of bodily fatigue; his perseverance was indomitable; indeed energy of character was probably the strongest element of his nature. He possessed also, with a large knowledge of men, extraordinary tact in his intercourse with them, and a courage, moral and physical, which nothing could daunt. To this we may add, an ever-ready power of accommodating himself to circumstances, and making the best of them, with a good humor that laughed at inconveniences when they were remediless, and a generous kindness of heart, prompt to respond to human suffering. He had large sympathies with his kind. There was about him, too, a truthfulness which made its impression even on the shortest acquaintance. Every one, therefore, who knew him was satisfied that he would use no traveller's privilege; that what he related as facts within his own knowledge might be implicitly relied on, even to the measurement of an inch in the length of a wall. These were the qualities which he carried into the work of an explorer among our buried cities; and the results of the employment of these qualities, told in his own unpretending manner, often relieved by an outbreak of his quick sense of the ludicrous, have made, and will long continue to make, his books of American travels a source at once of information and amusement, that will last until a fresher interest is created by fresh explorations and newer discoveries; but let who will succeed him in the field, not one will be more truthful than John L. Stephens.

His life was spent in action; and it is a sad thought that the very enthusiasm and energy which formed in him such marked characteristics, probably contributed, in no small degree, to send him to the grave at the comparatively early age of forty-seven. His travels in Central America subjected him to exposure and disease, of which, at the time, he thought less than they deserved. They doubtless gave to his constitution a blow which but little fitted it to encounter fresh exposure on the Isthmus of Panama, whither he was led by the same unconquerable energy and perseverance which had marked his previous career. The great work of connecting the two oceans proceeded to

slowly for his enthusiastic nature. He saw its importance, and resolved that it should be finished speedily. As President of the Company he repaired in person to the spot, and enduring toil, and exposure, and sickness, returned

home but to die; but he has left his mark upon the age in which he lived. The railroad is nearly completed, and the first iron track between the Atlantic and Pacific is henceforth indelibly connected with the name of John L. Stephens.

#### FASHION.

A PORTRAIT of my grandmother hangs upon my parlor wall. It was taken at least sixty-five years since, and represents the venerable lady, whom I remember in my childhood, in spectacles and comely cap, as a young and blooming girl. She is sitting upon an old-fashioned sofa, by the side of a prim aunt of hers, and with her back to the open window. Her costume is quaint, but handsome. It consists of a cream-colored dress made high in the throat, ruffled around the neck, and over the bosom and the shoulders. The waist is just under her shoulders, and the sleeves are tight, tighter than any of our coat sleeves, and also ruffled at the wrist. Around the plump and rosy neck, which I remember as shrivelled and sallow, and hidden under a decent lace handkerchief, hangs, in the picture, a necklace of large ebony beads. There are two curls upon the forehead, and the rest of the hair flows away in ringlets down her neck. The hands hold an open book: the eyes look up from it with tranquil sweetness, and through the open window behind you see a quiet landscape,—a hill, a tree, the glimpse of a river, and a few peaceful summer clouds. Often in my younger days, when my grandmother sat by the fire after dinner lost in thought,—perhaps remembering the time when the picture was a portrait—I have curiously compared her wasted face with the blooming beauty of the girl, and tried to detect the likeness. It was strange how the resemblance would sometimes appear: how, as I gazed and gazed upon her old face, age disappeared before my eager glance, as snow melts in the sunshine, revealing the flowers of a forgotten spring.

It was saddest of all to see my grandmother herself contemplating the portrait. The story is told of old Wycherly, the wit and dramatist, that when his brief day

of popular homage was over, he called, in his decay, for the full-wigged portrait taken when he was the fashion, and wrote under it "*quantum mutatus ab illo!*" Alas! how changed from that! The feeling in the superannuated man about town seems hardly genuine, and like every thing those men did, has a slight theatrical air. But it was touching to see my grandmother steal quietly up to her portrait, on still summer mornings when every one had left the house, and I, the only child, played, disregarded, and look at it wistfully and long. She held her hand over her eyes to shade them from the light that streamed in at the window, and I have seen her stand at least a quarter of an hour gazing steadfastly at the picture. She said nothing, she made no motion, she shed no tear, but when she turned away there was always a pensive sweetness in her face that made it not less lovely than the face of her youth. I have learned since what her thoughts must have been,—how that long, wistful glance annihilated time and space, how forms and faces unknown to any other, rose in sudden resurrection around her,—how she loved, suffered, struggled and conquered again; how many a jest that I shall never hear, how many a game that I shall never play, how many a song that I shall never sing, were all renewed and remembered as my grandmother contemplated her picture.

My own thoughts were of a very different character. I, too, used to study that portrait, but my aim was to discover why it made my old friend look unlike any young person I had ever seen. Had it been the likeness of Helen or of Aspasia, I said to myself, when I began to study Greek, it would not be surprising that it did not resemble my cousin Maude, but why Maude's grandmother less than seventy years ago should look like no girl I

ever saw, was a great mystery to me. It was none the less so when Smith took me to his father's house to see the "family portraits." Among these there were some of the same strange young women, and I racked my fancy again, to discover why they were so different from our young women. Smith suddenly explained the whole mystery.

"What an odd, old-fashioned style of dress," said Smith.

It was a very obvious remark, and so was the fact of gravitation very obvious before the apple hit Newton on the nose. I looked at my grandmother's picture with new eyes, and saw why a human being, of the female species, sixty years ago was so entirely different from the same creature now. Fashion was the Magician. Fashion was the great commander who said "wear ruffles," and they were worn; "elevate the waist," and it was elevated; "powder the hair," and it was powdered. For a few days after Smith's remark, it really seemed as if fashion were the secret of history. Had Marshal Turenne marched to victory in the uniform of the "Light-Guard," or that of "Duryee's Regiment," I trembled to think how much prestige he would necessarily lose. The horse-hair wig and the polished armor began to seem too large a part of Marshal Turenne; and as I pondered on the portraits of the beautiful ladies of the Court, they seemed to me only paint, patch, and scratch. Then those Elizabethan towers upon the head! How gladly my fancy fled from them and rested contentedly in the close, comely, Grisette-ish little cap of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Who makes the fashion then, since so much depends upon it? That is a question which I cannot get answered. My philosophical friends have their theories about it. Flamingo, in his lofty way, says that every fashion has a profound significance, and that if you could really see the reasons of things as you walk down Broadway, you would enjoy in a sedate and instructive manner the glittering varieties of costume,—in fact, he says, you would distil a drop of the honey of wisdom from every flower of folly that blooms in that gay parterre.

"Exactly," I say to Flamingo, "but you miss the point. Here comes my cousin Maude in her new suit of furs. She follows the fashion which, this winter, prescribes small muffs. You see she can scarcely squeeze those darling hands into that bit of a muff, which is no larger than a good-sized cuff. Now what, pray, is the 'profound significance' of that absurdity of my cousin Maude's?"

"Well," says Flamingo, "I suppose the significance of carrying a muff in winter, is to keep the hands warm. The size is a matter of convenience."

"Not at all; it is a matter of whim, or of fashion, which only concerns the form, and has nothing to do with the essence. Last winter Maude carried a muff as large as a bearskin, and next winter she will wear thread-gloves, if it is the fashion."

And it is the truth. Flamingo can never get any nearer to his profound reason in fashion than this, that people imitate the dress of one whom they acknowledge as a leader, just as boys imitate the handwriting, and collegians the rhetorical style of certain persons whom they admire. Fashion is a kind of hero-worship, he says. "Poetical young men turn down their collars and drink gin and water because Childe Harold did it." Fashion is imitation founded in genuine reverence. Your tailor pads and puffs and squeezes, says philosophical Flamingo. Why does he do it? To make your figure somewhat resemble what is called the ideal figure of the Apollo, or some other type of fine manly form. The individual tailor knows nothing of this principle, but nevertheless, that is the reason of the pigeon-breasted waistcoats and the stuffed coats which he makes. Fine tailoring co-operates with fine arts, says Flamingo. It tries to make a man as handsome as a statue.

But this, I confess, seems to me seeing much more in a picture than the painter meant. I will not deny that it is often truly so, and that there is beauty in a work, according as it is seen, and even more and a different beauty than was intended. Yet I still recur to the inquiry, Who makes the fashion? because I cannot believe that there is any very profound reason for my trowers being cut straight this winter, when they lapped a little over the foot a year ago. Nor do I fancy there is any especial mystery in the fact that the skirts of my street-coat must now hang to the calves of my legs, when last year they scarcely fell below my waist. What would induce my cousin Maude to receive visitors this morning in the costume of my grandmother's portrait? Yet it is much more simple and picturesque than any thing Maude will wear. The only reason she can give is, that it is "out of fashion." Who put it out? And who, from time to time, continues to put "out of fashion" what is graceful and picturesque, and to put "in fashion" very graceless and clumsy contrivances? The other day my aunt Jane entertained the little folk who came to take tea with Clara by coming down in her bridal hat.

There was one burst of laughter from young and old. "You may laugh," said aunt Jane, smiling, "but when I went to church, after my marriage, in that hat, I assure you it was the envy and despair of the whole town; and, by next Sunday, the church was full of all kinds of imitations of it." When the little people came to take leave of aunt Jane, she said to them, "Keep the bonnets you are wearing to-night for twenty years, and then you will laugh as heartily at them as you do at my bridal hat to night." Should we not? Here is Claude Fay in the very plenitude of this winter's fashion. Let him walk down Broadway twenty, or ten years hence in this suit, which to-day all we young men envy and admire so much, if he dare!

Not many years ago our mothers all wore leg-of-mutton sleeves,—stiff, starched, clumsy wings, opposed to every feeling of propriety and sense of beauty. Then came the sleeves puffed about the shoulder and upper part of the arm. Aunt Jane, I remember, used to wear under-sleeves, or circular cushions, stuffed with down, or feathers, or something else, to make the puff of the outer sleeve sufficiently prominent; they used to sit in these deformed dresses, and laugh by the hour over Queen Anne's hoops and heels, and the Chinese coiffure of Louis XIV's ladies. And to-day at dinner, as cousin Maude held her plate for a cut of roast turkey, and dipped her falling-lace under-sleeve into a dish of gravy, and then dragged it over the table-cloth, she was shouting with laughter at the idea of my mother in those other sleeves. Maude hates the Bloomers, because they are contemporary, but merely derides the high heels and short skirts of earlier days. This she did vehemently one day last week, as I escorted her up the Fifth Avenue, and, at the same moment, her skirts were sweeping the mud and offal of the street, to the great saving of the scavenger's salary, but, unhappily, to the great disgust of every decent person. "My dear coz," Maude says to me, "one must be in the fashion." "But who makes it?" inquire I desperately. "Don't be a fool, John," she replies, and from this pious devotee, I can get no other account of the goddess.

After such little passages with her, I stroll slowly homeward to my bachelor cigar, and wonder why Maude will be so subservient to Fashion. But often enough I turn upon myself, and demand if I am not equally so, if we are not all more orthodox in that faith than in any other. I say to myself, Would you now wear Farmer Bullock's bell-crowned beaver down Broadway? Would you go to Mrs. Bounce's

ball to-night, in the coat your father was married in? You remember it, with the long swallow tail, and the lappets upon the waist; or would you even wear the waistcoat you wore to her first ball, seven years ago? Being a young man, I naturally say, no. Or if Claude Fay, who is a lover of my cousin Maude's, wished to secure her favor, would he be likely to array himself in a "green, half-trimmed frock and breeches, lined with silk" or a "Queen's blue dress suit," or "a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin," or even a "pair of silk stocking-breeches, and another pair of a bloom-color?" Yet Oliver Goldsmith donned all this gear to win the smiles of the Jessamy Bride. And, cousin Maude! the Jessamy Bride found it "impossible not to love and respect his goodness of heart." She thought less of the ratteen coat, than the true human heart it covered, and when he, who, in his credulous and childlike way, had loved and honored her, lay dead in his solitary room, the Jessamy Bride carried from his coffin a lock of the poet's hair.

Now, why would not Claude Fay wear what Oliver Goldsmith wore? Simply and only, because it is not the fashion. And why shouldn't it be the fashion to wear bloom-colored breeches now? Is it, after all, more than a whim? Has fashion any deeper foundation than the love of change? I find myself in October giving away all the cravats I bought in June. They are quite as handsome as then, and would be equally available for the next season. But I have done with them, I am tired of them. My younger brother, Hal, may wear them, but I would rather go through next summer in a black silk ribbon, than use the ties I liked so much this season. I doubt if you can make more of it than love of change. Uncle Solomon and his set were great judges of wine. At least, they said so, and I know that they were great drinkers. I dined often at uncle's table and saw much of the set. They swore by Madeira. Sherry was a thin, woman's wine; and they quaffed foaming glasses of the sparkling ruby liquor. This was ten years ago. How they laughed at Clarence's death in a butt of Malmsey. "Why," said Uncle Solomon, "a man who loved such a wine deserved no better fate." "There couldn't be but one worse fate than being drowned in Malmsey," said jolly old bottle-nosed Crabtoe, Uncle Sol's partner. "And what is that?" asked I timorously, "Why, drowning Malmsey in yourself" cried Crabtoe. Falstaff and his friends fared no better. "Sack and sugar," said another of this dogmatic crew, "oh! Lord!" So they drained their Madeira, and cracked their nuts. Wine-drinking, I



inferred, was a matter of taste and not of fashion: or, perhaps, of country. But I devoutly clung to Madeira and the Crabtoe doctrines, and when I heard from a young friend, that his father, who had lived several years in England, always drank Sherry to his dinner, I grieved for his father, as for a man who had become uncivilized. The next time I dined with Uncle Solomon, I spoke of French wines, and German and Italian wines. They were damned directly. They were "stuff" and "execrable" and "women's wine," and many other disagreeable things. Madeira was the wine for a man. "Amen," thundered Crabtoe, but broke off suddenly, smarting with a twinge of the gout. "Claret is your gouty wine," cried Uncle Sol. "Your Rhenish is vinegar," said another guest. "And your Italian wines, muddy sweetened water," added a very rich gentleman at the foot of the table, who had never travelled farther than Saratoga.

Uncle Sol. and his set were fairly entitled to their opinion, and might drink what wine they preferred. But why this monstrous contempt and commiseration for other tastes than theirs? Are not sweet Tokay and the Rhenish wines, the wines of history and poetry? Did any old drinking Baron, whose exploits in emptying beakers have made wine-drinking an historic fact, ever condescend to the fire that burned in Uncle Sol.'s ruby Madeira? Would Horace have exchanged a single sip of his exquisite Falernian for a tun of such lava? Was the wine of Cyprus, which old Crabtoe pishes at as cordial, ever drunk by modern traveller without emotion? To hear Uncle Sol. and his set, you would have fancied that no one ever drank wine with understanding, until this blessed club of diners-out met for the purpose. It imposed upon me for a long time, and I had a secret pity for men who did not believe in Madeira. But I presently crossed the sea myself, and discovered what good wine was. I drank the pure vintage of the Rhine, and the Danube, and the Arno, the Sicilian shore, and the broad fields of France; and tasted the grape and its blossom, the sun, the country, and the climate, in each wine I quaffed. I remembered those tables at home flaming with hot wines, and a brief glimpse of cool claret at the end of dinner, introduced as a curiosity. I saw the lithe, mercurial Frenchmen, of all men the most nimble, and who live on claret, and remembered Uncle Sol.'s decree, "Claret is your gouty wine." Uncle Sol., I laughed harder at you than ever you did at Clarence. Well, when I came home after six years' absence, I dined one day with the remnant of the old set. Old Crabtoe's

nose had, in the meanwhile, blossomed so brilliantly, that the set called it the burning bush. "Why don't you take in your sign, Crabtoe?" said Uncle Sol., "good wine needs no bush!" and they all roared again. Yet six years had swept away much prejudice and much wine. I found them drinking Claret, Rhenish, and Sherry, to a man. There was a bottle of very old Madeira introduced as a curiosity, and every man took a thimble-full. But "the staple tipple," as Claude Fay calls it, was light wine. "Light wine's all the go now, my boy," said Uncle Sol. "Why?" said I. "Oh! I don't know: it's the fashion. We don't swig and guzzle as we used to do," replied he.

This seems very ridiculous. Are we mere puppets which this magician Fashion moves at will? Are we lay-figures only, draped by this capricious Fairy? "I will not submit," cried I, "tis unmanly. Peach-bloom breeches are as good as my gray trowsers. I will be bold, I will be free, I will be —"

"Out of the fashion, if you dare," said Claude Fay, who heard me.

And was he not right again? Is it not easier to stretch the truth a little, than to wear a high black-satin stock? Yet that was the top of fashion when the first gentlemen in Europe wore it. Show me a man bold enough to be out of fashion, not for a freak, or a bet, or for an occasion, but, if you choose to say so, upon principle, and I will show you a hero. We none of us like it. We like to have our hats and boots and waistcoats in the fashion. We are averse to having our wives and daughters — how much more our mistresses — say — "oh! how old-fashioned." Nothing more completely describes a man or woman than that term. To say "an old-fashioned gentleman," is to evoke a grave and courtly figure in the mind, with an amplitude of ruffle and a generous coat, bowing, as if bowing were one of the cardinal virtues, and addressing a woman as if he were Solomon's ambassador to the Queen of Sheba. There is a certain quaint grace about it, which is characteristic and winning. The "old-fashioned" manner, like the costume of my grandmother in her portrait, instantly restores the old times and the old society. But you and I study it, and enjoy it, as we do Egyptian specimens. We have no wish to be Pharaoh nor Ptolemy.

Is it not, after all, mere whim? When Uncle Joseph died, Aunt Jane went into prodigious mourning. She was hung in black, like a city at a public funeral. She darkened the sunshine as she walked. Every rustle of her widow's sable shook out gloom. Smiles died upon the face of



children, and in their play they regarded her coming with terror, as haymakers a rising thunder-cloud. Aunt Jane's widowhood, merely from those clouds of darkness round about her, is an inky blot upon my memory. Why did she swathe herself so solemnly? "To manifest the gloom of her feelings, and the night of sorrow which had swallowed up the day of her happiness," responds Flamingo, the philosopher. But have the Chinese no feeling, then? Are "Celestial" widows so gay at their Lords' decease that they must show it to all the world, by donning white? If you come to philosophy, white is the absence of color as much as black; and, religiously, it seems to me that it is as well for the widow to show her faith and resignation by indicating symbolically that her spouse has gone to heaven, as that she is broken-hearted. At least, our neighbors of the Antipodes have as much reason for their white as we for our black. The truth is, Aunt Jane entombed herself in sables, because it is the fashion. Had it been the habit to mourn in green, do you not know that my Aunt Jane would have been a perfect pea?

'Tis fashion that makes cowards of us all. A belle's face in the bonnet of a score of years since, was like a rose at the bottom of a coal-scuttle. Now it stands forth from her bonnet, like that rose bursting from the bud. I consider that we are the gainers. But I am not very turbulent in my joy, for I wonder whether the next freak will not be to cover the face with the oriental Yashmak, leaving one eye only to beam soft splendor through that terrible eclipse. It is fashion that rules us, not taste, not beauty, not the becoming, nor the picturesque. I like the Rubens hat, I think it graceful and handsome. It harmonizes with my face, my moustache and beard. I would wear the Rubens hat if I dared. But if I should go down Nassau-street to-morrow morning in that hat, my mercantile credit would suffer. Claude Fay is a lawyer; that is, he hires a room in William-street, and puts "Claude Fay, Attorney at Law," upon the door. Claude hates the law and adores dancing. But he doesn't dare to grow a moustache. His uncle told him that a moustache was without precedent in the profession, and would ruin his prospects. But I make Claude's mouth water by telling him of the silken splendors that drape the lips of French and Italian advocates.

"Poor Claude," you say, and so do I. But we are all in the same ship. I cannot make much of it. Why does old Uncle Sol. insist upon drinking Rhenish out of green glasses? The wine tastes no bet-

ter. It has no beauty, then, but a dirty green color. The golden amber of Marobrunner and the pale hue of Liebfraumilch, are all forced to show the same. But Uncle Sol. would fight rather than not drink his "Hock," as he calls it, out of a green glass. Crabtoe has the same freak about his delicate Sherry. Wine that a few years since was too weak to dilute water, as he expressed it, he now exposes for years in his attic with nothing but a bit of gauze over the mouth of the demi-john, so that what little original fire there was, exhales, and when it is decanted and brought to table, Crabtoe will not drink it, nor will he let any body else drink it, except out of the thinnest smooth glass, with a wisp of a stem. "It enhances the delicacy of the wine, sir," says Crabtoe. "Delicate wine!" says Gawl, his Boston friend, "I call it ether. What do you drink such stuff for?" "Stuff!" cries Crabtoe, "it costs me a hundred dollars the dozen." I drink it out of a tumbler, and it is just as delicate. Let old Crabtoe try a little water out of thin and thick glasses, and see if he discovers any difference. They all iced their Claret, when it first came, and no wine could be cold enough. Now they say that ice numbs the wine and destroys the flavor, and that Claret should be of the same temperature as that of the room in which it is drunk. Catch John Bull drinking half-and-half out of any thing but pewter! If you ask him why not, he mumbles some indistinct science about "galvanic action," between the liquid and the metal, a statement which he knows, and we all know, is of the same scientific dignity, as the medical practice of the old woman who transfers rheumatism to apple-trees. Metal was a more economical ware for the ale-house than glass, and thus economy set the fashion.

And I confess, too, that it is pleasanter to drink ale out of a tankard, and fine wine from delicate glass. Yet you, on your part, must confess that it is only a whim of fancy—a mere matter of taste. And this would be enough to explain the fashion, if, unfortunately, the experience of fashion did not show that to-morrow the whole thing may be reversed, and we may be all drinking Claret out of black mugs, and ale from glass. In Germany, Bavarian beer is drunk from glass tankards, and Lager-bier is kept in earthen bottles. It is melancholy to see how we are bandied about, how impossible it is to get a foothold upon the fact of this mystery.

And yet, could it be calculated, it would cease to charm, perhaps to sway. The tailor in Paris, whose audacious hand dares cut my trousers shorter or longer, broader or narrower, has already effected

a revolution. The legs of farthest America are affected by that bold stroke. Whole wardrobes, now unconscious, are antiquated by that deviation from the old rule. When my fellow-traveller Lorraine passed through Paris on his way to Italy, he ordered a host of waistcoats. Lorraine was enamored of the French mode, and, like other lovers, indiscreet. Six months afterwards, those garments reached Rome, and Lorraine saw, with cold perspiration, that he could not wear them. Probably it was upon the very last day of the old fashion that he had ordered those unhappy clothes. The next morning M. Blanc arose to fulfil his mission and "inaugurate a new era" of waistcoats. What had been yesterday an inch, became an ell to day. The peaceful revolution was accomplished, but Lorraine's waistcoats were the innocent sufferers.

Flamingo, the philosophical, indulges in one startling theory. Personal modesty, he says, as distinguished from the genuine instinct, is altogether a matter of fashion. Thus our grandmothers shuddered more at the idea of showing their ears, than our sisters their ankles. In the East a woman shields her face from observation, at all hazards, whatever other part of her person may be exposed. Ladies and gentlemen in Queen Anne's time talked, read and wrote with a luscious breadth of style that is altogether too cloying for modern taste (says Flamingo); and they listened to plays which no decent woman would now care to read. "And to bring the matter a little closer," said Flamingo to Claude Fay at Mrs. Bounce's ball, "why should any girl here complain of any habit of any time, when even your friend Miss Maude is draped around the neck with such generous parsimony?"

Fashion is but a whim of form, then. There is the universal instinct of modesty, but its expression varies. There is the universal necessity of clothing, but its material and its arrangement differ with countries and times. Only certain New Zealand chiefs can wear particular feathers; only certain warriors be tattooed in a peculiar way. The change of fashion has no deeper foundation than restlessness and quick satiety. My grandmother's aunt in the portrait stepped stately in the minuet, my cousin Maude hops and quivers in the redowa and polka. Herodias dan-

ced in a way unknown to us. The Egyptian Ghawazee's ballet is a singular gymnastic, full of expression, and all over the European continent the national and characteristic dances have each their charm and individuality. Here, upon the avenues, or in any street from 4th to 40th, we elaborate the Schottish upon a stretched linen, in rooms as rich as we know how to make them, in the glare of gas, the softer brilliancy of wax, and amid intoxicating clouds of whirling lace and muslin, and the thick breath of exotic flowers. Three hundred years ago, wild red Indians, painted yellow and green, with equal frenzy threaded the mazes of their dances, and held rude festival. The difference is a change of fashion—nothing more. The instinct was the same in the first of the Mohicans and in the last girl "out." We all laugh at fashion, but we take care not to sin against it. "What an intolerable vanity," says Uncle Sol. of the balls to which Maude drags him. But Uncle Sol. squeezes his feet into patent leather boots and his hands into kid-gloves, puts on a black suit and a white shirt, and proceeds to Martyrdom. Uncle Sol. is wise. It is better to submit. No man will wisely try to wear woollen clothes in the fervors of the Dog-star, nor to saunter up Niagara. It is a mortifying thing, if you please, that the master is mastered; that man, who is the head of nature, must submit to such dumb forces as the sun and Niagara.

Muse to the last upon the mortification, but while you muse you submit. The image of my grandmother contemplating her picture shall take the sting from that submission. Upon those still Summer mornings, though she stood withered and wan in a plain black silk gown, a close cap and spectacles, and held her shrunken and blue-veined hand to shield her eyes, yet, as she gazed with that long and wistful glance, upon the blooming beauty that had faded from her form for ever under that flowing hair and that rosy cheek—the immortal fashions of youth and health—and beneath those many ruffles and that quaint high waist—the fashions of the day—she recognized the same true and loving woman. If her face was pensive as she turned away, it was because truth and love are, in their essence, for ever young; and it is the hard condition of nature that they cannot always appear so.

## OUR YOUNG AUTHORS.

## I.

MITCHELL.

THE author of the "Reveries" is a natural man,—of course we speak of him as he appears in his books. He does not pad, or stuff, or wear fustian, or carry a long rapier which is always getting between the legs of its owner. His curls are his own, his color is his own, his breath is sweet, and his smile is pleasant. He is not, to be sure, very grand or forcible. He is no Farnese Hercules, with great huge muscles of thought standing out in bold relief from his form. But he is the Antinous of the Fireside, graceful, delicate and dreamy. He well named his book "Reveries." Dreamland appears to have descended to him by some territorial right, and he wanders with the free step of an owner among his shadowy possessions. Judging from his books, Mitchell is a very impressionable man. His nature is, as it were, iodised, and registers, with the sensitive accuracy of a daguerreotype, every passing light and shade of such characters as come within his sphere. But unlike the daguerreotype, he is not universal. We find in his pictures, no huge granitic masses, such as Hawthorne loves to fling at his canvases, careless where they stick, or what they deface. He paints only the gentle, the grieving, and the beautiful. A mother weeping over the grave of her son of fifteen summers; a husband stealing with soft step, modulated voice, and imprisoned agony, round the death-bed of his young wife; a love-scene between a youth and maiden, where passion exhales itself into a dreamy mist, enveloping them both and softening their outlines to our vision till they melt away in a cloud of splendor, and leave us pleased, but unsatisfied: these, and such similar subjects, does the author of the "Reveries" depict. How long they are going to last, time only can tell. Like those angelic heads that Sir Joshua Reynolds painted, the delicate colors may fleet, and leave nothing after them but deathlike memories.

Mr. Mitchell, in his books, has dreams within dreams. He dreams of a hero, who dreams in turn of himself, or some one else in whom he is interested, and so rolls an endless chain of reveries, like the long perspective of receding mirrors, that we see when we place two looking-glasses face to face. This produces, in the end, a most unsatisfactory result. We see no *Finis*, nor ever will see one. All is vague, sliding and unfinished. A weary panorama,

beautifully painted, passes before us, but it has no end, and after a time all features and scenery melt into pretty, unsubstantial clouds. We long to see one good solid rock or tree on which to fasten our attention, but there is none. Like Alciphron we swing in air and darkness, and know not whither the wind blows us.

In his "Lorgnette, or Studies of the Town," Mr. Mitchell has essayed dealing with social realities, more than in his other or later works. Sometimes he succeeds in hitting off a character very fairly, but we see in a little while that analytic humor is not his *forte*. Give him a heart suffocating with tenderness or grief, and he will lay its secrets bare with exquisite gentleness and skill, and have some little anodyne of his own to lay upon the wound afterwards; but the broad, grinning mask of every-day life, is too coarse for him to handle. Farce turns the edge of his delicate scalpel, and we feel instinctively that he had better let it alone altogether. Master Timon, coming home to his boarding-house, and talking about belaced dandies, and painted, fashionable ladies, does not interest us half as much as the "Bachelor" in his lonely New England farm-house, dreaming sweetly in his arm-chair, and seeing numberless faces, and romances, and recollections, in the white ashes of the pine-logs.

Mr. Mitchell does not bear reading from cover to cover. The want of sustained interest in his books, and the very fragmentary manner in which he arranges them, are indeed unfavorable to a continuous perusal. He is to be taken bit by bit. When you have been all day long slaving at some hard, dry business, that chokes up all kindly sympathies, and parches every secret spring, come home, put on your dressing-gown, place a cup of delicate French chocolate on a table near you, and read the third chapter of the "Reveries of a Bachelor." When you have finished it, be sure your heart will be no longer arid. If nothing else freshens the soil, your tears will at least fall there, and there is no dew so invigorating to our natures as that which we weep ourselves.

But Mr. Mitchell cannot be read entire. There is a sameness about their very perfections that wearies us as we go on. They are the champagne lands of sentiment; beautiful levels over which an hour's gallop or a day's meditation is charming. But to stay there for any length of time,

induces terrible lassitude, and mental depression. This arises from the almost feminine delicacy of Mr. Mitchell's nature. He takes us captive with those gentle spells for which the sex are famous, and we like to dally for awhile with the sweet thoughts that he whispers to us, and to daintily taste of the rich, ripe fruits that he has spread upon the board. But like Rinaldo in Armida's garden, such pleasures are soon exhausted, and we sigh for the sterner fields of thought that we forsook to join him in his dalliance. Most young American authors of the sentimental school, have one model whom they follow in their first flights. They could scarce have one purer or better than Washington Irving; but it would be better for their originality if they contemplated rather than copied him. There can be little doubt, on looking over Mr. Mitchell's books, of his having been inspired by the author of the Sketch Book. He has much of the rounded gentleness of Irving in his construction, with considerable grandiloquence, which is his own. He has a Bulwerian affection for capital letters and resonant sentences. Though his ideas are seldom forced or conceited, he is exceedingly anxious to present them to you with their best foot foremost. He dresses them up in their shiniest clothes, and groups them after the most approved models. He occasionally, however, draws inspiration from other sources besides the writings of Mr. Irving. In his "Fresh Gleanings" occurs a passage which bears so singular a resemblance to Sterne's famous chapter of "the Monk," that we cannot help thinking that Mr. Mitchell travelled in Styria and Carinthia with the Sentimental Journey in his pocket. The passage which we refer to runs as follows, and is entitled

BEGGAR-BOYS.

"At the very first stopping-place after we had gone over the hills, there came up to me such a winning little beggar as never took my money before. Italy, with all its *Carità*, and *peŕ amore de Santa Maria*, makes one hard-hearted. I kept my money in my breast-pocket, buttoned tight over my heart. I had learned to walk boldly about, without loosing a button for a pleading eye. The little Hungarian rogue took me by surprise; I had scarce seen him before he walked straight up beside me, and took my hand in both his, and kissed it; and then, as I looked down, lifted his eye timidly up to meet mine; and he grew bolder at the look I gave him, and kissed my hand again,—"*Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telus*." And if I suffer this, I shall be conquered, thought I; and looked down

at him sternly. He dropped my hand, as if he had been too bold; he muttered two or three sweet words of his barbarian tongue, and turned his eyes all swimming upon me, with a look of gentle reproach that subdued me at once. I did not even try to struggle with the enemy, but unbuttoned my coat and gave him a handful of kreitzers."

Is not there a strange resemblance between the poor Franciscan and the little Hungarian mendicant? Does not Mr. Mitchell button up his pockets very much like Laurence Sterne? Does he not relent afterwards, just as that sentimentalizing divine relented? It is a very pretty picture, Mr. Mitchell, only that Sterne had it first!

The book of Mr. Mitchell's, which, in the eyes of the world and ourselves best exemplifies the peculiar beauties of his style, is the "Reveries of a Bachelor." It is, as we said before, desultory and fragmentary in its nature; but in it there are some tender Greuze-like pictures, that it does one good to study. Melancholy is the key-note of the book; but it is subdued and richly toned. No querulous wailing or mad laments; but a sad *Æolian* harp, over which a Summer wind, laden with the breath of flowers, sweeps, drawing forth a mellow sorrow. The Bachelor mourns like an epicurean, who makes even his melancholy pleasurable; who gazes with a voluptuous grief on the form of the dead. He stands by the bier, cithern in hand, and laments musically; wreaths of violets and lilies lie on the pavement. He picks them up, and twines them around the corpse, and covers the pall with perfume. He mourns as a pastime, and illuminates the book of Death. It is soft, gentle, low, almost effeminate, and one longs every now and then for some fierce, passionate burst of grief, such as tears from the choking throat of Philoctetes, or like what Lear howls forth under the impending shadows of madness and desolation. Witness the following passage from "The Reveries." A young couple lose their only child; the shock bears the wife down, and she sinks slowly into consumption.

"But the trial comes:—colder and colder were growing the embers.

"That wife, over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading;—that, now that your heart is wrapped up in her being, would be nothing.

"She sees with quick eye your dawning apprehension, and she tries hard to make that stay of hers elastic.

"Your trials and your loves together

have centred your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, wide-spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a purer tone and touch. They cannot shoot out tendrils into barren world-soil, and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing-glass of home-roof, they will not now bear exposure.

"You do not now look men in the face as if a heart-bond was linking you,—as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart-bond that absorbs all others; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling; when the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon, and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

"And now those particular objects—alas for you!—are failing.

"What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy there is no danger; how she struggles to persuade you there is no danger!

"How it grates now on your ear—the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant, even, when, from the din, you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects; when you had such sweet escape as evening drew on.

"Now it maddens you to see the world careless, while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

"The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul; you wish the laughing street-goers were all undertakers.

"Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house: is he wise, you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? did he never fail? is he never forgetful?

"And now the hand that touches yours, is it no thinner—no whiter than yesterday? Sunny days come, when she revives; color comes back; she breathes freer; she picks flowers; she meets you with a smile; hope lives again.

"But the next day of storm she is fallen. She cannot talk even: she presses your hand.

"You hurry away from business before your time. What matter for clients;—who is to reap the reward? What matter for riches,—whose is the inheritance?

"You find her propped up with pillows; she is looking over a little picture-book bethumbed by the dear boy she has lost. She hides it in her chair; she has pity on you.

"Another day of revival, when the spring sun shines, and flowers open out of doors. She leans on your arm, and strolls into the garden where the first birds are singing. Listen to them with her;—what memories are in bird-songs! You need not shudder at her tears—they are tears of thanksgiving. Press the hand that lies light upon your arm, and you, too, thank God, while yet you may!

"You are early home—mid afternoon; your step is not light, it is heavy, terrible.

"They have sent for you.

"She is lying down; her eyes half closed; her breathing long and interrupted.

"She hears you; her eye opens; you put your hand in hers; yours trembles; hers does not. Her lips move, it is your name.

"'Be strong,' she says, 'God will help you!'

"She presses harder your hand,—  
'Adieu!'

"A long breath—another;—you are alone again, no tears now; poor man! you cannot find them!

"—Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave-clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tip-toe. Does he fear to waken her?

"He asks you a simple question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat-cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door; you dare not speak.

"He takes up his hat and glides out stealthful as a cat.

"The man has done his work well for all. It is a nice coffin—a very nice coffin! Pass your hand over it. How smooth!

"Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonette.

"It is a good stanch table the coffin rests on;—it is your table;—you are a housekeeper—a man of family! Aye, of family! Keep down outcry or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features; is this all that is left of her? And where is your heart now? no, don't thrust your nails into your hand, nor mangle your lips, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep!

"—Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart, has gone out!

"Will you have pleasant evenings at your house now?

"Go into your parlor that your princ. housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks.

"Sit down in your chair, there is another



velvet-cushioned one, over against yours—empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs, as if you would press out something that hurt the brain, but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand, your eye rests upon the flashing blaze.

"Ashes always come after blaze.

"Go now into the room where she was sick—softly, lest the prim housekeeper come after.

"They have put new dimity upon her chair, they have hung new curtains over the bed. They have removed from the stand its phials, and silver bell; they have put a little vase of flowers in their place, the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half opened the window, that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be too cold.

"She is not there.

"Oh, God! thou who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb—be kind!"

This is very sweet, pathetic and tender, but there is a want of manly force about it that impresses us with more melancholy than any of the sad details. The author knocks at our hearts with a muffled hand. His grief glimmers like a twilight, soft, hazy, and indistinct. Some of the fine feelings of a heart in sorrow, are disclosed with quiet precision. But we look upon it rather as a curious operation, than the exposition of a terrible interior. Had Hawthorne been painting such a scene, how differently would he have handled it. Analytic as he is when treating of human sentiments, here he would at once have thrown aside the scalpel, and grasped the subject with nervous, quivering hand, and, Milo-like, rent it asunder. We would have had no gently-sorrowing husband, creeping about the house, with slippers and grief! no girlish sentiment over gilt-edged saucers of mignonette, no feeble reflections about empty chairs.

The husband would have sat massively, like Marius, amid the shattered ruins of his love. The sky would have been black above his head; the wind would have shrieked among the fallen pillars, terrible dissonances of sorrow. There would have been no light in the picture, no trustfulness in the Great End, such as Mr. Mitchell paints. All would have been huge, black, mountainous despair, before which we could not help trembling, and which we could not forget.

If Mr. Mitchell could graft some of this rude oak upon his pale rose-bushes, it would make a delicious mixture. His exquisite appreciation of the gentler human sorrows, his tender consideration of all earthly grief, would gain a new soundness and lustre if backed with some solid ground.

The diamond, plain, unset, is beautiful, but there is a want of depth in its splendor. It is too pure for great effects; one glance goes through it to the other side. Let it be set. Let a solid background be given to it, and it blazes out with surpassing brilliancy. The dark cloud of metal behind is the very cause and origin of its additional splendor. So with Mr. Mitchell. His books are pure to the very core. They are limpid, pellucid streams of thought, flowing in mid-air, with never a bed beneath them. No dark rocks lie at the bottom, no secret channels in the rifted stones whose very mystery invites examination. All is clear, true and transparent, but we find ourselves sighing for some dark unfathomable pool into which we might gaze and wonder, hour upon hour.

Of Mr. Mitchell's "Fresh Gleanings," and "Battle Summer," we would wish to dwell less than on the Reveries. The style in which Mr. Mitchell excels is scarcely suitable to such subjects as the stormy ravings of a mad Parisian mob. Here and there some fine passages strike upon us pleasantly, but the general effect is crude, short-coming and unsatisfactory. He does not deal with Raspail, Blanqui and Rollin, as they should be dealt with. They are too fierce, too headlong, too unsocial, so to speak, for the gentle author of the Reveries to comprehend or sympathize with them. He who painted the wife's death-bed with such mellow sadness is not at home among the barricades, where blood and powder mingle. He who in the Lorgnette painted with a kind of velvety humor the different phases of cultivated life, the dreamer and the scholar, he cannot sit down in a filthy café, filled with Red Republicans, and foul-mouthed *poissonnières*, and crack jokes with them over bad wine, and submit to be slapped on the back by robbers and called "*camarade*." This is not the Bachelor's element, at least was not, when he wrote the two books of which we are speaking. How far he may have lost his dreamy secluded nature since then we know not. The style of "the Battle Summer" is not good, inasmuch as it is not Mr. Mitchell's own. It is a very obvious attempt at the Carlylean style of writing, and we confess that we don't like our author in borrowed clothes. He wears his own so gracefully that we would never wish him to change them. All we would alter is the coat. That might be a little more ample and forcible.

Let Mr. Mitchell, as he values his reputation, write no more "Dream Lives." The Reveries were so beautiful and tender, that it was a sad pity to weaken their effect by so pale a reflex. Besides, such a



style of writing does not bear repetition. A song in the minor is delicious, and fills us with plaintive pleasure. But who would write a whole opera in such a key? Let him strike another chord. There are plenty around him in the world that will yield full rich tones when struck by such a master-hand.

We understand that Mr. Mitchell is at present engaged on a history of Venice—a noble subject, to which he will doubtless do justice,—but let him remember that Venetian history is a dark, sullen picture, and is not to be treated daintily. Crime and mystery and restless ambition hover over those dark, narrow canals

There lingers the memory of a secret, impenetrable power, unsurpassed in the world's history for undeviating, inevitable vengeance. There treachery has left its signet-ring upon the Lions' Stairs, and the Lions' mouths still gape wide for accusations. There Faliero planned his mighty vengeance; there he was defeated and died. There sleep beneath the bright waters of the Laguna, into which no fisherman dare cast his nets, withering skeletons, victims of unknown assassins.

Mr. Mitchell has a stern task before him. Let him go to it with a stalwart pen.

## VIRGINIA

IN A NOVEL FORM.

### CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES AN OLD VIRGINIA FAMILY.

I AM the undistinguished and not very flourishing member of an old Virginia family. I am the daughter of a planter—whose broad acres stretch away for miles—whose cattle dot the distant slopes—whose bending fields wave as far as the eye can reach—whose home is an old-fashioned Virginia home.

We, the Rushtons, are a branch of an old federal family of talent, prejudice, and unpopularity. Among our immediate ancestors we number a colonel, a member of Congress, a respectable house-carpenter, a mad gentleman, several thrifty landholders, one genius, and one beauty. There are others among our ancestors who are suppressed in the family history, for reasons best known to grandma and aunt Phoebe Braxley, who always close the doors, and stuff the key-holes, whenever they hold a confab over these suppressed individuals. These honest old Virginia families do not like to disillusionate people who are kind enough to take their word for the good conduct of their progenitors. I am quite sure if papa were to overhear grandma and aunt Braxley, dabbling into these family secrets, he would soon put a stop to their confidential disclosures. I need not say to the intelligent reader, that it is the keenest delight of grandma's life to conjure up these proscribed individuals. She gloats over their misdeeds, and she, and Mrs. Braxley, will steal off from the gayest companies to con over this dark page in the family history.

I dislike to be formal, but there are little ceremonies which cannot be comfortably neglected, and I now beg to present to my readers the various members of our family, who are left to cheer up the wide halls, and well-furnished apartments, of the old hill house.

First, we have grandma, Mrs. Barbara Rushton, the sole surviving link of a generation which has passed away. She is a little, straight, plump, weasel-looking, keen, shrewd, voluble old lady, with clattering knitting-needles, and tongue of rare speed and bottom. She sports a black satin on gala days, and an illusion cap. She is fond, to this day, of fashion plates, and would not, for the world, offend the authorities in the cap of a sleeve, or the trimming of a collar. She is the embodiment of terror to giggling servant-maids, and mischievous boys. Dogs, with any pretensions to sagacity, instinctively avoid her; and the old house cat can snooze more comfortably on the opposite side of the hearth. Mrs. Barbara Rushton, being in a state of savage warfare with the nineteenth century, thinks it her duty to express her opinion on all subjects, and to make some people know their places. She attacks servants from all points, and is possessed of the gift of ubiquity. Being a lady of property, she keeps her own maid, who makes nothing of wishing she had a hundred arms, and fifty pairs of legs, so perplexing, multifarious, and pressing, are the duties devolving upon the honored body-servant of Mrs. Barbara.

I now present my father, Mr. Dabney

Rushton, a gentleman of stately presence, stern politics, retiring habits, and princely hospitality. I am afraid his *otium cum dignitate* is rather burdensome, and that his aristocratic pretensions somewhat hinder the free use of his limbs, and overwhelm his luxurious days with ennui: but I never heard him say in all my life, that he was tired sitting in his library, or that it was at all fatiguing to act the gentleman of elegant leisure. I have only regretted in my unsophisticated way, that he was obliged to yawn out his winter days, and sleep and fan out his summer ones; being too much of a landholder and slaveholder to condescend to any bodily work, and not inclining particularly to disarrange the books on the shelves of his library.

Next we have my mother, Mrs. Theodora Rushton, a lady quiet, pale, pious, and lady-like, but much addicted to spoiling her children, and over-indulging her servants. Like all Virginia mothers, she looks much older than she really is, and persists in wearing caps over her rich auburn hair, which grandma declares are several years too old for the oldest inhabitant. Mamma worries her days out over the servants, who seldom heed a word she says, and is always wondering what she had better have for dinner.

My brother, Mr. Robert Ashley Rushton. This remarkably handsome gentleman possesses many claims to the reader's notice, having spent a great deal of money at college, and being still industriously engaged in digging a large hole in the paternal estate. He is a noble, lordly, careless, dashing fellow of twenty-one. Papa likes to hear him talk, and see him swell. He is such a royal buck, with such a free off-hand manner, and Ciceronian flow of words. This young gentleman walks over mamma like a Juggernaut. She follows him with her eyes, and listens at him with her ears, and thanks Heaven that she has such a son. He goes slashing about, and is the wonder and admiration of all the lady visitors, and servants about the house. He comes down late of mornings, with dressing-gown on, and newspaper in hand, and reads, and sips his coffee after the latest and most approved manner, while mamma sits patiently beside the coffee-pot, looking fondly on. He says it was ordained that I should carry the family nose, and hopes I do not find it at all burdensome. He has his own servant and groom, who hold themselves above the other servants. He has what he calls a span of horses, and a hunter. He goes to Old Point in July, and to the White Sulphur in August, where he cuts quite a figure he says. He has grand and

foreign visitors, who take the whole plantation when they come. On these interesting occasions mamma puts on the black silk, and papa appears in varnished boots, and strangely cut hair. Louise is sent for from aunt Braxley's, and a round of dinners, visits, hunting, fishing, and pick-nicking, takes place all in the good old English style. Every thing is out of joint, old family rules and regulations entirely disregarded. Late breakfasts, late dinners, and midnight suppers, intrude upon our regular family arrangements. Hounds, and horns, and hunters, and servants, and juleps, and champagne, create such anarchy, and confusion, that Mrs. Barbara generally gathers up her maid and shadow, Epsy, and retreats to her room in high dudgeon. Mr. Robert is very fond of our sister Louise. He considers her a trump, he says.

Our sister Louise has all the peculiar charms of a Virginian country lady, high born and rich. Her time, and good looks, have never been frittered away upon balls, routs, and empty chit-chat. Neither have her delicate fingers been hardened and reddened by rubbing, scrubbing, cooking, washing, cleaning, and all those wonderful operations carried on by the stirring ladies of the north. This young creature has the gacious, kind manner of those who rule—the inborn pride of birth; the native generosity and loftiness of the nobles of her state. Added to this, she has the ease and superb indolence of an Oriental beauty. The perfect consciousness of superiority, requiring no eagerness for display. The magnificent repose and flowing outline of untasked perfection. Here are no angles, no quick, fidgety, restless, uneasy seekings for effect. No show, no ostentation, no pomp, but unconscious dignity and ease, combined with the animation and flexibility of youth. Her step is royal, and her lifted head superb. Fire sleeps beneath the alabaster, and courses through fine veins of purple tint.

Louise has the long, black lash, the hidden, mysterious, lambent eye of the South, and the pure, clear, moonlight face, so peculiar to ladies born under a Virginian sky. She has, also, the small arched head, Grecian brow, undulating figure, and dainty feet of the lustrous beauties of the tropics. She is not impetuous, not daring, but unconquerable and firm. One of those fair, startling creations we see gliding like moonlight visions, here and there; consolidating in one bright gem all the far-famed beauties and frailties of woman's nature. She is beautifully timid, and fearfully bold; showing the strength of the lion, and the meekness of the dove. Thrilling, provoking, indolent, passionate,

variable, mysterious. Men die of love of these creatures, while the favored one exults. There is no sacrifice they would not endure, no whim they cannot exhibit, no trifle they cannot pursue, no danger they cannot confront. Keenly sensitive to ridicule, jealous guardians of the delicacy of the sex, ever alive to the slightest breach of gallantry or tenderness, these creatures wield weapons of their own, scorning woman's rights, elections and politics. They would not enter the arena, they would not be jostled by the crowd. They know familiarity breeds contempt, and they stand aloof, fair and angelic, enlisting all the latent chivalry of that sex, who boast that they can be led through interminable labyrinths, but cannot be driven an inch. Well do these fair creatures know that their weakness is their strength; their delicacy the seat of their power; their dependence their protection, and they smiles the axis upon which the busy world turns.

These idle, luxurious Virginians love by chance. They never *calculate*. They love honor, and generosity, and refinement, when well gotten up and exquisitely embodied. They love, and they never change. Happy he who first pleases the eye, and is then thought worthy of the heart. Be he planter or beggar, he is loved. I have seen these high-born, gloriously proportioned creatures, being married to a pair of whiskers, or a moustache, after a trial of constancy and heroic endurance of years. They are the impersonation of truth, and cannot understand falsehood. Hence they are often deceived by fortune-hunters, coming from afar, with handsome persons, selfish hearts and nimble tongues. Indolent, opulent, dreamy, ideal and concentrative, love, and sometimes hate, absorb their very being. They are dangerous beauties, men say, with their glorious flounces and headlong darts.

My sister Louise is the idol of the young men, a pet of aunt Braxley's, and the pride of Mr. Robert Rushton's heart. She is so fair, so unsuited to rough it and tough it here below, so unfitted to encounter the wear and tear of life, that it is the business of our family to shield her and guard her like a rare exotic; and she is to be spared, by our exertions, the common pains and ills of our mortal lot.

As to myself, I am, dear reader, the humblest of narrators. I am the family knitter and darning, and am decidedly more useful than ornamental. I am called Jenny, after somebody I presume. Grandma does not think I will ever get married. She sees no earthly possibility of my ever having a beau, and darkly and alarmingly

hints that, when girls begin to knit at the rate I knit, the game of a young lady's life is up for them. She thinks my prospects would have been better if I had not thought proper to bring back into this world Peggy Rushton's nose, and Buck Rushton's top lip, which, as a sincere friend of the family, she had fondly hoped were buried with Peggy and Buck, both of whom, it seems, died in a state of single blessedness. She advises me to become a missionary to Feejee, or some jumping-off place or other, and to write a book on cannibals, their probable destiny and present uses, as a complete damper to the outrageous pretensions of the nineteenth century. This cannibal book, she says, she intends as a pill for some folks, and a cap, which it will be surprising to see how many it will fit. She regales me on drizzly days and misty evenings with anecdotes of her triumphs and conquests, and informs me that she has rejected nearly every distinguished man of her day. She hopes mutton-ham sleeves will soon come back, for they were so becoming to her figure, and wonders who, in the name of common sense, sets the fashions nowa days. Whoever it is, she says, that person has a spite against her, and is only one of the numerous enemies furnished her by the nineteenth century. But the greatest enemy she has in the world is the man, or demon, who invented a gentleman's sacque coat. She is sure if gentlemen could only see their own backs they would feel ashamed of themselves, and if her grandson, Robert Rushton, will persist in wearing them, she respectfully requests that he will back out of her presence and keep out of her sight.

But, dear reader, we must descend to particulars. We must leave off stretching and enter, heart and soul, into the cares and joys of our old Virginia family of the good old school.

Spring! dear delicious spring is come at last—but she has been with us before. She came with fair blue skies and southern breezes, early in February, to look up sunny sides and sheltered nooks for her first-born. And then, old winter frowned upon her, shaking his hoary locks savagely, until she stole away, leaving the tender buds of her care to bear up against many a chilling blast, and icy breath, ere the day of promise come. March came rushing headlong upon us, determined to conquer or to die. But like many a bristling warrior, he was by gentleness o'ercome, and yielded in his truly good-natured way, turning the keen edge of his blasts, and telegraphing to his snows that they had better come down as showers, or

they would be pretty badly received. Accordingly, these piping blasts turned about and gave us cooling breezes, and the snows came gently from their heavenly heights as fragrant showers, and the sun's eye grew melting and tender, and old March turned upon his heel and made his exit. And with him, the whole pack of unwelcome storms, Jack-frosts, heavy snows, and pelting hails.

Now the long, warm, languid days are come. Children, and thinly-coated, lambs grow frisky, and fine ladies grow dull and take a blue pill. Ho! for the country now! Ho! for the ploughed fields and green wheat! Milkmaids are exalted, and opera-girls, and ballet-troupes, and tinsel and glare are gone out with the gas. Ploughmen walk erect, and the brindle cow lies down to ruminate in the early shade, for city folks are sketching them, and the picturesque is the order of the day. The tall old pines look rusty beside the dainty pea-green of the oaks. Red berries and evergreens have had their day, and the holly needs a new suit. Straw bonnets are all the go, and the broad brim of the palm-leaf hat looks tempting. The old country-house begins to stir, rubbing up, and yawning at windows and doors until it is wide awake. Beds are sunning on the flat-crowned cedar hedges, carpets are beaten, walls are whitewashed, floors are scoured, maids are running with buckets of water, and jostling each other, and passing merry words at every turn. Negro dames, of grave demeanor and imperturbable dignity, take off their party-colored handkerchiefs, and turn out their crisp locks to the sun. The cottage door is opened, turning out its swarms of knotty pates, and the old dame in the clean cotton gown takes the wheel out upon the grass, and keeps it buzzing all the long fair day. Birds trill and warble and chatter, and get up trios and quartettes high up in their leafy homes, and mischief-loving mocking-birds mock on, and bandy merry, gladsome, light-hearted notes, until the cool still hours of the night. Martens, those gay absentees, return to their summer residences, bringing troops of lively chattering friends. Little chickens, with grave countenances, go every morning before any body is up, and scratch up all the gardener's carefully-sown seed, aided and abetted by their mammas, who ought to know better. Cool shadows thicken under the trees, and golden drops of sunlight dance and flicker under the low-hanging boughs. Light zephyrs sit upon the waving branches, and swing and quiver all the day. The cooing of the dove comes up from the deep cool groves, and the croaking of the sun-awakened

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frogs, fills up the pauses in the glad light music of the Spring.

Master John feels lazy, and loiters on his way to school, and wishes that he could play like Jim and Ned, and wonders what his papa wants to send him to school for. Valetudinarians and hard-working men complain that the nights are getting too short for them. Housekeepers pitch their voices an octave higher, and get alarmed when people drop in to dinner. Hot-beds are thrown open, and long-legged plants run up, like gosling boys who outgrow all their clothes. Lilacs and jasmine are perfuming the rooms, and adorning the vases on the mantel. Invalids throw open their windows, and thank God that they have lived to see another spring. The cook pets the pig for holiday, and the pig thinks "sufficient unto the day, &c." Ladies are seen out in the gardens with long bonnets on, stooping over flower-beds, and talking with the gardener, who leans upon his hoe, and points about with the air of a connoisseur. Doctors have reluctantly dismissed all obstinate coughs, pneumonias, and pleurisies, and are lying in wait for those delightful summer visitors, chills, and typhoid and bilious fevers, having at the same time, a most tender yearning for dyspeptics, and for plethoric gentlemen of luxurious habits. Meantime, as though to dissipate all such charitable anticipations, on the part of the soft-footed, low-voiced, mysterious gentlemen, the glorious sun, fresh and health-inspiring, rises regularly every morning, and sets every evening, per that time-honored oracle, the Virginia and North Carolina Almanac; and we are having the pinkest mornings, and most sapphire evenings imaginable.

On the broad highway, where the wayward road emerges from a dark pine grove, and makes a sweeping bend, ere it goes undulating afar—we pause. Here, in the bend of the road, is the old hill house—blessed Fairy Hill,—which has been the family seat of the Rushtons, since Sir William Berkeley's time. Here is a large commodious dwelling, with a good well of water, out-houses, and tobacco fixtures in excellent repair, as the newspapers would say; and here, in the stately, old-fashioned house, before which the road bends obsequiously, one can find as much happiness, and charity, and eccentricity, and pride, and old-fashioned Virginia hospitality, as one need desire to find anywhere. Here, the stranger may ride and tie his horse, and halloo for the groom, and enter, booted and spurred, if he like, and be welcomed.

Here, the old organ-woman, and the tambourine children, and the weary-look-

ing monkey, may halt, and be fed. Here, the beggar, ruddy and lithe of foot, may come, and trump up any fancy sketch of shipwreck, conflagration, avalanche, or earthquake, and be politely trusted, kindly relieved, and sent on his way with a blessing. Here, the man with the sixteen children, and bedridden wife, on the other side of the water, all waiting to be brought over by his means, delights to bi-annually come, and tell his tale with its last additions, and get his money, and chuckle to himself as he goes along, wondering at that charity which he cannot understand. Here, the Yankee schoolmaster, the rawest of all that honored fraternity, may come, and cut rare didoes, and make ludicrous mistakes, and call young ladies by their christian names, and the grinning servant-man mister, and every thing else under the sun "saucy" if such be his habit, and he will never detect a smile, or awaken to all the horrors of his situation, so long as he lives. Here, the prosy parson may talk, and talk, and talk, and no yawn will ever warn him of the hour. Here, the man brimfull of theories may open his budget, and tell his plans, and have that luxury to him, a listener. Here, the busy world lulls, and the bustle and confusion cease, and time ambles withal, and one finds rest, and social pleasures, and home comforts, and peace.

On one of those dreamy, delicious, body-relaxing, soul-expanding, heaven-descending days, mamma came to me with a look of some importance, to say, that my brother's friends, viz., Mr. Blanton, and his sister, and the widow of the late Johnston Blanton, were coming on a visit to Fairy Hill, and that she wished to consult with me about domestic matters. This piece of news threw us into a panic. We commenced active preparations immediately; we overhauled the china-closet, and made excursions into the pantry, and clothes-presses. The family plate is rubbed up, and servants are drilled, fattening coops filled, and every body exhorted to do their duty.

Louise is sent for, from aunt Braxley's, and Robert invites his friend Frank Dashwood to join the party. Mamma and I have only a week for preparation. Assisted by the housekeeper, and head servants, mercilessly harassed by grandma, we accomplish herculean feats. We arrange the sweetest and most inviting chambers, impart quite a learned and dignified look to the old library, furbish up the parlors, and touch up the summer-house, arbors, and walks, for Louise, Dashwood, and other lovers of romance. Robert takes a snake-infested and dilapidated grotto, and a very unpromising, briery,

brawling, unmanageable spring, branch in hand, and plays magic work in those deep-shadowed and sequestered regions. His man Sappingwood, who has an eye for the picturesque, contrives rustic fixtures admirably. Gnarled roots are turned into rude but inviting seats, vines into swings and festoons. The brawling brook is cleared of all obstacles, and comes tripping down the hill-side into a bright pool, where it gurgles and dimples at the grotto's foot. Into this pool, little fishes are thrown, and from the cool banks the noontide heat is warded off. Mr. Robert looks around upon his handiwork complacently, and declares that he intends to talk love to the widow here, in a strain unsurpassed in poetry or prose, and thinks, upon his honor, that there are not many of the softer sex who could withstand the grotto, the pool of water, and himself. Papa submits to be measured by Robert's tailor, and mamma, poor, unambitious mamma, thinks the black silk will do, and, instead of purchasing new spring dresses, concludes to lay in an extra supply of butter, eggs, and chickens.

Louise comes home with a straw-colored barage, which throws quite a halo over her clear complexion, and a blue silk, which makes her pale and madonna-like, and a pink tissue, which envelops her in faint *couleur de rose*, together with any number of little quaker morning wrappers and coquettish coiffures, and numerous little trifles of the toilette, which are of so much importance to pretty ladies, and alas! so hopelessly useless in the case of ugly ones.

## CHAPTER II.

### OURSELVES AND OUR GUESTS.

"I say, Jenny, this room is badly arranged," said Louise to me, after all our preparations were completed, and we were in hourly expectation of our guests.

"I look confoundedly green about the mouth," said Robert, looking towards a mirror, "there is a bad light somewhere; where is it?"

"I suspect it is from the window opening upon papa's shrubbery, which, you know, he says must be opened," said I.

"Pshaw! and we are to have a bad light. Louise, you look cadaverous."

"Can it be the new carpet?" asked my sister.

"Upon my word, the new carpet is abominable. Have we had the yellow fever or not? Are we all going off into ghastly jaundices immediately?" inquired Robert, sinking down upon a sofa in alarm. "Are we to be ghosts for papa.



who doubtless selected these ghastly greens, and dingy yellows, at the instigation of some demon shopkeeper. Jenny do close those blinds, and call Sap to me."

"Indeed, you are a pretty fellow," said Louise, indignantly. "If I were Jenny, you might call Sap yourself, and close the blinds too, sir. I know where I can sit to throw a rosy tint on me."

"Do you?" faintly ejaculated our brother.

Now, Sappingwood, who was seldom out of hearing, entered, with his eternal bow, closed the window, turned the blinds, drew the curtains a shade closer together, opened the folding-doors about the eighth of an inch more, and glided about the room, giving a touch here and a turn there, until his master consulted the mirror, and said the green shadow about the corners of his mouth was no longer to be seen. Sappingwood then gracefully retired, and Mr. Robert Rushton's usual volubility returned.

"I say, Louise, when my widow comes, you may hide your diminished head," he began, in a half jocular way.

"Your widow! oh, you are a ghost, if one may judge from appearances. Well, Mr. Ghost, I am not afraid of your widow, nor can I conscientiously consent to be annihilated by her, even though it be your ghostly pleasure."

"You should see her—everybody should see her!" cried Robert.

"Oh! she is the dearest, loveliest, prattling little creature in the world. She is always as earnest and intent as a child. She has some of the gravest and most comic little ways, which, upon my soul, no mortal of human organization can resist. Her hair, my dear girl, is a lustrous, changeable brown—not sandy, you know," said our fastidious brother, with a shudder.

"But nevertheless suggesting such an idea," said Louise, laughing, "no—a thousand times no!—but the color, the very identical color of that deep, old-fashioned black molasses I used to love so when I was a boy."

"And the boy is father of the man, you know," remarked Louise. "Yes, I being my own father, love those soft rippling locks—perhaps, who knows? perhaps—for the sweet associations which they unconsciously recall! Philosophy befriended me!" said Robert, plunging into a reverie.

"But do furnish the sketch of your widow," said Louise.

"Eh! heigho—where was I? Well, this widow with the remarkable hair is a perfect gem of a woman. She has a little son," said Robert, with a rueful countenance, but with the sublime air of a martyr,

"who is considered a very remarkable boy for his age. Indeed, all boys are considered remarkable boys for their ages, I think; ah, they are a pair of cherubs, this little fat Therese and her darling little Adolphe! They frolick and gambol together, and their soft caressings are beautiful to behold. On him, the dear little woman lavishes all that exuberance of affection, for which the generality of mankind would be so grateful. Upon him, she bestows the overflowings of a heart brimfull of tenderness. Dashwood says she is deep—but upon my word she is no such thing. Her eyes are like a pair of clear, oval mirrors of the soul, and they reflect faithfully every impulse, and untutored thought which animates this little being. You think *your* shoulders and arms are fine, Louise, and, if I am not mistaken, you set up for a model in that way; but wait until you see Therese dressed out for dinner, I advise everybody to wait until then." "I suspect she is very handsome," said Louise. "Brother Dashwood calls her a flirt, but for your sake, I hope she is not. I shall love her, I shall be obliged to love her, if she is, as you say, a warm-hearted little creature, with pure oval eyes and cheeks." "And Miss William Blanton," continued Robert, "I must prepare you for her. Indeed, I consider it my bounden duty as master of ceremonies, to prepare your nervous system, by some judicious manœuvre, for the shock. Imagine, young ladies, a long-limbed, long-necked creature, very closely resembling a crane. Having recovered from this effort of the imagination, you can picture to yourselves this crane-like concern advancing upon you, with the stride of a Jack heron, combined with the awkwardness of an alarmed ostrich."

"Oh! my dear brother!" I ejaculated, in dismay.

"With sloping—I may say falling-off and dwindling-away shoulders, sandy hair, and a pair of pink albino eyes. Then this neck, the property evidently of some crane, is turned out regularly at dinner, I presume for anatomical observations. Her arms are hung with bracelets of all shapes and sizes, which they cannot fill up; and are ruthlessly exposed in a very naked and attenuated condition. These highly ornamented extremities are frequently dangerously chalked, and being fond of hooking themselves on to gentlemen's coat-sleeves, manage to carry on a considerable business in the whitewashing line. Finally, girls, she apes my widow! She affects the innocent and artless, you know, and audaciously apes my inimitable Therese!"

"And Mr. Blanton—what of him?"



"Old Hal—why he is a prim, long-legged stork of a man—very stiff and particular. He loved Therese once; but while he was deliberating about making his proposal to her, he learned, to his dismay, that his brother's wedding day was fixed—and he thus had the supreme satisfaction of becoming the only brother of his adorable. Rather a trial, wasn't it? and a lesson to deliberators generally." Here Robert ceased his admirable sketching, and thought he heard carriage wheels approaching. Our guests were coming. I heard papa call Mike to run to the gate, and every servant darted to his post. There were two carriages, and a servant on horseback; Miss Blanton, the little Adolphe, and a maid, alighted from one carriage. After this, Mr. Blanton, as stiff as a poker, descended from the other carriage. My brother ran nimbly up, and gave his hand to Mrs. Blanton, who sprang out, talking as fast as she could, and gesticulating to Mr. Blanton, the happy Robert, and her own maid, who emerged from the carriage laden with dressing-cases, and shawls.

Papa welcomed the new-comers in his happiest manner. Mamma kissed the cherub boy of Robert's widow; and the whole party came up the walk to the house, where they were met by Louise and myself. Louise soon took possession of Mrs. Blanton, who seemed delighted with every thing in the world—running everywhere, and admiring every thing, leaving Miss Blanton and myself in an anxious state about servants, chambers, luggage, and baths.

In the course of time, Mrs. Blanton sprang in at the unlucky window opening upon papa's shrubbery, and consented to be shown to her room, having made the tour of the grounds, and caught some fish with her own little hands, out of Robert's pond, at the foot of the grotto.

We had scarcely settled the Blantons ere Dashwood arrived, dusty and fatigued, and was shown to his own room in Robert's rather luxurious office-building.

Now, Sappingwood felt that his hour was come. Mr. Dashwood had thought proper to come on horseback, no doubt expecting Sap to wait upon him. And Mr. Blanton, poor, particular man, required two servants; his own man to wait on himself, and somebody else to wait on his man—which latter duty plainly devolved upon Sap.

Under these formidable circumstances, I must do Sappingwood the justice to say, that he was as nimble and active as it is possible for a valet of human organization to be.

The new maids were showered and

sprinkled with compliments as he dashed about with shaving-cans, dressing-cases, boots, curling-tongs, and clothes-brushes. Mr. Sappingwood, as he brushed by the Blanton maids, had to regret that the gentlemen had not brought their own men with them, as in that comfortable event he should have had more time to devote to the ladies. He respectfully hoped that the gentlemen would get shaved, and curled, and pumped, in the course of time, and he fervently wished he were fifty Saps, instead of one.

About four o'clock, they were all dressed for dinner. Therese, fairer and fresher, was out upon the upper balcony with her little boy, admiring the beautiful scenery around Fairy Hill. My brother and Dashwood were lounging in the office portico, looking up, now and then, at the widow and her boy, as they walked up and down the balcony. Louise selected her straw-colored *barège* for her *début*, and had no cause to hide her diminished head in Mrs. Blanton's presence. The witching Therese, I must confess, was rather a dumpy woman, and decidedly inclining to *embonpoint*. But my brother adored dimples at the points of ladies' elbows, and upon their knuckles, and he could overlook many minor defects to secure these rare and all-important beauties.

I am sorry to say that grandma positively refused to make her appearance, not being able to see why all the rules and regulations of a highly respectable family should be broken in upon, and totally set at naught by Bob's friends: she declined making her appearance at all. For her part, she always dined at one o'clock. Her ancestors, who were every whit as good as the "Blantons" (Mrs. Barbara sounded her a's very broad, as all aristocratic Virginians do) or the anybody-else's, she was credibly informed had always dined at one o'clock, and if she couldn't have her dinner at one o'clock she would n't have it at all. She begged the privilege of eating a crust of bread in her own son's house at any hour she chose, and of keeping her room. Still, she couldn't for the life of her see why a respectable house was to be invaded in this way by a chunky widow, a yellow old maid, and what seemed to her to be a man may-pole (Mr. Blanton); and if her son, Dabney Rushton, was going to be quietly led by the nose by that conceited fellow Bob, who, she would take occasion to say, used more tobacco than he'd ever make—she wasn't; she'd keep her room from now until the crack of doom, rather than allow Bob to lead her by her nose.

The ladies and gentlemen were now assembled in our large drawing-room. Miss

Blanton appeared in a pink silk, very low and with short sleeves; she wore a set of emeralds, several serpentine bracelets, and a heavy chataleine. Therese was dressed in a thin white muslin, very soft and delicate, cool, and most artistically arranged, which seemed to float about her like a snowy summer cloud. This effect was heightened by a long illusion scarf, which half concealed her beautiful arms, and wreathed about her pure white neck like vapor, and was most coquettishly worn. Mrs. Blanton wore no jewelry at all; on her bosom she had a white rosebud, and geranium leaf, gallantly given by Robert.

Papa and mamma complimented the ladies, hoped they were refreshed, said a great many kind things, and exerted themselves to be agreeable. Robert, exquisitely dressed, put on airs, looked careless and indolent—seemed rather to tolerate papa and mamma—and gave people to understand that they were really very good sort of folks in their way.

Dashwood, handsome and fastidious, was "spreading himself out," to use my brother's expression, to conquer the whole company at one sitting. Never was mortal man so brilliant and delightful before dinner, as was Dashwood on this occasion. Master Alphonse, who was dressed out quite fancifully, had a passage at arms with his "*bonne*," as he called the severe yellow person who presided over him. This skirmish, at first very unpromising, ended in quite a tender scene between Robert and the widow; he begging permission to dismiss the "*bonne*," and to assume the whole responsibility of Alphonse, and Therese earnestly declaiming that he knew nothing about managing children, and could do nothing with Alphonse at all, while the little boy ran to Robert and clung to him, as though with childish instinct he had already recognized in that gentleman his natural protector.

I say this was a tender scene, rendered with great effect, and considerably heightened by a dark background, composed of Mr. Blanton, in a pair of tight boots, looking savage, scowling, and distressingly uncomfortable. In a few minutes Therese, without any apparent effort, had her brother-in-law by two of his stiff fingers, telling him a string of anecdotes in her voluble, earnest way, while he began visibly to thaw under her genial smiles.

It is impossible for my pen to follow the graceful movements of this gifted and select company. My eyes were completely fascinated by this easy, natural, and coquettish little creature, Mrs. Blanton. She seemed to have the warmest heart, the most jocular smile, the archest ways, and

the most untiring little tongue in the world. Circling about, easy, and without the slightest effort, saying naive things with the naivest of airs, she was a very witch of a little woman. Her presence was like a charm; and people loved each other better, and had more charity for their neighbors, and their hearts were warmer, when she was in their midst.

"I say, mamma, may I ride the pony?" began Alphonse.

"The pony would run away with you, and then poor mamma would have no dear little Alphonse," said the little woman.

"No, he wouldn't; I would just hold him so, sir, and draw him this way, and saw him just so, and Sap says he would pace like the very deuce, mamma," said the little fellow, with great animation, gesticulating all the while most admirably.

"Sap says! and pray who is Sap, Alphonse?"

"Sap; why don't you know Sap? don't you know a yellow man, mamma, who lives here? He makes faces at little boys, and he says he ate up a little boy just about my size once. I tell you, mamma, he talks exactly like this Mr. Rushton; not like the dark Mr. Rushton, but like the one that sits by you so much."

"Thank you, Alphonse," said Robert, laughing.

"You are not polite, sir," said Miss Blanton.

"Well, aunty, he *does* talk like Mr. Rushton, and when he walks, he steps just so, exactly like Mr. Rushton."

Here every body laughed very much at Alphonse, who was walking across the room like that pink of valets, Sap.

I say every body laughed, but mamma did not laugh, for she was painfully uneasy about dinner, and actually afraid to leave the room, because Robert would not like it. He said fashionable ladies never attended to their own dinners, indeed seldom knew what was on the table till it was uncovered. Poor mamma had unbounded confidence in her son's knowledge on all subjects. She therefore sat, endeavoring to smile, while her thoughts were with the dinner, which, for aught she knew, might at that very moment be spoiling in the kitchen. Divining her forebodings, indeed, beginning to feel somewhat alarmed myself, I glided out, and found the housekeeper in a stew over the soup. She declared it was not fit for a dog to eat. She brought me a spoonful to taste, and it was awful stuff. I could liken its taste to nothing but a decoction of turpentine. I ran to mamma's room and gathered all the authorities I could find,—Miss Leslie, Mrs. Randolph, and

others, and returned to the kitchen armed to the teeth.

"Have you pepper in that soup?" I inquired, glancing over the receipt. "Yes, missis," ejaculated the cook, wiping her face with her apron and fanning violently.

"And celery seed pounded?"

She shook her head and the housekeeper revived.

I now took the unfortunate soup in hand, and before I was done with it, I am sure it was dark enough, and highly enough seasoned for the most *blasé* epicure. I had the satisfaction, in ten minutes, of bringing it to a clear purple color, while it emitted an odor of great fragrance. I fancy few young ladies, of a literary turn, could have finished off that unpromising soup as artistically as the humble authoress of these pages. While I stood, cookery book in hand, exulting over my soup, the dining-room servant rushed upon us to say, that Robert said it was dinner time. People never could be free and social until after dinner, and Mr. Robert Rushton desired his compliments to the housekeeper, and cook. This report spread dismay and consternation in our ranks. Every idea in the cook's head immediately took flight, and the housekeeper put men, women and children to confusion. The spirit lamps burned blue, and then expired. The soup threatened to grow cold, and poor mamma was enduring torture in the drawing-room. Having got the soup off safely, I began to exhort the discomfited housekeeper and cook to keep calm, as the worst was over. I went into the dining-room, and found matters progressing finely here. After this, I went into the back parlor to await the summons which was to test my soup. Here I found only Alphonse, riding about on papa's walking-stick, on which he seemed determined to practise until he learned enough of horsemanship to be promoted to the pony.

Dinner was announced, and Robert came through the back-parlor with Mrs. Blanton on his arm, to look after Alphonse. I followed them into the dining-room, determined to take a seat where I could be of service to somebody during the weighty ceremonies of dinner. I sat by Mr. Blanton, who wore a forlorn and benighted look, and was likely to require assistance I thought.

To my surprise Mrs. Blanton exclaimed, "What delicious soup!" and Dashwood, charming man, responded "Capital!"

The Virginia housewife, if so notable and estimable a personage should deign to read these pages, can appreciate my feelings on this occasion. She, and only

she, can know the instant relief felt by poor mamma, and the light bound which my heavy heart gave, as these delightful guests made the above remarks. I could have hugged Mrs. Blanton, and squeezed Dashwood, so grateful was I for their tribute to my culinary qualifications. Mamma gave me a bright glance, and verily I had my reward.

While we were discussing this royal purple, and most delicious soup, and papa and Mr. Blanton were talking of tobacco, Mr. Farren, our bachelor neighbor, was announced. Miss Blanton bridled up, and grew very red at the mention of his name, and Dashwood looked at Louise. The servant came in to say that Mr. Farren had dined. "What an amazingly industrious man he is," said Dashwood. "He rises by day," said Robert, "goes fox-hunting to earn an appetite for his breakfast; breakfasts on cream, boiled eggs, and cold bread; walks over his plantation until twelve; dines precisely at three, after which he visits the ladies, and amuses himself." "You have not mentioned half," said papa; "I am an old-fashioned man, and have lived full fifty years, and I have seen, in my half century, enough to know that these are the men who control the destinies of nations. These early-risers, hard-workers, strong-minded, independent country gentlemen, are not bound by any clique."

"Confined by no pent-up Utica," remarked Miss Blanton.

"Exactly," said papa, with a bow; "they are the bone and sinew of the country; they put their shoulders to the wheel, these sturdy, educated, wealthy country gentlemen, and are, in fact, the great propellers of the ship of state."

My brother looked at the servant, who changed the plates.

"Tom Farren can do more in one day," said papa, now fairly launched, and forgetting to help to fish, "than any young man of my acquaintance. I say *young* man, because old men work more nowadays than young ones."

"Mrs. Blanton will trouble papa," said Robert.

"I beg a thousand pardons, madam," said papa, helping neatly to fish. "May I give you fish, Miss Blanton? Mr. Dashwood, pray allow me, my dear sir, take a bit of the head—ahem—and by this great bodily exercise my young friend, Thomas Farren, stimulates his mind, and builds up, if I may so express myself, the mental and physical fabric together."

"He makes enormous crops, I understand," remarked my neighbor, Mr. Blanton.

"And invariably gets the highest prices.

He has, I suppose, on his plantations, upwards of three hundred slaves, who are most kindly and most admirably managed. He will be sent to Congress, sir; he *must* be sent to Congress, sir; we want working men in our Legislative bodies, sir; he is the kind of man we need in our high places, sir," said papa, regardless of etiquette, ladies, and Farren's position as a suitor of our sister's, and all Robert's interruptions.

"I should like to see him," said Therese, "he is quite a catch, is he not, Louise?"

"I do not know, indeed," replied Louise, blushing; "he is very handsome, and very fascinating."

"Fascinating?" inquired Robert and Dashwood in a breath.

"Yes, I should say so," said Louise, "he is somewhat reserved, but I understand he is uncommonly fascinating, and can please any body when he chooses."

"When he *chooses*. Oh, perhaps so—he never chose to fascinate *me*, Miss Louise," said Dashwood, in an under tone, to my fair sister.

"Nor me, I declare, but,"—

"I wonder if he will choose to fascinate *me*?" asked Therese, pouting beautifully. "I wish somebody would take the trouble to fascinate me, really."

This provoking little speech being taken by Robert altogether to himself, he began to be very mysterious indeed, and to ask Mrs. Blanton if she had ever seen a snake charming a bird. If so, she must have observed how still, and drooping, and powerless the poor bird was under the snake's all-charming eye. And she could easily imagine how delighted the poor bird would be, had he only the power to charm his charmer back again. Whereupon, Mr. Blanton dropped his fork, and savagely remarked that he had yet to learn how his sister-in-law could possibly resemble a snake in any particular.

"Brother, you have not tasted your wine!" returned Therese, laughing very much, and trying her best to reach her brother's foot, under the table. Thinking she had succeeded, this dear little woman bore down upon my unoffending toes with great strength. At the proper moment, mamma obeyed a look from Robert, and rose to leave the table. Mr. Rushton, junior, pressed the widow's hand, and saw her to the door.

### CHAPTER III.

ROMANCE AND NONSENSE, WHICH, IN OLD VIRGINIA, ARE SYNONYMS.

We returned to the drawing-room, and, of course, were agreeably surprised to find

Mrs. Barbara and Mr. Farren sitting together, the old lady regaling her favored guest with some racy old anecdotes, which she always reserved for great occasions. After a highly interesting introduction of all parties, Miss Blanton selected an isolated seat, and by an adroit manoeuvre, forced Mr. Farren to attach himself to her. This interesting couple sat at arm's length, Miss Willy "laying herself out" to secure Mr. Farren by every art she possessed, and Mr. Farren literally shocked at the bare idea of her attempting such a thing. Grandma's keen eyes, lifted above her spectacles, were circling around the room. She noticed the widow's bare shoulders, and exceedingly low corsage, which was only partially concealed by her cloud-like vapory scarf. She noticed the scarcely perceptible sleeve, and perfect dimpled arm, and asked me, in a whisper, if she was going to a party? "In *my* days," said grandma earnestly to me, "a girl would disgrace her family by dressing out in that way!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and that yellow thing, talking to Thomas Farren, would be confined to a mad-house."

"What fine days those were!"

"People had to behave themselves, and dress properly in those days, I tell you. And pray, what is that?" abruptly inquired Mrs. Barbara, as Alphonse entered.

"Master Alphonse," I answered.

"Upon my word, that's a figure to bring into a gentleman's drawing-room! a vastly fine figure. I should say, that unruled lad had broken away from his nurse only half drest. I should be constrained to surmise, in all charity, that his jacket had yet to be put on. Bless my soul, what *are* widows and the rest of mankind coming to!"

The gentlemen now entered, and poor Farren brightened up at the prospect of a release from Miss Blanton. But Mr. Thomas Farren was evidently sold to the lady with the emerald-eyed serpents. In vain he looked around upon those he had deemed his friends, nobody came to the rescue. They sat apart, cruelly partitioned off from every living creature, and conversation was getting low. Mr. Farren began to learn to his dismay, that he was "touching bottom." He had discussed the last new novel, the watering places, and the spring hats. He had admired the baubles on her chatelaine, and done every thing that mortal man, of iron nerve, could do under the circumstances, and Miss Willianna still hung on.

"Poor Tom Farren!" said Dashwood to Louise.

"Why poor Tom Farren?" asked Louise, shrugging her white shoulders.

"Because he is getting to be so desperate. His glances this way are soul-harrowing. I declare Bob ought to go to his relief, and allow unhappy Blanton a word with his sister-in-law. I would take Miss Willianna myself, but—I am so fastidious in these matters you know."

"Yes, I know."

"So painfully fastidious, that an hour's conversation with that interesting creature in pink, would unfit me for the remainder of my visit, nay, perhaps for life, for any rational pleasure under the sun."

Fate had grouped the company in one drawing-room. She had given Farren over to Willianna, and Dashwood to Louise. She had perched me, diabolically, vis-à-vis to speechless Mr. Blanton, across a table of bijouterie—and she had ensconced the favored Robert snugly in an alcove with Therese. It was painfully evident to me that my vis-à-vis had only eyes and ears for his brother's fascinating relict. I had seen her trying to mollify him, by hanging about him in her half childish affectionate way; calling him brother—ever brother, and looking up to him, starch-necked and stern as he was, as her brother, her only brother. She had a way of trying to soften him by taking his hand familiarly into her little velvet palm; and stretching his long fingers one by one, over the length and breadth of her little hand, and then laying her other hand gently over it, as she talked away earnestly to him, which lapped the monster brother-in-law in Elysium. He adored her, he had adored her for years, and she was kind, and attentive, and soothing to him, because of his years of suffering and untiring love. Mrs. Blanton had a gentle woman's heart, returning ever love for love. Nobody could be kind to her without gaining her whole heart. Nobody could be in trouble without this little woman's crying as though her very heart would break. She was not brilliant, or witty, but so thoroughly good. She was coquettish, fond of dress, volatile, and childish; but this was only from an excess of kindness, a thorough woman's nature, and a happy light heart. She could not bid her brother cease to love her, and frown upon him and turn away, and leave him in his trouble. She thought rather to turn the current of his love, and by all gentleness, and sincere affection, to make him look upon her as a sister. She knew, that while she listened to Robert's pleasant talk, he was looking intently upon her charming shoulder, and dimpled elbow, which were the only points visible from the recess, and she would have comforted him if she could.

A splendid scheme now entered my head. I determined to rescue these sufferers, Blanton and Farren! I determined to play a waltz, and thereby change every body's position, and make every body happy. I felt that it devolved upon me to play the part of the good fairy, and thus to thwart the diabolical arrangements of fate. I accordingly struck up an animated and heel-inspiring waltz, which no lover of waltzing could ever hope, even under the most fortuitous circumstances, to resist. My beloved reader, I had the supreme satisfaction of seeing Robert take Therese in his arms and wheel away with her. Then, Dashwood, with his consummate grace flung his arm about Louise, and off they went; leaving Mr. Blanton stark and stiff, sitting bolt upright in the middle of the room, like a shipwrecked man for life. I need not say that this unhappy man served also as a target for grandma's wonder, amazement, and intense scrutiny. Really, I had amused Messrs. Blanton and Farren capably! From their countenances, I should say it was a highly hilarious amusement, to see a couple of faultlessly moustached, magnificently-limbed youngsters, flying about with their adorables in their arms.

"Do you waltz?" poor Farren asked of his pink tormentor.

"Yes, sir; with those I—— with particular friends."

"Do let us take a turn."

She yielded, and he took her respectfully by the tips of her elbows, and whirled off with her. The desperate Farren and the chary Willianna were dangerous navigators. They seemed to steer at random. They soon brought Robert and Therese to a dead halt, and made Dashwood and Louise wheel away for dear life. They bore down upon that rock-bound and stranded man, Blanton, and to the lookers-on he was in imminent danger. Finally, they cleared the circle, and caused grandma to open her eyes, and gather up her skirts. When they had distinguished themselves sufficiently by their performance, Mr. Farren released his pink partner, and took occasion to deposit her in a more thickly-settled part of the room, which I regarded as the most sensible part of the performance.

There was a whisper going the round of the saloons, that Miss Blanton loved Tom Farren, and that he could get her for the asking, which, I dare say, was highly probable. Her open display of preference, her silly smirking way, made Tom Farren perfectly miserable. He admired shy, retiring, modest ladies, and demonstrations unbalanced him. He was a young man of sound judgment, much



modesty and discretion, and was really hurt by Miss Blanton's attentions. Her great riches, and distinguished relations, could not tempt him. She should have bestowed them upon that handsome supercilious fellow, Dashwood, who, of all things, wanted money enough to take him to Europe.

"Pray, who is this Mr. Dashwood?" Miss Blanton inquired of me.

"Mr. Dashwood," said I, "is one of the most talented young men I know. He is my brother's particular friend, and likely to distinguish himself some day."

"Indeed! I thought him only a dandy, you know."

"On the contrary, he is anything else."

"Dear me, how odd these geniuses are! One never can keep the run of them. Sometimes they are exquisites, then again they are slovens. They should adopt a uniform, for there is no telling them from other people. I slighted a lady, who, it seems, was one of them, the other day. She was so pert and disagreeable, and put on airs which I really did *not* think her appearance justified, and I cut her. We Virginians are so particular, you know; so I quietly gave her to understand *my* position, and who do you think she was? Why, Mrs. Haller, the great authoress, who was making a tour for the express purpose of studying Virginia, and the Virginians. I shall be down in her next book. I feel that I am doomed to be slaughtered by that woman's pen.

"Dreadful!" I exclaimed.

"Horrible! wasn't it? But pray, how is one to know them? I would not willingly slight them, but how *am* I to know them?"

"By consummate effrontery, and unbounded assurance," said Mr. Farren, bitterly.

"Not always," said I, "sometimes they are diffident; indeed I may say they are always diffident, until they are spoilt by flattery, for which other people should have to answer."

"One thing I know," said Miss Blanton, "I shall never slight a lady with a gray shawl, large foot, mashed bonnet, and long nose again. I shall know *she* is a genius. Do you write poetry, Miss?" she said, turning to me.

I quickly said "No."

"Yes, you do, now—indeed you do. Will you write me an acrostic? do oblige me, will you?"

"You must call on Mr. Dashwood," said I.

"Mr. Dashwood, Mr. Dashwood!" cried the pink female, trying to be childish, like Therese, "will you write me a piece of poetry?"

"I, madam! I am thunderstruck; upon my word I am thunderstruck at your request," cried Dashwood, running his fingers through his hair, and putting on a favorite porcupine look of his; "but I will confidently assert, and stoutly maintain, that if I am ever to write poetry, if there be a spark of poetry in me, such a request would instantly cause spontaneous combustion."

At this little Mrs. Blanton was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, for which nobody could reasonably account.

"But they tell me you are a poet," urged the lady, drawing a chair near him.

"Long, long ago," commenced Dashwood, with a low intense voice, and a glittering vibratory eye, "when first my heart shook off its swaddling clothes, I was foolish enough to dream I was a poet." I looked around me upon the heavens and the earth, and lo! the old familiar hills shone with a newer fire, and the sun's track deepened and gleamed, and the arrowy beams vibrated intensely, and there was a fervor and a glow come over creation; and still I dreamed—oh, foolish dream!—that I was a poet!"

"Did you?" ejaculated the lady in pink.

"I dreamed," continued Dashwood, his face lighting up, "that I saw with no common eye, and that I felt with a deeper and a stronger power I was not all clay, nor like this one, and that one, whose eye had none of the soul-light of mine. Oh, this blessed, intense, quivering, blissful dream! Sweeping o'er the waking heart-strings, and bringing music from the vasty deep; and there was music, gushing, swelling chords, and aerial bounding notes, floating o'er this blessed, mournful dream! Then budding thought was bursting, and latent powers were awakening, and hidden feelings were revealing; and I hugged to my heart, and guarded from the dull, unsympathizing world, my great and wondrous gift from God. I tramped on, and on, jostling the soulless, and pushing on, that I might lay my gift upon the altar. I felt neither hunger nor thirst. The body was a fetter I despised, detaining me from my great end. I longed to throw it aside as unceremoniously as I would my overcoat upon a summer's day, Miss Blanton, and press on! Herculean fellows, who hungered, and slept, and ministered to their bodies like slaves, pushed me aside. Ladies of great mental balance and bodily strength looked at my frantic efforts with a sneer, and passed proudly on, heralded by Fame. Poets, with eyes glowing with fire,—my own fire, I knew it at a glance,—followed in their wake. Fame was up at auction,



they said, and they crowded on. Still dreaming, I went on, toiling after I knew not what, hoping for more than this poor world can give. Dreaming, yet dreaming, still on I went, and this fierce race ended in the maddest brain fever that ever poet had. I awoke from this ecstatic trance, to find myself nearly scalped by the Doctors, from which judicious treatment you will perceive that my poetic locks have not yet entirely recovered. I was food for leeches, and the peculiar delight of scarificators, for more than three weeks. Whether the leeches went off with my exuberant poetry, or it was taken off with my scalp, I am not prepared to say."

"What a blessing, young man," said grandma, handing around her snuff-box, "that the doctors interfered before you made a ninny of yourself. You may regard it as a special providence, that attack."

"Poesy, my dear madam," said Dashwood, with a profound bow to grandma, "is defined by physicians to be a chronic congestion, or extravasation of the brain, occurring in persons of highly nervous and sanguinous temperament."

"To be relieved by partial beheading," said Robert, laughing.

"To be allayed by leeching, and anti-phlogistics. Cases of long standing belong to the mad-house, the faculty think," said Dashwood.

"But you write acrostics occasionally, do you not?" asked Miss Blanton.

"It was an acrostic to this lady," said Dashwood, turning to Louise, "which brought about those terrible results I have been telling you of. My physician advises me to beware of acrostics. He considers them the most inflammatory and dangerous species of poetry."

Poor Robert laughed until he was ashamed of himself, at Dashwood's earnest countenance and unshrinking gravity. Miss Blanton had to give up all hopes of an acrostic, so she turned upon grandma, and began to question her. The reader can easily imagine that Miss Blanton immediately found herself in clover, as the saying is. She had only to ask the most trivial questions to set Mrs. Barbara's tongue in motion. She had only to suggest an idea, or gently to jog her memory, in order to provoke a perfect avalanche of anecdote. Miss Blanton had now aroused the right passenger. Mrs. Barbara straightened up, and proceeded to draw from the great storehouse of her memory, treasure after treasure. She reverted to one of her favorite topics, the burning of the Chatterton Theatre.

"If it hadn't been for *that* fire," said Mrs. Barbara, in a mysterious and im-

pressive tone, "I should never have been a Rushton! I think it highly probable I should have been a Maddon!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Blanton, thrillingly interested, "was Maddon burned?"

"No, but you shall hear it all, and then blame me if you can. You see, I was engaged to Maddon, and had discarded Rushton. On this eventful and destiny-destroying night," commenced grandma forcibly, "the management presented to the lovers of the drama a most attractive and enticing bill. We all determined to go to the play. My hair was splendid in those days, and at least two hands longer than Louise's. I had it arranged in the morning by a hair-dresser, who thought proper to saturate it with a kind of oil, which, to my horror, I afterwards learned was highly combustible. Maddon came to our house rather early, with tickets, and spoke rapturously of Mrs. Somebody—I forget her name—who, he said, was going to electrify all Chatterton by her performance that night. We were sitting in our box, patiently awaiting the rising of the curtain, after the second or third act, when a whiff of smoke came from the stage, accompanied by a slight, crackling sound. I thought they were making their thunder and lightning you know, and was perfectly easy. Not so Maddon. He stood up, his eyes flashing, his nostrils dilating, and his lips compressed. Presently 'fire! fire!' was heard, and Maddon dashed over the railing upon the heads of the pit, stepped over the orchestra, and into the foot-lights upon the stage, leaving me unceremoniously to take care of myself, wondering what on the face of the earth was to pay. I hadn't sense enough to move hand or foot. The crowd writhed, and swore, and elbowed, and fainted, and trampled on each other, while I, absolutely petrified, remained glued to my seat. I could not budge an inch. People mashed me, and tore me all to pieces, and tall men stepped over my head, without so much as 'by your leave, Miss.' Finding that every body was making for the doors, I bethought me of looking out for a window. As soon as I began to move I found myself in a current of human beings, while crash after crash, and scream after scream was heard. I was pushed on by the crowd, until I stood before a window, and I hung on to my place. I heard somebody crying out to me from below. It was Rushton, calling on me to spring from the window. He placed a feather-bed upon the pavement, and, calling frantically to me, implored me to jump out. But I was paralyzed by fright. People were pushing me away, and jumping out like shot out

of a shovel. In the crowd below I recognized the deserter Maddon, with the actress in his arms, who had fainted in the street. Again Rushton screamed to me, and begged me to spring out upon the bed. I hadn't sense enough to move. Presently a flame licked me upon the back of my head, which, as I told you, was all saturated with a highly inflammable oil,—and I assure you, Miss Blanton, I sprang out with such superhuman strength, that I cleared the feather bed, passed over Rushton, and descended upon a large lot of household and kitchen furniture, belonging to Pratt & Brothers, next door above. People were astonished at me, and all eyes were turned upon me, as I reclined comfortably upon the household and kitchen furniture. I understand it was the greatest jump made that night. The tight-rope dancers didn't come near me. Suffice it to say," concluded Mrs. Barbara, with great gravity and importance, "that Mr. Rushton's gallantry, as contrasted with Maddon's shameful desertion, and devotion to the actress, caused me to become a Rushton!"

Grandma's maidenly choice was universally applauded. Every body thought she was right in discarding Maddon, and consenting to adorn, and illuminate, the Rushton family.

But about Robert's eccentric friend Dashwood. This handsome fellow was a perfect riddle to ordinary people. He had a way of flashing out sometimes, in a dazzling electrifying manner, and then subsiding into a man of less than ordinary pretensions. Sometimes people would begin to think him most extraordinary, destined for great things, capable of wonders, and suddenly he would put all such charitable notions to flight, by some unaccountable freak, which would have the happy effect of precipitating public opinion below zero. Robert alone, and perhaps Louise, held the key to his absurd whimsicalities. To Robert he was the most glorious and piquant of men. To Louise,—ah, what was he to Louise? More than mortal, more than lover, more than beloved. That he was pervaded by a poetic something, nobody could doubt. That he was lifted above his fellows, was beyond a question. That he had rare powers, glorious powers, every lady of any refinement and cultivation, of his acquaintance, was ready to admit. But, in the ordinary business of life—in buying and selling—making money, and the most of one's talents, our brilliant Dashwood was hopelessly inferior. He could assume, at a moment's warning, any character under the sun. Sometimes, for whole weeks, he was the man of business, going about

with a brisk manner, closely buttoned coat, and knit brows. During these business attacks, he would shoot ahead of the old stagers, throw a flood of light upon matters before shrouded in darkness, give quite a new turn to the old way of doing things, and after triumphantly proving himself eminently worthy of the counting-room or the desk, and blazing away to his own satisfaction, a complete reaction would take place.

The next thing you would hear of Dashwood, he would be idling about his lodgings, in gorgeous slippers, trailing robe, and jewelled cap, writing poetry for the magazines.

Again he would assume his profession of the law with an ardor and impetuosity, which could not last, make a crack speech, astonish the court, gain his suit, pocket his fee, and live like a lord, eschewing every thing but love, wine, and cigars. After this, he would take a trip off to a watering-place, or some fashionable place of folly, and smirk, and polk, and create sensations, until he was tired. Of course, after this, he would have a severe attack of *dolce far niente*, and then the usual return of *otium cum dignitate*. He did not care a fig for money, because he could generally contrive to make a little when hard pressed. He was not called a dissipated man, or a man of bad habits, but people called him an uncommon man, an astonishing man, a psychological riddle, a jack at all trades and good at none. His varied talents, his brilliancy, his powers, ever obedient, and ready to rise equal to any emergency, his eloquence, his intuitive knowledge of almost everything, his splendid person, and flexibility of manner, gave him a position among men, from which no freak on his part could displace him. To confess the truth, people petted his whims, in order to secure the use of his talents. Generally, if a fellow-citizen had a very unpromising case on hand, which he knew could only be gained by a master spirit, or some legerdmain peculiar to lawyers, or some trick of oratory, he consulted Dashwood, who, if in the want of money at that particular time, or exactly in the vein, would take hold of the matter, turn the whole strength of his soul and body upon it, and make such an effort for his client as few men, even in Virginia, could make.

To love such a man as this, was to tie one's self to a wheel at once. To love Dashwood was perfect folly. But there are some women, doubtless, provided by Providence for such men, who exult in martyrdom; who, of all things, love to make living sacrifices of themselves; whose hearts are moved by wonders, and

astonishment, and who must have a demi-god, for nothing short of a demi-god can fill up their capabilities of loving. The glitter and the glare of great personal beauty, astonishing powers, and irresistible manners, envelope them, and they are lost.

Louise, woman-like, first loved him, and then began to search about for reasons to sustain her. She loved him, first, because she could not help it, and because amid all his fickleness he was true to her. He was as steady in love, as he was unstable in every thing else. True, my sister was enough to fill a poet's eye, yet it must have been flattering to her, to see this man anchored, you may say, at her feet. He never swerved from her, or pretended to love another, or deigned to think there was any thing loveable in any other woman under the sun. Let him be politician, lawyer, poet, or dandy, his love for her remained the same. This was his great redeeming grace. What young lady of eighteen could withstand poetry, law, oratory, grace, fashion, great personal beauty, and most of all, constancy, combined? What southern beauty, spoilt by over-indulgence, never knowing the want of money or of friends, kept in seclusion, and guarded from all the ills that flesh is heir to, would not have loved this flashing Dashwood?

There are many, older and more experienced than our beautiful sister, who would have yielded to his power.

Tom Farren—apright, economical, well-balanced, systematic, money-making, plantation-managing Tom Farren, detested our poor Dashwood. He would be ready to say "fudge" at the bare mention of his name. He could see nothing but folly and consummate assurance in all he said and did. He wondered how people could tolerate such a man, who was, in fact, no man at all. How Robert and, most of all, Louise, could listen to him with any patience.

There had been a talk among the sovereigns who adored and petted Dashwood, of sending him to Congress, some day; but the neighboring gentry and landholders were in favor of Farren. Robert, too, who was a mighty man among the young girls and old maids in the neighborhood, and patronized incipient dandies, and carried on with old ladies and gossips at a high rate, was heart and soul for Dashwood. He declared Virginia hadn't given such a son to the world since she favored mankind with John Randolph, and always excused every vagary of his friend, by a dark and oracular allusion to the "eccentricities of genius." It was a rare frolic to Robert, this wheedling human nature, and enticing poor gullibility, to help Dash-

wood up the ladder. He hadn't had any thing so rich since the old rebellion days at college. He flattered, and joked, and visited among the outsiders, and was seen gallanting some of the oddest dressed creatures to church—solely for Dashwood's sake, he said. He would take giggling country lasses on his arms, and supply the babies with gingerbread, and keep mammas posted up in the news, solely because some day Dashwood might need popularity. Of course, Robert upheld Louise in her preference for her brilliant and meteor-like lover; and he sustained her nobly, in trying times, when grandma and papa would call her to account for refusing Farren again and again. Grandma was really awed by Tom Farren. She never raised her eyes to him without thinking of three hundred negroes, five plantations, his uncle, Governor Farren, two dwelling houses, and perspective winters in Washington. Our dear mamma, though still and placid, and seldom obtruding her opinions before folks, had, nevertheless, a strong dash of romance in her composition, which all the Rushton practicability could not entirely eradicate. Papa had no more poetry in him than a vice; he had so ridiculed all such nonsense, so preached against novel reading, so railed against Byron, so laughed at Dickens, and so completely annihilated Thackeray, that mamma had to withdraw her opinions and retire within herself. She was forced to read her favorite authors in her own room, to weep over Effie Deans and Byron's sad effusions in secret. The timid woman took a mother's pride in seeing her own smouldering embers of poetry and sentiment burning defiantly and glowing intensely in the magnanimous Robert, and the tender Louise.

She nourished them with her treasured books, she imbued them with her poetry, she sketched for them the wonders of the realms of thought; she read to them of the inner life; she talked to them of cloud-land and the yearnings of the heart; she held up before their eyes a beautiful world which they could make their own; she purified them from the dross, and bade them throw off the earthy particles with contempt; she aroused imagination, and beheld with delight the mighty giant rearing its magnificent head. She thought she was arming them for the battle of life; she thought there were moments of darkness and gloom for all, and that these treasures would lighten them; she thought, dear mother, of woman in her solitude, embalmed within her narrow, wearying sphere, of her long, dark, hopeless hours, of her isolation and loneliness, of the winter days and winter nights, after the gay

summer should be o'er, and she gave her treasures, that they might comfort and beautiful daughters these, her hidden beguile her then.

(To be continued.)

#### PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THORWALDSEN.

IT is seldom that we hear much about a man without forming some idea of his personal appearance, and it is still more seldom that this idea bears any resemblance to the original. In this respect I have always looked upon myself as very lucky in my first sight of Thorwaldsen; for the impression which I had carried away from my first hasty glance at his studio, was so mixed up with the Vatican, and the Capitol, and baths and monuments and temples, and the thousand wonders that crowd upon you during a first visit to Rome, that I had scarcely asked myself whether the long line of statues and bas-reliefs which I had passed before in those vast halls in the piazza Barberini, was the production of a living man or was some old museum under repair. One evening, while my mind was still in this delightful state, I came home somewhat later than usual to the pleasant little circle which time and the chances of life have now scattered far and wide, and hurried into the drawing-room, to try my new stock of phrases upon any unfortunate wight that would have the patience to hear his own beautiful language mutilated for the profit of a stranger whom he might never see again. There were very few in the room, but there was the old card-table in one corner, with its usual occupants, the talkative abbé and my good-natured landlord; Monsignore in his arm-chair, the young ladies in eager chat with my fellow boarder, all, in short, but the landlady, in their accustomed places, and she evidently doing her best to entertain a visitor whom I had never seen there before. He was a plain-dressed man, apparently past sixty, with a clear, fresh complexion, that apparently owed something to the sun of Italy, though there was no mistaking its transalpine origin,—features irregular, but massive and strong; in spite of the thinness of the lips and the defective outline of the nose, a full blue eye, clear and soft and bright, and yet with an occasional dreaminess that seemed to rise from some unseen depths, like those dreamy clouds that start forth all of a sudden from the depths of a summer's sky, giving a sort of hazy softness to what, a moment before, was pure and liquid blue, and with a general expression of serene and thoughtful repose upon his lips and brow that I

never saw any where else, but in the majestic face of Cuvier. He rose from his seat as my landlady mentioned my name, and shook my hand very cordially, with a few courteous expressions, which I rather guessed at than understood; for my Italian was very imperfect, and he, though he had an exquisite ear for music, had never succeeded in throwing off one of the strongest of German accents. After a minute or two he resumed his conversation with the landlady, and I sat down to look at him at my leisure. I had observed when he rose to shake hands with me, that though his frame was large, he was not tall; and now I could note the calm dignity of his manner, his easy self-possession, and the peculiar character which his long full locks gave to every movement of his head. I had seen great men before, generals, statesmen, historians and philosophers, and heard them talk freely about great things, but never before had I seen a man whose presence impressed me so directly with the sense of greatness. In Rome, kings and princes are very little things. I have seen them drive through the streets and not a dozen heads turn to give them a second look. Nothing seems to produce a permanent impression there but the creations of the mind, and those conceptions which, passing into the outward life of great deeds, show how closely all the higher forms of intellect are allied together. The great poet is a great man there, and the great artist still more so, from his more intimate connection with the daily wants and enjoyments of the city. Canova had been dead several years, and now not even the most bigoted could deny that Thorwaldsen was the greatest of living artists. And there he sat, conscious, yet simple in all his glory, and talking as cheerfully about the trifles of the hour as if he had never dreamed of immortality.

Several years passed before I saw him again, and the measure of his glory, already so full, had become fuller still. But now I could meet him under better auspices; for I could understand him in spite of his accent, and make myself understood. The first evening that I passed in his company, there was a good deal of singing, and I was very much amused to see how heartily he joined in the chorus. A

Scotchman who was present, was called upon for a Scotch song, and after explaining to the company when the chorus would begin, gave us "Auld lang syne!" In a few moments they had caught the air, and though there were only three or four in the room who could make any thing out of the words, carried it through with great spirit. It was amusing to observe Thorwaldsen. He was a passionate lover of music, giving himself up to it entirely, and so absorbed by any thing that pleased him, that, as he sat motionless and close to the instrument, with his eye riveted on the performer, and every now and then something floating over it, as if some new visions of beauty were just rising from out that sea of harmonies, you might almost have taken him for one of his own statues. But now the music was partly lost in the confusion, and the style of it was not of a kind to move him very powerfully, and all that he could do was to watch for the chorus, and then join in and play the boy with the rest of us, which he did with as good a grace and pleasant a smile as if it had been the most amusing thing in the world.

One of the pleasantest ways of meeting Thorwaldsen was at dinner. He was a hearty eater, and though moderate in his use of wine, knew how to season his meal with a cheerful glass, and grow all the more interesting for it. In winter he was too busy with great dinners and great folks, but in summer it was the greatest of treats to get him to come and dine with you when the day's work was over, and he could sit and draw out the evening—those delicious summer evenings of Rome—with music and talk. Just as the clock struck you would be sure to see him, the clay and dust carefully washed off, in his standing dress suit of black, and with the air of a man who is not afraid of fettering his spiritual wings, by letting dinner come in for its share as one of the pleasures of the day. Then, when the first dish was over, he was ready to talk; and nothing was easier than to bring him to the subjects you cared most to hear from his lips. There was nothing brilliant in his conversation. He gave his opinions simply and earnestly: told his anecdotes without any pretension: spoke readily and unaffectedly about himself: candidly of his cotemporaries: of the ancients with the firmness of a deep-set conviction; occasionally with somewhat of humor; and upon one or two subjects with an asperity which showed that, if occasion called for it, a vast deal of fire might be found under the calm and placid dignity of his general bearing.

On one of these occasions we happened

to be speaking of birth-places and ages. "Oh," said he, "when any body asks me when I was born, I always say in 1796." "Why so, Signor Commendatore?" his usual title. "Because it was in 1796 that I came to Rome, and that is the true date of an artist's birth." "Bartolini, you know, does not accept that doctrine, and says, that if nature has marked you out for an artist, it makes no difference whether you were born in the midst of Florence, or in the midst of a forest." "Nonsense. Before I left Copenhagen, I had modelled a number of little things, as well as I knew how, with the little help that I could get there; but I had no idea of art." "Suppose, however, you had staid there till now?" "What should I have done? Made a few dry bas-reliefs and bad statues; been appointed president of the academy, and director, perhaps, of some museum, and never produced a single thing worth looking at."

We spoke of the ancients. "I don't know what it is," said he, "but there is something in the antique which no modern has ever equalled. Canova never did, and I never did. What it consists in I cannot tell; but I never look at an old statue without feeling it."

I had been to a studio with him a few days before, to see a new statue before it was cast. The hips were too large, and after the first glance, he stepped up to the stand, and drew the true outline upon the clay with his thumb. It was the work of an instant—a single glance—a rapid, firm movement of the hand, and there was a line which would have served as well as Apelles' own to tell who had been there. I reminded him of it, and asked him whether he had always had the same feeling for proportion. "No," said he, "it is all hard study. I have had to work for it; but now a fault of proportion grates upon me like a discord in music."

Some allusion was made to his early struggles. "It was all up hill," said he, a slight touch of irony mingling with his usually good-natured tone. "At first they would not allow that I could do any thing. Then they were for cutting me down to bas-reliefs—Thorwaldsen for bas-reliefs, and Canova for statues. And now, they allow, I believe, that I can make statues too." His rivalry with Canova had been long and bitter; and though the question itself had long been decided, the bitterness was not yet all gone. I had occasion to observe this in speaking of a torch-light visit to the Vatican. "Yes, that is one of Canova's ideas; but there is no light for a statue like pure daylight."



I never heard him make a deliberate criticism, though he gave his judgments very freely and decidedly. "That volcano of Michael Angelo," I remember as an expression I once heard him apply to that wonderful man, though I cannot remember what it was that called it forth. A few years before, Raphael's bones had been discovered, opened, and reinterred with great solemnity, the principal artists, with Thorwaldsen at their head, taking a prominent part in the ceremony. "I saw his bones," said Thorwaldsen, in telling me of it; and the feeling with which he uttered it seemed the very feeling which Irving expresses so beautifully in speaking of the old sexton who had seen Shakspeare's; it was something to have seen such bones.

But there was one subject on which he never failed to grow warm, and that was the monument of Pius VII. The canons of St. Peter's had behaved very badly towards him, thwarting and teasing him every way in their power; and the old gentleman, who was perfectly conscious that he had given them, in that noble work, the only great monument in the church, could never speak of them with patience. After the first two or three words, I have seen him spring from his chair, and pace the room rapidly. "Yes, taking me to task—wanting me to come to them like a schoolboy, and learn my lesson of a set of ignorant priests, not one of whom could draw a nose."

Another favorable hour for visiting Thorwaldsen was in the morning. In his youth, I believe, he was an early riser, but when I knew him you might very easily, by taking an early breakfast, find him still in bed. On these occasions I used to go directly to the little private studio adjoining his bedroom, and amuse myself, till he came, with looking at the new figures on the modelling slate, or the casts and engravings that covered the walls. Very soon, however, the bedroom door would open and the old gentleman come out in dressing-gown and slippers, with a little cap on his head, and every appearance of having just quit his pillow. A simple nod of recognition was all that you could expect, for his head was full of his last day's work, and till he had examined that carefully, not a word would he utter. But walking directly up to his slate, he would stand for several minutes without moving, then draw his thumb rapidly over it here and there, correcting a detail, or working in a new outline, and giving, by a few rapid touches, an entirely new aspect to the whole composition. Then he would turn round, shake hands, and be ready

for a pleasant chat. It always seemed to me as if, from the first moment of his waking, he must have been going through, on his pillow, something like that simulating process by which Scott used to prepare his daily chapter while dressing; for it was very evident that his corrections were, in part at least, the result of a comparison of his morning thoughts with the work of the preceding day.

This little studio of his, by the by, and indeed the whole house, would well deserve a description. It is a classic spot in art. Piranesi had once lived there, and Canina, a great name in archaeology and architecture, still lived on the opposite side of the court. The rooms, of course, were all on a floor, that great blessing of Italian houses, with brick floors, thick walls, and high windows. The two first rooms, which looked on Via Sistina, were hung close with modern paintings, some of them gifts, and some of them purchases, and which seemed naturally enough to have come and clustered around him during his long life. Corresponding with these, but with their windows on the court-yard, were three smaller rooms, the two first, studios, and the third a bedroom. The first studio was for figures, the other for bas-reliefs, and in this Byron had sat to him for his bust. The furniture throughout was plain, neither carpets nor lounges, nor stuffed chairs, nor gilded tables, but here and there a fragment from the antique, an Etruscan vase, pictures, engravings, with a fair sprinkling of plaster arms, and hands and feet, and all the appropriate paraphernalia of an artist's study. Next to the modelling stand, the principal object in the smaller studio was an old bureau, with a folding leaf, half chest of drawers, and half writing desk, such as still may be found in many an old house even on this side of the Atlantic. Here he used to keep his rarities, his favorite drawings, his letters, and sometimes even his money. Add to this, an old straw-bottomed settee, and you have as correct a picture as my memory can afford me of the room in which kings and princes came to pay their tribute to a greatness more enduring than their own.

This may seem a very simple style of living for a very rich man. But Thorwaldsen's habits were always very simple. In the beginning, from necessity, and at last, from that same feeling which has made many an old man stick to his knee-buckles and white-topped boots, long after they had given place, with all the rest of the world, to straps and patent leather. And an artist's life in Rome is simple, as a matter of course. A bed-



room and a studio are all that he wants of a house; and the bedroom may be a very plain one, for it is in his studio that he reads, writes, works, and does every thing, in short, but eat and sleep. And even part of his eating may be done there too, for his breakfast is little more than coffee and bread. For dinner he goes to Lepri, or if he feel inclined to something a little better than usual, to the Falcone. And then when the day's work is over he saunters down to the Caffè Greco, and sips his coffee in clouds of smoke from pipes and segars innumerable, and amid the discordant clang of all the languages of Europe.

A monotonous life it might seem, and yet it is anything but monotonous. There is no monotony in his day's work, for if he is but a student, every day makes him stronger in the art he loves, and reveals some beauty which he had never seen before. With what delight he takes his stand before his Raphael, fits his canvas upon the easel, spreads his pallet, retouches the lines of yesterday, scans his copy carefully, and then turns again to the original, feeling that he has got somewhat nearer to its spirit, though it is still so far above him. There is a life's study in that figure, a new revelation of the expressive power of the human form, which he never felt fully till to-day, and to-morrow he will feel it still more. And yet he is not discouraged by the sense of his inability to reproduce it, for he feels that the perception of it which he has now reached is in itself a great gain, and that however far he may always fall short of his master's perfection, still there is abundant reward for all his labors, in having learnt to breathe freely on these summits of art, and touch as it were familiarly the hem of his garment.

And then his morning studies at the Academy from the living model. He never felt the difficulty of an outline before, nor how much power there is in a single stroke of the pencil. Every joint and limb becomes the object of a new study. There are untold wonders in the lights and shades of the surface and varying play of the muscles; the slightest change of posture, the slightest elevation or depression of a hand or an arm, the mere contraction or expansion of a feature or a limb, unfolds some new resource of his art, and contains lessons which if properly treasured up, may extend their influence through the whole of his career. Every week adds something to his portfolio, and when at last he comes to draw from his own resources, and try to give form and movement to the creations of his own imagination, he finds in these detached

studies abundant materials for rich, and varied, and truthful expression.

And if he has reached this end of all his efforts, and can follow freely the suggestions of his own feelings, what a world is his. How swiftly the days glide by him when each brings with it some new vision of beauty, or records some new step in the development of a cherished conception. No sunbeam ever lighted up the landscape with a radiance so dazzling as that which gleams upon him in this dream-world, which is henceforth to be his home. No strains from voice, or harpstring, or nature's own minstrelsy, were ever so sweet as those which float around his steps, attuning his mind and heart to the mysterious harmonies which he is about to unveil by the ministry of a sister art. All the treasures of the past are gathered anew for him; the deeds of its great men, the thoughts of the wise, the struggle, the triumph, and the reward; for it is through him that they are to assume new forms of grandeur and power, and become, as it were, a living presence for all ages. And nature opens her treasures, and pours forth new beauties in lavish profusion, and reveals the secret of her all-pervading sympathies. Yes, struggles and cares and bitter trials though there be in this life of the mind—and what is creative art but one of its manifold forms—but there are hours too of proud consciousness and thrilling delight, when the vision of truth or beauty first beams upon the intellectual age, and the indistinct conception gradually expands into pure and definite proportions, which more than atone for them all.

But it is not the artist's life that I have undertaken to describe. If I had, I would have told of joyous days in the vineyards in delicious October, of walks in early spring, to catch the first sight of the almond blossom; of twilights on the Pincian and sunsets from the Janiculum, with all Rome at your feet and the last sunbeams sleeping with their golden glow on the craggy peaks of the Sabine Mounts, while the shadows steal gently over the soft slopes of Albano. I should say too, that in those discordant tongues at the Caffè Greco, you would learn the thoughts of the profound and earnest German, hear the quick and volatile Frenchman, the Italian with his keen perceptions and electric feelings, the grave Spaniard, who hopes some day to renew the glories of Murillo, and the Russian, toiling on his pension for an Imperial smile and permission to pass another five years in Italy. Dusseldorf and Munich, Paris and St. Luke, meet face to face; opinions are sifted, judgments weighed, impressions compared, new works discussed, the whole field

of art passed in review; and this was part of what Thorwaldsen meant, when he said that Rome was the artist's home.

He meant also, that there was an ideal in Rome which was not to be found any where else, and which, however high he might go, still rose far above his highest flight. He was never satisfied, with any work of his own but once. In the height of his career he had made his group of the Graces, which, like Venus, seem to have become a kind of touchstone with sculptors, ever since that beautiful old group in the cathedral of Siena was first brought back to the light.

Canova's group is well known. Thorwaldsen's was equally celebrated, but he felt, even when he had given the last touches to the marble, that it was by no means what he wanted it to be. Many years afterwards he received an order for a duplicate, which in the pressure of other engagements he put off from time to time, and might perhaps never have executed if he had not happened to find a favorable moment after his last return from Denmark. He went over it all carefully; the alterations were not great, amounting to little more than a few changes in the details of the grouping, and particularly, if I recollect aright, in the arms of the nymphs and the position of the Cupid. But, however slight, the effect was magical, and even the dullest eye would have been struck by it. I happened to call on him just as the change was completed. It was in the winter, and there was a party of strangers there to get a sight of the old gentleman, under pretext of seeing his pictures. "Wait a moment," said he when he saw me, "I've got something to show you. They are only here," and an expressive shrug closed the sentence. In a few moments we were alone, and he led the way to his modelling room, took me by the hand, put me in the position he wanted, and "now," said he, "look at that." It was the group of the Graces in the fresh beauty of his last correction. "This was wrong, and this was wrong," continued he, pointing out the alterations, one by one,

and then seating himself like a boy, on his modelling steps, and turning to it again, "How do you like it? I never was satisfied before, *ma ora son contento—si son contento.*"

One more anecdote and I have done; and I place it here not only as a record of Thorwaldsen, but as a tribute to a man whose memory I love as a friend, and revere as an American. I mean Cole. Cole passed a winter in Rome not long after Thorwaldsen's last return from Denmark, and repainted his 'Voyage of Life.' He was naturally anxious to have Thorwaldsen see it, and I arranged the interview. At the appointed hour, ten in the morning, the old gentleman came. The four pictures were standing in a row, the first three completed, the last still wanting in some finishing touches, but all that was essential to the story was there. I never saw Cole so nervous as when he opened the door. Common criticisms he did not mind, but this was an ordeal to shake even his practised nerves. Thorwaldsen walked directly to the first piece, and taking the words from Cole's mouth as he began his explanation, went through the whole story, reading it from the canvas as readily as if the trees and flowers had been words. When he came to the last scene, he paused and stood silently before it, his eye resting with an expression of solemn musing on that cloud-veiled ocean which he too was to sail so soon. Twice he returned to examine the other three, and twice returned to gaze again at the closing scene with the same deep expression of earnest sympathy. I hardly ever passed an hour with him after that day, but what he would bring in some mention of Cole: "When I had heard from him? what was he doing? A great artist! what beauty of conception, what an admirable arrangement of parts, what an accurate study of nature, what truth of detail." I have often heard him speak of artists, friends and foes, the living and the dead, but never with such a glow of heartfelt enthusiasm as when he recalled his visit to the study of Cole.

#### UNCLE TOMITUDES.

HERE is a miracle! or something, at least, that has not happened before, and consequently, for which the world was not prepared; for the belief of King Solomon still prevails, that nothing will be which has not already been, and every new thing is incredible until it has been duplicated. Uncle Tom, therefore, is a  
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miracle, his advent had not been foreseen nor foretold, and nobody believes in him now that he has come, and made good his claim to be considered somebody. But, Uncle Tom's superiors were not believed in at first, and he can well afford to bide his time.

Never since books were first printed

has the success of Uncle Tom been equalled; the history of literature contains nothing parallel to it, nor approaching it; it is, in fact, the first real success in book-making, for all other successes in literature were failures when compared with the success of Uncle Tom. And it is worth remembering that this first success in a field which all the mighty men of the earth have labored in, was accomplished by an American woman. Who reads an American book, did you inquire, Mr. Smith? Why, your comfortable presence should have been preserved in the world a year or two longer, that you might have asked, as you would have done, "who does not?"

There have been a good many books which were considered popular on their first appearance, which were widely read and more widely talked about. But, what were they all, compared with Uncle Tom, whose honest countenance now overshadows the reading world, like the dark cloud with a silver lining. Don Quixote was a popular book on its first coming out, and so was Gil Blas, and Richardson's Pamela, and Fielding's Tom Jones, and Hannah More's Cœlebs, and Gibbon's Decline and Fall; and so were the Vicar of Wakefield, and Rasselas, and the Tale of a Tub, and Evelina, the Lady of the Lake, Waverley, the Sorrows of Werter, Childe Harold, the Spy, Pelham, Vivian Grey, Pickwick, the Mysteries of Paris, and Macaulay's History. These are among the most famous books that rose suddenly in popular esteem on their first appearance, but the united sale of the whole of them, within the first nine months of their publication, would not equal the sale of Uncle Tom in the same time.

But this success does not, by any means, argue that Uncle Tom is superior to all other books; but it is an unmistakable indication that it is a live book, and that it will continue to live when many other books which have been pronounced immortal, shall be dead and buried in an oblivion, from which there is no resurrection.

Uncle Tom is not only a miracle of itself, but it announces the commencement of a miraculous Era in the literary world. A dozen years ago, Uncle Tom would have been a comparative failure—there might not have been more than a million copies sold in the first year of its publication. Such a phenomenon as its present popularity could have happened only in the present wondrous age. It required all the aid of our new machinery to produce the phenomenon; our steam-presses, steam-ships, steam-carriages, iron roads,

electric telegraphs, and universal peace among the reading nations of the earth. But beyond all, it required the readers to consume the books, and these have never before been so numerous; the next year, they will be more numerous still, and Uncle Tom may be eclipsed by the shadow of a new comer in the reading world. It is not Uncle Tom alone who has made the way for himself; the road to popularity has been preparing for him, ever since the birth of Cadmus; he has only proclaimed the fact that the great avenues of literature are all open, wide, and well paved, and free to all who have the strength to travel in them. Hereafter, the book which does not circulate to the extent of a million of copies, will be regarded as a failure. What the first edition of a popular novel will be by-and-by, when the telegraphic wires will be printing it simultaneously, in New-York, St. Petersburg, San Francisco, Pekin and the intermediate cities, it is not easy to estimate. Then, when an international copyright shall secure the whole world to the popular author, for his market, authorship, we imagine, will be a rather more lucrative employment than it happens to be at present. The possibility of such a time does not appear half so improbable now, as the actualities of Uncle Tom would have sounded in the earlier days of the Edinburgh Review.

It is but nine months since this Iliad of the blacks, as an English reviewer calls Uncle Tom, made its appearance among books, and already its sale has exceeded a million of copies; author and publisher have made fortunes out of it, and Mrs. Stowe, who was before unknown, is as familiar a name in all parts of the civilized world as that of Homer or Shakspeare. Nearly two hundred thousand copies of the first edition of the work have been sold in the United States, and the publishers say they are unable to meet the growing demand. The book was published on the 20th of last March, and on the 1st of December there had been sold one hundred and twenty thousand sets of the edition in two volumes, fifty thousand copies of the cheaper edition in one, and three thousand copies of the costly illustrated edition. The publishers have kept four steam-presses running, night and day, Sundays only excepted, and at double the ordinary speed, being equal to sixteen presses worked ten hours a day at the usual speed. They keep two hundred hands constantly employed in binding Uncle Tom, and he has consumed five thousand reams of white paper, weighing seventy-five tons. They have paid to the author twenty thousand three hundred dollars as her share of the pro-

fits on the actual cash sales of the first nine months. But it is in England where Uncle Tom has made his deepest mark. Such has been the sensation produced by the book there, and so numerous have been the editions published, that it is extremely difficult to collect the statistics of its circulation with a tolerable degree of exactness. But we know of twenty rival editions in England and Scotland, and that millions of copies have been produced. Bentley has placed it among his standard novels. Routledge issues a handsome edition of it with a preface by the Earl of Carlisle; and this virtuous nobleman, with the blood of all the Howards in his veins, sees nothing out of the way in venting his indignation against American Slavery, in the preface of a book which is stolen from its author and published without her consent. Bentley also tacks on an "indignant preface" to his edition, but it is stated that he gives a per centage on the sale to the author, which gives him a right to be indignant, if he chooses. But the Earl of Carlisle and Routledge might have reserved their indignation against slavery, it strikes us, until they had taken to honest courses themselves. Another publisher in London issues an edition and proposes to share profits with the author, while a penny subscription has been got up as a testimonial to her from all the readers of the work in Great Britain and Ireland. We have seen it stated that there were thirty different editions published in London, within six months of the publication of the work here, and one firm keeps four hundred men employed in printing and binding it. There have been popular editions published also, in Edinburgh and in Glasgow; and it has been dramatized and produced on the boards of nearly every theatre in the Kingdom. Uncle Tom was played in six different theatres in London at the same time. An illustrated edition is now publishing in London by a bookseller named Cassell, the illustrations being furnished by the famous and inimitable George Cruikshank. The same publisher has issued an Uncle Tom Almanac, with designs by some of the most eminent artists of London. The whole Beecher family, of which Mrs. Stowe is a member, have been glorified in the English periodicals, and are exciting as much attention just now, as the Napoleonic family, to which they bear great resemblance; one being a family of Kings and Queens, and the other of preachers and authors—sovereigns in the intellectual world.

Uncle Tom was not long in making his way across the British Channel, and four

rival editions are claiming the attention of the Parisians, one under the title of *le Père Tom*, and another of *la Case de l'Oncle Tom*. But the fresh racy descriptions of the author, lose their vigor and force when rendered into French, though the interest of the narrative remains. The book reads better in German than in French, and makes a deeper impression on the Teuton than upon the Gallic mind.

The *Allgemein Zeitung*, of Augsburg, says of it in the course of a long review:

"We confess that in the whole modern romance literature of Germany, England and France, we know of no novel to be called equal to this. In comparison with this glowing eloquence, that never fails of its purpose, this wonderful truth to nature, the largeness of these ideas, and the artistic faultlessness of the machinery in this book, George Sand, with her *Spiridion* and *Claudie*, appears to us untrue and artificial; Dickens, with his but too faithful pictures from the popular life of London, petty; Bulwer, hectic and self-conscious. It is like a sign of warning from the New World to the Old. In recent times a great deal has been said about an intervention of the youthful American Republic in the affairs of Europe. In literature, the symptoms of such an intellectual intervention are already perceptible."

This is rather stronger praise, than any of the French critics have bestowed upon Uncle Tom, one of whom thinks it inferior to Hildreth's Archy Moore. But Mrs. Stowe's epic is more read in Paris, just now, than any other book, and it is said to have a greater success than any similar production since the publication of Paul and Virginia.

Uncle Tom has found its way into Italy, where there are more American travellers than American books. Our *chargé*, at Sardinia, reports that it is making its mark there, as in other parts of Europe, in a manner that astonishes the people. Two editions in Italian have been published in Turin, and one of the daily papers was publishing it as a *feuilleton*, after the manner of the Paris press.

What progress Uncle Tom has made in the other northern nations of Europe, in Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Poland and Lapland, we have not been informed; but it is undoubtedly drawing its tears from the eyes of the hyperboreans, as well as from the inhabitants of the mid south. India and Mexico, and South America, have yet to be Uncle Tomitized, for we have not heard of any editions of Mrs. Stowe's great romance among the descendants of the Aztecs, the Gauchos, or the Brazilians. It must spread over the whole earth, like the cholera, only reversing its origin and the

order of its progress. One of our newspaper critics compares the Uncle Tomific, which the reading world is now suffering from, to the yellow fever, which does not strike us as a very apt comparison, because the yellow fever is confined wholly to tropical climes, while Uncle Tom, like the cholera, knows no distinction of climate or race. He is bound to go; and future generations of Terra-del Fuegians and Esquimaux, will be making Christmas presents at this season of the year, of Uncle Tom's Cabin in holiday bindings.

Not the least remarkable among the phenomena that have attended the publication of Uncle Tom has been the numerous works written expressly to counteract the impressions which the book was supposed likely to make. This is something entirely new in literature. It is one of the most striking testimonials to the intrinsic merit of the work that it should be thought necessary to neutralize its influence by issuing other romances to prove that Uncle Tom is a fiction. Nothing of the kind was ever before deemed necessary. When Mrs. Radcliffe was bewitching the novel-reading world with her stories of haunted Castles there were no romances written to prove that ruined Castles were not haunted. But Uncle Tom had scarcely seen the light when dozens of steel pens were set at work to prove him an impostor, and his author an ignoramus. Some dozens of these anti-Uncle Tom romances have been published and many more of them remain in obscure manuscript. We have had the pleasure of looking over a score or two, which were seeking a publisher, and nearly all of them were written by women, upon the principle of *similia similibus*. The writer of one of these unpublished anti-Tom novels had made a calculation, the innocent ingenuity of which tickled our very midriff. She had ascertained that one hundred and fifty thousand copies of Uncle Tom's Cabin had been sold, and she calculated that every reader of that romance would be anxious to hear the other side of the story of domestic slavery, and her romance being the silver lining of the Southern institution, she came to a publisher with a modest proposal based upon a certain sale of one hundred and fifty thousand copies of her work. But this good lady had not made a greater mistake than the majority of our reviewers who have assumed that the "golden joys" of Mrs. Stowe's authorship were all owing to her having sung of Africa. Most unaccountably they imagine that it is the subject, and not the manner of its treatment, that has fascinated the reading public. But a more effete subject,

one of which the public were more heartily wearied, which was more unwelcome to ears polite than that of slavery, it would not have been easy to select. Whoever touched it was sure of that cruelest of all martyrdoms contemptuous neglect. The martyr age of anti-slavery, as Harriet Martineau called it, had passed away, and the more fatal age of indifference and contempt had succeeded. The public had been inundated and surfeited with anti-slavery sentiment in all possible forms, from the fierce denunciations of the Pilsbury Garrison school, down to the mild oburgations of Lucretia Mott. Every possible form of literary composition and pictorial embellishment had been devoted to the subject, and no one either needed, or desired, any further enlightenment about it, when Uncle Tom's Cabin was announced to the world of novel readers. The chances were a thousand to one against the success of the book. And yet it has succeeded beyond all other books that were ever written. And the cause is obvious; but, because it was obvious and lay upon the surface, it has been overlooked, there being an opinion among most men that truth must lie a long way out of reach.

"When I am reading a book," says Dean Swift, in his Thoughts on Various Subjects, "whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me." This is the secret of the success of Uncle Tom's Cabin; it is a live book, and it talks to its readers as if it were alive. It first awakens their attention, arrests their thoughts, touches their sympathies, rouses their curiosity, and creates such an interest in the story it is telling, that they cannot let it drop until the whole story is told. And this is done, not because it is a tale of slavery, but in spite of it. If it were the story of a Russian Serf, an evicted Milesian, a Manchester weaver, or an Italian State prisoner, the result would be the same. It is the consummate art of the story teller that has given popularity to Uncle Tom's Cabin, and nothing else. The anti-slavery sentiment obtruded by the author in her own person, upon the notice of the reader, must be felt by every one, to be the great blemish of the book; and it is one of the proofs of its great merits as a romance, that it has succeeded in spite of this defect. If Mrs. Stowe would permit some judicious friend to run his pen through these excrescences, and to obliterate a flippant attempt at Pictorian humor, here and there, Uncle Tom's Cabin would be a nearly perfect work of art, and would deserve to be placed by the side of the greatest romances the world has known. It has often



been spoken of by critics as deficient in artistic ability, but it is to its masterly construction, or artistic quality, that it is indebted for its popularity. The overplus of popularity given to the work by its anti-slavery sentiment is not much greater than the loss of readers from the same source; but the evangelical sentiment of the book, the conversions to holiness through the influence of Uncle Tom's preaching, which the *London Times* cavilled at, is a greater cause of its popularity with the religious classes, we imagine, than the anti-slavery sentiment which it contains. For the religious sentiment of Uncle Tom is in strict accordance with the theology of nine-tenths of the Christian world. In all the great requisites of a romance it is decidedly superior to any other production of an American pen.

There are not, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, any of the delicacies of language which impart so great a charm to the writings of Irving and Hawthorne, nor any descriptions of scenery such as abound in the romances of Cooper, nor any thing like the bewildering sensuousness of Typee Melville; but there are broader, deeper, higher and holier sympathies than can be found in our other romances; finer delineations of character, a wider scope of observation, a more purely American spirit, and a more vigorous narrative faculty. We can name no novel, after Tom Jones, that is superior to Uncle Tom in constructive ability. The interest of the narrative begins in the first page and is continued with consummate skill to the last. In this respect Thackeray is the first of cotemporary English novelists, and Bulwer deserves the next mention. But the commencement of all of Thackeray's stories is dull and uninviting, while Bulwer, who opens briskly, and excites the attention of the reader in the beginning, flags and grows dull at the close. Mrs. Stowe, like Fielding, seizes upon the attention at the outset, and never lets it go for a moment until the end. It matters not by what means this is done, it is the chief object aimed at by the romancer, and the greatest artist is he who does it in the most effectual manner; if the writer of fiction fails in this point, he fails altogether. And the same may be said of every other writer; the mind must first be amused before it can be instructed.

In no other American book that we have read, are there so many well-delineated American characters; the greater part of them are wholly new in fiction. The mischievous little imp Topsy, is a sort of infantine Caliban, and all the other darkies are delineated with wonderful skill and

freedom; and each page of the book is like a cartoon of charcoal sketches. It has been objected to Uncle Tom, that all the whites are impossibly wicked, and all the blacks are impossibly good. But nothing could be further from the truth than such an assertion; the most amiable of the characters are some of the slave owners, while the most degraded and vile are, of course, the slaves. There is no partisanship apparent in the narrative proper, and if the author did not, occasionally, address the reader in her own person, greatly to her own prejudice, we should hardly suspect her of anti-slavery leanings.

An ingenious writer in the *Literary World* has done Mrs. Stowe the favor to point out an instance of undeniable, but, we presume, unconscious plagiarism, on her part, for which she should feel herself under great obligations to him. He proves pretty clearly, that the weakest part of Uncle Tom has been borrowed from Mrs. Sherwood. Little Eva is, unquestionably, nothing more than an adaptation of the Little Henry of the English lady; and, for our own part, we think it very creditable to Mrs. Stowe that such is the case. The little Nells, little Pauls, little Henrys, and little Evas, are a class of people for which we care but little. Dickens has much to answer for in popularizing the brood of little impossibilities, who are as destitute of the true qualities of childhood as the crying babies which are hung up in the windows of toy-shops. One Topsy is worth a dozen little Evas. But it is a proof of the genius of the author, that every character she introduces into her story is invested with such a distinct individuality that we remember it as a new acquaintance, and feel a strong interest in its fate.

We have heard of almost innumerable instances of the power of Uncle Tom, but one of the finest compliments that has been ever paid to its fascinations was from a Southern Senator and a slave-holder. Somebody had persuaded him to read the book, and, on being asked what he thought of it, he merely replied that he should be very sorry for his wife to read it. A friend of ours was sleeping one night in a strange house, and being annoyed by hearing somebody in the adjoining chamber alternately groaning and laughing, he knocked upon the wall and said, "Hallo, there! What's the matter? Are you sick, or reading Uncle Tom's Cabin?" The stranger replied that he was reading Uncle Tom.

Apart from all considerations of the subject, or motive, of Uncle Tom's Cabin, the great success of the book shows what may be accomplished by American au-

thors who exercise their genius upon American subjects. Imitations of foreign and classical literature, though equal to the originals, will not command success. The American author or artist who is ambitious of success must confine himself to the illustration of American subjects. Cooper made his first essay upon foreign ground and failed. He then came back to America, with no better talent than he carried abroad, and succeeded, having first secured a reputation by the use of a home subject, and then succeeded with foreign materials. But Irving always wrote as an American even when his theme was foreign. There is yet remaining an uncultivated but rich field for American genius. Our first novel of society has yet to be written. We are daily looking for the appearance of our native novelist who shall take his place by the side of Irving, of Cooper, of Melville, and Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe. Like the sister of Fatima, we can see a cloud in the distance, but we cannot make out the form of the approaching genius. There are steam-presses and paper-mills now erecting to welcome him. Our aborigines, and sailors, and transcendentalists, and heroes, and slaves, have all had their Iliad, but our men and women of society are yet looking for their Fielding, their Bulwer, or their Thackeray.

Some of the foreign correspondents of our daily papers, in commenting on the popularity of Uncle Tom in Europe, account for it by saying that the English are glad of an opportunity to circulate a book which shows up our country to disadvantage. But we do not perceive the force of this argument. We do not think that any degree of hatred to our institutions could induce the people of Great Britain to read a dull book. Besides, there have been dozens of books published about slavery, which throw Uncle Tom's Cabin completely in the shade in their pictures of our domestic institutions. In fact, Mrs. Stowe's book gives a much more agreeable picture of Southern slavery than any of the works we have seen which profess to give the right side of the tapestry. A desire to degrade America surely cannot be the reason why the representation of dramatic scenes in Uncle Tom have proved so attractive in our own theatres. For our part, we think that the actual effect of Mrs. Stowe's romance will be to create a much more indulgent and forgiving spirit towards the people of the South than has prevailed in England heretofore. Our last presidential election certainly did not afford any reason to believe that the minds of our countrymen had been at all influenced by Mrs. Stowe's enchantments.

#### ERICSSON'S CALORIC SHIP.

THE invention of new motors has always been a source of fruitful inquiry. Many ingenious and useful applications of mechanical force have been contrived for the one great object—the propulsion of vessels upon the ocean, and of carriages on the land, by means of a power, which, possessed of the force of Steam, should be at once more economical, less dangerous, and of more easy and general application. To effect this object, skilful mechanists have directed their attention to the development of those powers of nature by means of which man conquers the world to his will. There is much that is curious in the thought, that so simple an agent as water, when subjected to the action of heat, should create an instrument capable of revolutionizing commerce, and of bringing the ends of the earth together. There is something much more remarkable, if the idea can be carried to perfection, of which there seems now little doubt, in the employment of the air we breathe, and without which we cannot live, to feed the lungs of the iron monster, which conveys us rapidly from port to port, and serves to

spread abroad and strengthen the ties of civilization.

The Caloric Ship of Captain ERICSSON marks a new era in the history of navigation. An experiment it can scarcely be termed, for it is the result of twenty-five years of research and experience. Its triumph or its defeat will settle a question which has attracted the attention of the world, and its final issue is to determine the future of ocean navigation.

In its outward appearance, the caloric ship does not so greatly differ from an ordinary steamship, as might be imagined, in consequence of the total change in its propelling power. The most perceptible alteration upon her decks is the presence of four handsome, symmetrical funnels, placed at nearly equal distances from each other, and occupying the place of the unsightly and smoke-begrimed pipe of our large steamers. Two of these chimneys are attached to the upper cylinders of the engines, and the remaining two serve at once for ornament and the escape of heated and impure air from the engine-room.

Each funnel is a perfect cylinder, thirty inches in diameter, rising only five feet above the paddle-boxes, and resting upon an octagonal pedestal, tastefully carved and ornamented. The whole is painted white, with the exception of a cast-iron ring, near the top of each of the pipes, which is carefully gilded. The general effect of the four white, plain and cleanly pillars upon the deck is very pleasant. Near each pair, the pipes standing two and two, is an air-shaft. This is intended to supply a constant current of cold air to the engine-room, and descends to the very bottom of the vessel, carrying down a vast volume of fresh air to supply the waste engendered by the consumption of the furnaces. In consequence of this happy arrangement, the fire-room is kept at nearly the same temperature as the upper or hurricane-deck. The difference between this and the similar apartment of the ordinary steamships is very striking. There is a manifest improvement in the application of this ventilating-shaft, in the simple fact, that all danger of fire is obviated through the coolness of the spot where the flame is generated. But the shaft is not alone useful in this way. Being so constructed as to form a continuous "well" from the top to the bottom of the vessel, the open space thereby afforded is made available as a location for the pumping apparatus. The brakes of the powerful force-pumps with which the ship is supplied project from the side of the shaft upon the deck, and may be there worked by the crew with the utmost possible convenience. A large amount of pipe is, of course, required to draw the water that the ship may make, to so great a height, but the pumps are sufficiently powerful to complete the work. The mouth of each of these shafts is carefully covered with oiled canvas, though light is admitted by means of a netting surrounding the edge of the pit. The uses to which the shafts are put are remarkably appropriate and simple. They are indispensable auxiliaries of the system of ventilation, which this ship possesses in an eminent degree. The deck is perfectly free, fore and aft, and affords a pleasant place of promenade, if the passenger possesses the requisite strength of nerve.

In her build, the *Ericsson* is a fine specimen of naval architecture. No vessel has gone out of the port of New-York her superior in beauty, strength, and, we may perhaps soon add, in speed. The engines being situated in the centre of the ship, the midship section of the vessel is formed quite unlike the steamships. The floor has a gradual rise, greater than is usual in vessels of this

description; the wave-line is applied judiciously; the bow cuts the water smoothly and rapidly; and the run is marked by a peculiarity of construction which gives the ship an easy rest upon the water. The flooring is entirely solid from stem to stern. To give additional strength to the timbers, the entire frame is firmly braced by bars of iron placed diagonally, and securely bolted to each other and to the ship. With these advantages, and the tidy masts and rigging, unsoiled in the longest voyages by smoke or gases, the ship always presents a clean and fresh appearance, which places her in striking contrast with her rivals. The peculiarities of build and finish we may not here particularize more closely. They are best judged by observation, and their advantages will be determined by experience.

The dimensions of the *Ericsson* are as follows:

Length between perpendiculars, . . . . .	250 feet
Breadth of beam, . . . . .	40 feet
Depth of hold, . . . . .	26 ft. 6 in.
Tonnage (Register measure), . . . . .	1903 tons
Working cylinders, (diameter of each) . . . . .	168 in.
Length of stroke, . . . . .	6 feet
Supply cylinders, (diameter of each) . . . . .	137 in.
Length of stroke, . . . . .	6 feet
Chimneys, two in number, (diameter) . . . . .	80 in.
Ventilating tubes, two in number, corresponding to the chimneys, (diameter) . . . . .	80 in.
Paddle-wheels, (diameter) . . . . .	32 feet
" " buckets . . . . .	10 ft. 6 in.

The owners of the vessel are a company of gentlemen of wealth and influence, among whom is JOHN B. KITCHING, Esq., a prominent merchant of this city. Her builders were MESSRS. PERRINE, PATTERSON and STACK, of Williamsburgh; the engines were constructed by MESSRS. HOGG and DELAMATER of New-York.

The principle involved in the construction of the Caloric Engine, it is already well known, is the application of air in a state of expansion to the uses for which steam has long been employed. To explain the mode in which Capt. ERICSSON accomplishes this undertaking is a comparatively easy matter, but to make it thoroughly intelligible to all, is more difficult. The account, however, may be given in the simplest manner.

The engine-room is paved with corrugated cast-iron bed-plates, extending over its whole area. The apprehensions of leakage from bolt-holes through the bottom of the ship, as in steam-ships, are not entertained here, in consequence of this improved method. The plates are cast with a corrugated surface, so that the footing of the firemen and attendants may be secure, even when the ship careens. The danger of fire from casual falls of coals from the furnaces, or from a too

great temperature, is also obviated by this arrangement, for two reasons: 1. That there is not a crevice in the iron flooring through which fire may obtain access to the wood-work. 2. That there is no fire sufficiently furious to heat even the iron that surrounds it to any dangerous degree.

The improvement of the new motor thus begins at the very foundation. The cylinders composing the Caloric Engine are four in number, placed in pairs, one above the other. Their position is not side by side, but lengthwise of the vessel. The largest cylinder of each pair is termed the *working cylinder*; and the upper, or smaller, the *supply cylinder*. The dimensions of these cylinders are immense. As already stated, each of the working cylinders is 168 inches, or fourteen feet, in diameter; and the supply cylinders have each a diameter of 137 inches, or eleven feet five inches. It was at first doubted whether cylinders of such a magnitude could be properly made, those of the Collins steamships being only 90 inches in diameter; but the experiment has succeeded admirably. Persons are not wanting who will now undertake to manufacture twenty feet cylinders, if need be. The weight of this entire mass of iron is about four hundred tons. The workmanship is beautiful, and reflects credit upon American skill and enterprise. The capacity of the cylinders is such that 34,272 cubic feet of atmospheric air per minute, are drawn into the engine when only fourteen strokes per hour are made; so that in the space of sixty minutes the aggregate volume of air which passes through the engine is not less than 2,056,320 cubic feet. The weight of air is in the ratio of  $13\frac{1}{2}$  cubic feet to the pound; so that, according to this calculation, the vast volume of *sixty-eight tons* of atmospheric air goes through the cylinders every hour, effecting a wonderful ventilation. The furnaces through which the requisite amount of heat is applied to set the machinery in motion, are located at the base of the working cylinders. A comparatively small amount of fuel is required for consumption during long voyages, and it is confidently asserted that the ship will be able to take on board a sufficient quantity of coal,—anthracite only being used, on account of its greater cleanliness,—to take the vessel to and return her from any European port, and even to Canton. This is another advantage, of which we shall come to speak by and by. The engine, then, works simply as follows: The furnaces having been lighted, the air contained in the working or lower cylinder presently becomes heated, forces up the piston within, and escapes through a series of

valves provided for this purpose. Each cylinder has a piston, fitting closely to it, but so contrived that both always work together. As the air escapes from the lower cylinder, the piston contained within the cylinder descends by its own gravity, drawing the upper one down with it. The upper piston, in its descent, pulls open a series of valves, each some two feet in diameter, placed in the top of each of the supply-cylinders. The opening of these valves causes the instantaneous admission of a volume of cold air. As the piston ascends, these valves close, and the confined air, now unable to escape in the way it entered, finds vent in another set of valves, through which it passes into a receiver. From this receiver, it is to pass into the working or lower cylinder, to force up the working piston within it. In order to perform this duty, it is compelled to pass through an apparatus called the regenerator, which is nothing more than a series of wire-nettings placed close together to the thickness of twelve inches. The meshes of this network of iron being fine, and the distance through the mass very considerable, the air, in its passage from one side to the other, is distributed in an infinitude of small cells, and is thus placed in intimate contact with a metal surface which is peculiarly sensible of appreciation or depreciation in the amount of caloric that may exist in its vicinity. Upon this part of the apparatus is based the grand feature of the Caloric Engine. The idea of the reiterated employment of heated air was long the subject of experiment by Capt. ERICSSON. It was ascertained, by himself and others, that atmospheric air and the permanent gases acquire or part with a given degree of heat, in passing through a given extent of space; or, in other words, that a volume of air, in passing through a space of, say, six inches in the fiftieth part of a second, is capable of acquiring or evolving about  $400^{\circ}$  of heat. The simplest philosophical principles are therefore combined in the production of the caloric engine, namely, the radiating properties of heat, and the affinity of metals for caloric. The result of Captain ERICSSON'S observations leads him to adopt the "regenerator," as the truest and simplest exponent of these powers. In its manner of operation, the regenerator is speedy and certain. Its warmer surface is of course nearest the fire below; its cooler side is fanned by the current of air which enters from above. As the heated air leaves the working-cylinder of the engine, it necessarily enters the regenerator, by which it is deprived of its caloric, and is expelled with but thirty degrees of heat; whereas,

upon its entrance through the same channel, it received about four hundred and fifty degrees. The remaining thirty degrees necessary to produce the minimum of expansive force ( $480^{\circ}$ ) are derived from the heat of the furnaces; and the volume of air is then doubled, the machinery set in motion, and the action of the pistons is commenced. As the lower piston rises, it pushes up the crank of the connecting-rod which rests upon it—produces, thereby, a revolution of the shaft, by which the paddle-wheels are turned, and the ship is at once in motion.

The action of the cylinders, the regenerator, the crank and rod, and the shaft and wheels, continues without alteration so long as it may be desirable. The furnaces require the attendance of very few men, in comparison with the host of engineers, firemen, feeders, and supernumeraries that peoples the hold of our common steamships. Allusion has already been made to the fact, that the vessel is enabled to carry a sufficient supply of coal to accomplish both the outward and return voyages. The shaft lies concealed between-decks. In this respect, the application of the new power possesses a decided advantage; as, in vessels propelled by steam, the passages fore-and-aft are interrupted by the elevation of the shaft into inconvenient proximity with the head of the passer-by. On the *Ericsson*, the decks are entirely clear from stem to stern.

The state-rooms and saloons of the ship are fitted up in superb style. The furniture is of the newest pattern, the mirrors of the richest, and the ornamental work of the best. No expense has been spared to render the vessel a worthy compeer of the noble ships which have gone forth to testify to the taste and enterprise of New-York.

As regards the conveyance of heavy cargoes, the vessel is exceeded by none of the best steamers. Her capacity for stowage is about fourteen hundred tons. Her freight-deck is clear from fore to aft, secure, and easy of access. In consequence of the peculiarities of her build, there are no interruptions in the passages, and no difficulty is experienced in the assortment, arrangement, or the prompt delivery of her cargo. Beneath the freight-deck is the coal-hold, which remains distinct from any other portion of the ship, and does not interfere with the residue of its appointments.

The minor details of the structure of the vessel are not important, differing but slightly from the ordinary steamships.

In this brief description of the peculiar characteristics which mark the Caloric Ship, we have aimed merely at a general and popular exposition of a great idea, of which the full development must be a work of time. The efforts of the ingenious inventor, with whose name the enterprise is so closely allied, have been directed to the accomplishment of a mighty undertaking. Whether the use of steam is soon to be superseded by an invention so much more simple and easy of access as common air, is a problem of vast moment. The probabilities in favor of its ultimate success are certainly most flattering. Confidence, energy and perseverance have been assiduously brought into combination to effect an end at once so desirable and important. The new ship is receiving the finishing touches as this article is penned, and, by the advent of the new year, will probably have made her debut before the public. Nothing is hazarded in the remark that she will attract attention and regard, as a most perfect specimen of mechanical skill and enterprise.

#### ANECDOTE OF JAMES SMITHSON.

DR. B. A. GOULD, jr., in a lecture on "The Theory of Probabilities," delivered, on the 24th of November, before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in Boston, illustrated a proposition by narrating an occurrence in the life of James Smithson.

It is related of him that, when in Paris, being addicted to indulgence in "*Rouge et Noir*," he at one time experienced almost constant reverses, and narrated the circumstance to his friend M. Arago, the eminent *Savant*.

M. Arago interrogated him as to the number and the time of his losses, and their proportion to the times of playing,

and then, rapidly calculating, surprised him by declaring the exact amount.

Some time after, Smithson brought to M. Arago a table, in which he had applied the principles of this previous calculation, saying that the excitement of the game was necessary to him, and that, by the use of this table, he now obtained the greatest possible entertainment by the expenditure of a definite amount.

To this fact of the existence of certainty in uncertainty, as the lecturer remarked, are we indebted for the benefits subsequently conferred on the interests of science by the establishment of the Smithsonian Institution.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

## LITERATURE

AMERICAN. — DR. KRAITSIR'S *Glossology, a Treatise on the Nature of Language, and the Language of Nature*, amid its abundant merits, has the defect of being too learned. The author has crowded so much into a brief compass that his remarks become obscure, or rather they make such a demand upon the attention that the effort to understand him becomes almost painful. If the same rich materials were treated in a more familiar and explanatory way, they might do a great service in reforming the abuses of the noble English tongue. As it is, and in spite of the petulance which occasionally escapes from the too-earnest writer, we commend his instructions to all those who take an interest in purifying our speech, or who care to acquire foreign languages by a thoroughly scientific method. We are told by those who have penetrated the depths of the Doctor's principles, that they throw a wonderful light upon the whole subject of linguistic.

—MISS CHEESBORO'S new novel, *The Children of Light*, is a worthy successor to the "Isa, a Pilgrimage," which attracted no small share of admiration last year. It has much of the same vigor and freshness, but, like that, it shows a mind which had not yet worked itself into perfect clearness of conception. Most of the books written by women are said to be deficient in that indescribable quality called Art, but Miss Cheesboro' is rapidly attaining the highest walks in the department to which her talents are devoted.

—What a taking title is that of Mr. KIMBALL, the *Romance of Student Life Abroad*, and how gracefully the author has told his adventures! But, on the whole, his book is not equal to the "St. Leger," in which there is so much romance and so much passion.

—*Knick-Knacks* is the happy name wherewith our venerable contemporary of THE KNICKERBOCKER has christened his bantling of a book. It is enough to say of it that it contains all those funny things which have made the "Editor's Table" of that Magazine the part to which every reader of it first turns, and from which he gets up with a broad grin. We know of no collection of American humor similar to it, certainly none that contains such a variety of original and racy matter.

—An admirable compilation is that of *The British Orators*, made by Dr. GOODRICH. It presents, in a portable form, the best speeches of the most illustri-

ous orators of Great Britain, with brief sketches of their lives, and excellent explanatory notes. We have made time to go over the greater part of the volume, and have derived no little refreshment and pleasure from the perusal. A collection of American orators, made with equal fidelity and care, would be a valuable contribution to literature.

—If we Americans have only a scanty literature of our own, we have the merit at least of first publishing a great deal of the best literature of England. The collected writings of Bolingbroke, of Macaulay, of Carlyle, of Wilson, of Talfourd, of Sydney Smith, of Jeffrey, of De Quincey, of Thackeray, were first issued on this side of the water, and now we have, added thereto, an excellent edition of the prose works of PROCTER, better known as Barry Cornwall. They consist of a series of pleasantly conceived and gracefully written tales and essays.

—MRS. FOLLEN has done a good thing for the juveniles in printing some of the best stories and poems of her *Child's Friend* into a neat book form. Few persons know so well as she how to cater for the tastes of the young.

—An edition of the *Speeches of Macaulay* is announced in this city. His spoken rhetoric is quite equal to his written, and we wonder, in the universal admiration which his brilliant style merits, that this task of compilation has not been before undertaken.

—MR. HILDRETH, the historian, is about to publish *A Theory of Politics*, a work which he has had for some years in preparation. It will be a statement of the reasons why different governments have prevailed in different nations, with historical parallels and illustrations.

—The Appletons will publish, in the month of February, a volume, entitled *Prismatics*, by RICHARD HAYWARDE, under which disguise the modest author lies concealed. In the matter of typography, the publishers promise that it will be something of which the American press will be proud, and to say that the embellishments will be from the pencils of Elliot, Darley, Kensett, Hicks, and Rossiter, will commend it to the lovers of art.

—MR. BANCROFT'S continuation of his *History of the Revolution*, has appeared in England, and is favorably noticed by the reviews. The American edition is received as we go to press. It will have attention in our next.

—The papers contributed to the *Horti-*

*culturist*, by the late A. J. DOWNING, we are glad to learn, will soon be collected and published. The editorial supervision is in the hands of his friend, G. W. CURTIS, who will write a memoir of his life, and Miss BREMER, who knew him well, having passed many days with him on her arrival in this country, will furnish a sketch of his character. This, we have no doubt, will be a most agreeable book.

—*Meagher's Speeches* are not out at the time of our going to press, but we anticipate from the reading of them, some rare pleasure. Those who were among the four thousand of delighted listeners to the lecture on Australia, delivered by the eloquent young Irish orator, at Metropolitan Hall, will be eager to see his utterances in print.

—*Lectures* have come to be one of the established winter institutions; not in the cities only, but in many of the country towns, both large and small. Nearly all the literary societies of the land, in addition to their usual exercises, have regular courses of lectures, in which men more or less eminent participate. In this city, Mr. Thackeray's course before the Mercantile Library Association, has been the most successful; his audiences have uniformly included the most intellectual and fashionable people, who have received them with delight. The Popular Course, too, at the Tabernacle, with Mr. Whipple, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Osgood, Prof. Olmsted, as the lecturers, has been well attended, and the Course of the Historical Society, introduced by Mr. Bancroft, promises much pleasure to come. Such an uprising of listeners has never before been known.

—*The Cooper Monument*, what has become of it? We are glad to say that it is not forgotten. Besides the five hundred dollars collected at the meeting last winter, Mr. Irving and Mr. Prescott have since contributed one hundred dollars each, all which sums are in the hands of the Treasurer of the Memorial Committee. Will not some of our rich men add several thousands thereto, that New-York may boast of at least one enduring remembrance of an illustrious citizen? Let but one in a hundred of the readers and admirers of COOPER send a single dollar to John A. Stevens, Esq., Treasurer of the Cooper Monument Committee, Bank of Commerce, New-York, and a monument will be raised, worthy of the country. Shall it still be a reproach to this great leading community, that it possesses no public memorial to a literary man? Surely, all that is needed in this case, is the intimation that a responsible treasurer is ready to receive the funds, and that our greatest sculptor is

ready to proceed with the work. Now that this is announced, we are sure that hundreds and thousands will respond to the prompt and liberal example of two of the great novelist's brother authors, above mentioned.

—*Frank Freeman's Barber Shop* is one of a spawn of romances that has followed Mrs. Stowe's book. Some of them have taken the ground that Slavery was the greatest social curse under the heavens, and others, that it was the most Arcadian and blissful of institutions, exhibiting as much variety in their color as the human race itself, from the deeply black, to the pale white; but "*Frank Freeman*" takes a mulatto course, and is alternately of both sides. Yet as this is the day of compromises, we see no reason why a novel-writer should be excluded from an adoption of the fashion, especially when he belabors, with hearty ill-will, the extremes of both sides. The Rev. Mr. HALL, the author, is a humorist, a little rude at times, but with the genuine comic vis.

—Mrs. HALE pats the "friends of Women's Rights," on the head, perhaps without meaning it, by publishing an account of all the illustrious female mankind that have enlightened, if not beautified the world. Her roll-call musters a larger Amazonian army than was ever gathered by any of the Caliphs. She shows that women have attained eminence in every walk of life, in science, art, war, religion, authorship, philanthropy, etc., etc., but a crabbed friend of ours suggests the question, whether, among the whole number, there was a single genius? We shall, perhaps, undertake to answer his question in our next number.

—A life of WALTER SCOTT was not needed by scholars, who possess that most entertaining work of Lockhart, next to Boswell's the most readable of biographies; but how few scholars can afford so voluminous a work! It was, therefore, a happy thought of Donald McLeod to write a new history of the first of novelists, one of those broad fruitful natures that cannot easily be exhausted. How he has executed it, we have not found time to read; yet we think, from an occasional sip at his fountain, in a hearty appreciating way.

ENGLISH.—The English work likely to make the most stir in the coming months, is "*Hippolitus and his Age*," by the CHEVALIER BUNSEN, Prussian Minister to England. Both on account of the writer and the subject, the work excites attention. It is not often that we get a diplomat among the Doctors of Divinity. But the friend of Niebuhr, of Dr. Arnold, and of Archdeacon Hare, is quite an exception

among diplomats, and is better known for his scholarship, than his statesmanship. The object of the work is to explain the state of Christian opinion and practice at Rome, a whole century before the Nicene theology. It is suggested by a MS. discovered at Mount Athos, in Greece, and purporting to be a work of Hippolitus, bishop of the Harbor of Rome, and dating about A. D. 225. This Manuscript was formerly ascribed to Origen, but Bunsen tries to show that Origen did not write it, and that Hippolitus did. The authenticity is important, because, if written by Hippolitus, it throws light upon an obscure period in the history of the Church. It would go to show that, in that age, nothing was yet known of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, nothing of the celibacy of the clergy, nothing of bishops as a supreme order, and nothing of a great many other dogmas now incorporated into the general faith. Whether Bunsen be right, or the Church, we will not say; but we will add, that he has given the Churchmen considerable of a nut to crack.

—*Henry Esmond*, by THACKERAY, is variously received, by the critics both at home and abroad; some say that it is an advance on his previous writings, and some, that it is not so good. Our opinion is, that it is any thing but a failure; on the contrary, that it has all the nice power of observation and picturesqueness of the author, but that as the scene is laid in past times, it cannot have the freshness and truth of a novel relating to the present day. Characters and events passing before us, we see with our eyes, but the characters and events of a hundred years ago, exist only to the imagination. Now, as Thackeray is a man noted for seeing with his eyes, it was to be expected that a novel by him, about Queen Anne's folks, would not be so excellent as a novel about Queen Victoria's. Yet his learning is wonderfully accurate and comprehensive, his insight clear and penetrating, his suggestions always wise and significant, and his studies of costumes and attitude worthy of a painter, but his story is a little too intricate, and not over interesting.

—TENNYSON'S *Ode on the Death of Wellington*, is published by Moxon; but the almost unvarying opinion of the critics is, that it is not equal to the occasion. But who ever wrote an occasional ode or an occasional oration that took the palm? Occasions are only golden moments to mediocrities. Your man of genius must take his own time and way of doing things. Yet, there are passages in Tennyson's Ode, that relish of the butt of Ca-

nary, which is his laureate salary. Here is one, for instance:

O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long,  
To such a name  
Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
And ever-ringing avenues of song."

And here is another:

Not once or twice in our rough island story  
The path of duty was the way to glory.  
He that walks it only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purple, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden-roses.  
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory.  
He that ever following her commands,  
Or with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevail'd,  
Shall find the topping crags of Duty scald  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

—Siberia is one of the unknown regions, to which a certain romantic interest attaches, as to the Man in the Iron mask, or to the author of Junius. MADAME EVE FELINSKI'S *Revelations of Siberia*, therefore, though they contain no fine descriptions of scenery, and few dramatic incidents, will be read for the fidelity of the story they tell. She had the misfortune to be the sister of one of the most eminent Polish poets, and for that offence, or some other, incurred the ill-will of the Czar, who gave her a three years' opportunity of repentance among his favorite colonists in Siberia. This was from 1839 to 1841; and the lady has made a valuable book out of her experiences. It is readable, but not pronounceable in parts, for such names, we take it, as Iasyenko, Krzyzanowski, and Kzonzewska, were never meant to be uttered out of Russia.

—A book called the *Wanderings of a Pilgrim in search of the Picturesque*, is advertised as follows in one of the English papers: "Its circulation has been almost ubiquitous. It lies on our Queen's drawing-room table at Windsor Castle; it is an ornament in the library of the Czar at Petersburg. It is read in the hills at Simla and Landour, at the foot of the glorious Himalaya; it is treasured by her Highness the ex-Queen of Gwalior, and it adorns the court of Nepaul. In North America, at the court of the Brazils, it is in high repute. Our ambassadors read it in Madrid and in Stockholm; our military book clubs have long since ordered it at the Cape, in New Zealand (our antipodes), and at Hobart Town; and the 1002 imperial octavo pages, with their 50 beautiful illustrations sketched on the spot, and several of them lithographed by herself, constitute at this moment the most perfect delineation of East Indian

life, British and native, with which the literature of Europe has yet been enriched." Very strange that no one in the United States should have heard of it before!

—ALISON announces a continuation of his History, bringing the events up from the battle of Waterloo, to the declaration of the Empire by Louis Napoleon. As the war of the continent ceased during this period, as those great movements of peaceful civilization which are the glory of the modern era began to develop themselves then with unexampled rapidity, there is no portion of time more important or exciting; and the subject well treated, will make an admirable book. We scarcely think Alison, with his retrograde sympathies, the man for the task, yet we shall attempt to estimate his labors with fairness.

—LONGFELLOW's poems, and the Hyperion, have been issued in England, in the most beautiful illustrated forms. The "Evangeline" of two years ago, has been the model.

—The Second Volume of *Mrs. Hall's Pilgrimages to English Shrines*, with Notes and Illustrations, by F. W. Fairholt, has just been issued, in a handsome octavo, profusely illustrated with engravings on wood. This elegant volume is dedicated to Madame Otto Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind). The following names are memorialized: Isaac Walton, William Penn, Sir C. Wren, Edgeworth, Lady Rachael Russell, Jane Porter, Sir Richard Lovelace, Grace Aguilar, Edmund Burke, Flaxman, Edward Bird, Mrs. Holland, Dr. Maginn, Cowley, etc.

—*Vestiges of Old London*, a series of etchings from original drawings, illustrative of the monuments and architecture of London, in the first, fourth, twelfth, and six succeeding centuries, with descriptions and historical notices, by JOHN WYKEHAM RICHER, is a choice folio volume of curious antiquarian sketches of the British Metropolis.

—Two brilliant volumes have just appeared, richly embellished with colored drawings of Flowers; one on *Flower-Painting*, in twelve progressive lessons, and the other *Gems for the Drawing-Room*, containing groups of fruit and flowers; by PAUL JERRARD, with accompanying verses, by F. W. N. BAYLEY.

—WILKIE COLLINS's novel of *Basil*, is a regular English novel, of the modern school, containing one desperate villain, one young lady, (not innocent, by way of variety,) one good man, and the usual supernumeraries. But the scenes are described with much power, and the story, though not strikingly original, is well told.

There is some humor mingled with the prevailing sadness of the tone, which is further relieved by the assurance given us towards the close, that the suffering parties generally are at last happy.

—Another example of what may be done in the art of color-printing, is shown in a volume which appears this month in London, called *The Tenants of the Woods*. The specimen plates are remarkably beautiful.

—SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD's *Fortnight in Ireland* is one of the most entertaining and instructive essays on Ireland, that has been published in a long while. The author is remarkable for making large books from the smallest possible amount of travel. He was but three weeks in Paris, and during that time gathered sufficient material to make one of the most entertaining books on the French capital that any Englishman has written, and his fourteen days in Ireland were so well employed in seeing and noting the causes of Irish misery, that he leaves nothing for any other traveller to tell on that subject. Sir Francis is a magnificent penny-a-liner, and would make the fortune of a daily newspaper.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.—A ponderous book of reference for publicists and statesmen, is the *Annuaire des deux Mondes* (Annual of the Two Worlds), published by the proprietors of the well-known review of that name. In a thousand close octavo pages, we have here a summary of the political, industrial, social, and literary history of the entire world for the year 1851. Each country is treated by itself, from public documents, and other sources of information. The part relative to the United States is written by M. Emile Montegut; and if the others are as little trustworthy, the big volume is not good for much. For instance, this learned *litterateur* puts down M. Theodore Parker as the chief of the Universalists in this country, and associates "the Doctor George Ripley, M. Channing, the younger, M. Horace Greeley, and the poet Dana," as leaders in the sect of "the crazy and the illuminated," with which sect we are informed that "M. Henri Longfellow, a soft and timid poet," and M. Nathaniel Hawthorne, are intimately related. We learn also that there is a sect of "Episcopalian Methodists," who have three hundred churches in Massachusetts, and another of "Congregational Methodists," who have six hundred and twenty-five in the same state. The Shakers, he tells us, live on vegetable diet, and have a special medical doctrine known as the Thompsonian system. His account of American politics is

also peculiar; but on all matters where he had access to public documents, his statements are correct. The *Annuaire* is, on the whole, a better book than would appear from these amusing specimens.

—Since the Abbé Gaume's *Ver Rongeur*, the French press has produced no book more provocative of controversy than that of M. Montalembert, entitled *Des Interets Catholiques au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siecle* (Catholic Interests in the Nineteenth Century), which in a few weeks has passed through two editions at Paris. It is an able defense of constitutional, parliamentary government, against the assaults now made upon it by the crowd of Catholic writers in France, eager to cast themselves at the feet of Louis Napoleon and absolutism. It contends—as its author for years has contended—that liberty is not only more consistent with the doctrine and the discipline of the Church, but more favorable to its growth and glory than any absolute system of government. In support of this position, the history of the last fifty years is made to contribute a series of striking facts; the contrast which the result of this period of parliamentary rule and free discussion exhibits to that of the previous period of absolute political authority is set forth with great power and effect, while the Napoleonic Catholics, who have forsaken their former belief in freedom to adulate the despot of the day, are cauterized with concentrated bitterness of sarcasm which great moderation of language only heightens. M. Montalembert, however, holds that liberty and democracy are as antagonistic as liberty and absolutism. He has no faith in what is called *new ideas*. The rule of the masses is in his eyes but the tyranny of the mob; universal suffrage a folly; and the Constitution of England the highest form of political wisdom. Catholics in this country will read his book with satisfaction, not only on account of its exultant statements of the progress of their church, but from its vigorous protest against the ill-judged and erroneous attempts of certain writers to identify Catholicism with absolutism in politics, and the suppression of the liberty of the press, of parliamentary discussion, and of other forms of human rights.

—Two histories of the *Restoration* are now appearing in successive volumes at Paris. The one, by M. Vaulabelle, is the work of years, is written in the most conscientious spirit, and with infinite research; the other, by M. Lamartine, is the work of a few months, and is written with all that dramatic haste, and that inflation of style which characterize this most illustrious of hack writers, and which

he relieves by radiant flashes of genius, and a certain elevation of sentiment. Both are republicans in doctrine, but M. Vaulabelle is never led away from his principles by erratic flights of fancy, nor is he guilty of the frequent glaring errors of fact which blot the brilliant pages of the poet. Vaulabelle has just published his sixth volume, and Lamartine his seventh, to be presently followed by the eighth and last.

—Protestant controversialists will find an arsenal in the *Origines de l'Eglise Romaine*, by M. André Achinard, of Geneva. He undertakes to give the history of the dogmas, and of the hierarchical development of the Roman Catholic Church, and we can testify that his book is written in a commendable style of moderation and dignity. He concludes with an elaborate argument in favor of both the doctrines and the practical results of Protestantism.

—One of the most interesting phenomena of that age of confusion and destruction, the 18th century, was the appearance, amid the skepticism and the railery of France, of that mystical sect whose chief representative was the famous St. Martin. The doctrines of these mystics, and especially of their leader, are the subject of a book by M. Caro, of Rennes, which we cordially commend to all students of philosophical literature. It is entitled, *Essai sur la vie et la Doctrine de Saint-Martin*, and forms a volume of some three hundred pages.

—Readers of the more recent literature of France would do well to look into the book of M. Menche de Loise, on the Influence of French Literature from 1830 to 1850, on the Public Mind and Morals (*Influence de la Litterateur Française*). M. Loise is a rigid moralist, a pious religionist, and a sturdy conservative, and mercilessly condemns the extravagances and errors of his celebrated countrymen. Without agreeing in all his criticisms, we have read him with interest and attention. But it is a melancholy book which thus places the brand of corruption and evil upon the entire literature of a nation, and upon writers whose genius the world unites in celebrating. Alas, that there is so much truth in his condemnation!

—The third volume of HAXTHAUSEN'S *Studien über Russland* (Studies on Russia) has appeared. It is written like the preceding volumes, in a laudable tone of calmness and moderation, but like most works on Russia, cannot be altogether relied on. Baron Haxthausen does not speak Russian, and during his life in that country was constantly in intimate relations with courtiers and



government agents. Accordingly he sees every thing in rose color, and often arrives at conclusions which a better knowledge of the facts would have saved him from. A much more useful work is M. DE TEGOBORSKI'S *Etudes sur les Forces Productives de Russie* (Studies on the Productive Capacities of Russia). The author is a man of great ability, has been employed in the administration of the empire, and knows whereof he writes. No other statistics of Russia yet given to the world are so trustworthy as his. The second volume, recently published, treats of the culture of flax, hemp, silk, the vine, of horticulture and sylviculture, and of manufacturing industry in various branches, as they are carried on in the empire. A third volume is yet to appear. His book is worthy the attention of political economists, and of industrialists in every country, for its value is by no means confined to that of which he treats.

—A curious chapter of Russian history may be found in the *Memoires Secretes* of Villebois, published from manuscripts left by that adventurer, who was an aid-de-camp to Peter the Great, and served also under Catharine I. The book is written with all the naïveté of the time, in delightful old French. We have read nothing with more gusto among all the pile of literature that has recently passed through our hands.

—The past five years have been especially rich in books and dissertations upon Mirabeau, and now we have another to add to the list, by Dr. Lewitz, a German professor, who makes it his business to defend Mirabeau against all his foes. Only the first volume has yet been published, bringing the biography down to the conclusion of the famous trial at Aix, which was the beginning of his popularity, and laid the foundation for his subsequent political career. The account of Mirabeau's prolonged struggle with his father—one of the most striking passages in his whole history—is given with graphic power. The author undertakes also to depict the social condition of France, but does not succeed in it. He is also guilty of exaggerating what was good in Mirabeau, and of keeping what was bad too much in the background, to afford a just idea of his character.

—Countless are the additions which time and German fecundity never cease to make to the already infinite Goethe-literature, as they call it. One that we could not afford to spare, is the *Frauenbilder aus Goethe's Jugendzeit* (Women of Goethe's Youth), by H. DUNTZER. It presents to us some of the many graces and goddesses who surround

ed the youth of the great poet, and in various ways influenced his career. We here again make the acquaintance of Frederica of Sesenheim, of Cornelia, the poet's sister, of Anna Sybilla Münch, of Anna Elizabeth Schönmann (immortalized as Lili), of Auguste Stolberg, and of Goethe's mother. Perhaps the best of the sketches is the last. We hope Mr. Duntzer will pursue his inquiries farther, and paint for us other ladies from the same famous gallery, in their actual colors, and with all those interesting details which the poet himself has naturally withheld. The same author has published an essay on Goethe's *Prometheus* and *Pandora*, in which he argues that those works bear the same relation to the problem of art that the two parts of *Faust* have to the problem of knowledge. It has an interest only for a narrow circle of readers. *Briefwechsel und mündlicher Verkehr zwischen Goethe und dem Rathe Grüner* (Correspondence and Oral Intercourse between Goethe and Councillor Grüner), relates to scientific matters, and especially geology and mineralogy. Councillor Grüner resided in Bohemia, a favorite region with Goethe, not merely for its picturesque charms, but for its scientific phenomena. Hence this correspondence, which has no value or interest aside from the name of the poet, and the light it casts upon his scientific history. *Weimar und Jena* (Weimar and Jena), by ADOLPH STAHR, mainly discusses Goethe, though a number of other persons and subjects are introduced. Mr. Stahr, one of the most fluent and agreeable of light newspaper writers, here attempts to defend Mdlle. Vulpius, the wife of Goethe, at the expense of Madame von Stein, who was his most intimate friend, and according to his own admission, exercised a greater influence upon him than any other woman except his sister. So far the book is a failure. A splendidly illustrated edition of *Faust* is now being published in parts by Cotta, of Stuttgart. The plates are engraved on wood and steel, after designs by ENGELBERT SEIBERT. Two parts have been issued. We have examined them with pleasure. We cannot say that the artist equals the genius of the poet who wrote that wonderful drama, though no less praise is claimed for him by the critics in some of the best journals of Germany. But if what has now appeared be an index of what is to follow, he has produced an original and striking work. The designs are bold, profoundly thought out in their details, and true to the poem in their character. The engraving is admirable, as are the paper and printing. There will be eight parts, with thirteen large steel

engravings, and seventeen large, and some sixty small wood ones. The cost of the book in this country will be some ten dollars.

—CARL RITTER, the Geographer, has published *Ein Blick auf Palaestina und seine christliche Bevölkerung* (A Glance at Palestine and its Christian Population). It is valuable for biblical students especially, though interesting to others. It contains the most recent investigations on the geography and physical structure of the country, and a thorough history of the various Christian sects that inhabit it, showing that of them all, the Armenians have alone maintained themselves.

—A book which we cannot too highly commend, is Grimm's *Deutsches Wörterbuch* (German Dictionary), of which the first parts have made their appearance, and which is continued with laudable regularity and promptitude. No dictionary was ever the fruit of profounder study or more comprehensive learning. It is almost as valuable to the student of the English as of the German language; for in revealing the occult sources of the one, it casts the truest light upon the other.

—*Die Wissenschaft des Staates, oder die Lehre vom Lebensorganismus* (The Science of the State, or the Doctrine of Living Organization), by P. C. PLANTA, a Swiss gentleman, is an attempt to deduce the true laws of society from those of external nature, not to show that they are identical, but rather that they are harmonious, and that from one the other may be inferred. The first part treats of Man and the Cosmos, the second of Society and the State. Polarity is the fundamental principle of all material and spiritual life. The difference between human and animal life consists in the fact, that man represents every form of animal organization, and is devoid of instinct, and must learn to act for himself. The family is a product of the polarity of male and female; the state of the same principle expressed psychologically in the idea of right, and physiologically in that of economy. The author opposes the Hegelian metaphysics. His book is full of talent, and will be found interesting by those who have time and taste for such exceedingly abstract speculations.

—Interesting and valuable in every point of view, to the antiquary, the student of Biblical history, the geographer, and the reader of travels, are the *Briefe aus Aegypten, Aethiopien, und der Halbinsel des Sinai* (Letters from Egypt, Ethiopia, and the Peninsula of Sinai), by RICHARD LEPSIUS. The whole is contained in a single volume, dedicated to Alexander von Humboldt. The more

important results of the expedition sent out in 1842 by the Prussian Government, with Lepsius at its head, are given in the great work called *Monuments from Egypt and Ethiopia*. That book is devoted, however, mainly to the hieroglyphics, architecture, and topography of the countries; the present one gives the personal history and adventures of the expedition, narrates the circumstances under which the various studies and observations were made, and describes the treasures of art which it brought home; and at the same time abounds in suggestions and explanations of high value to whoever desires thoroughly to study the antiquities, the history, and even the present condition of these remarkable countries. The volume contains thirty-nine letters, and an appendix of annotations and explanatory remarks. It will be followed by a second, containing a variety of treatises on points of Egyptian art and history, either written during the expedition, or from studies made by the author on the spot.

—Dr. ALBRECHT WEBER has published a volume of academical lectures on the History of Indian Literature, of interest to students of the Vedas and of Sanscrit, but not to the general scholar, for whose use mere translations are all that is required. Such a translation has been published at Paris by M. THEODORE PAVIE. It is of the tenth book of the Bhagavat Pournana, relating the history of Krishna, and the substance of his doctrine.

—A book replete with German erudition, patience, and scholastic enthusiasm, is Dr. K. B. STARK's *Gaza und di Philistäische Küste* (Gaza and the Philistine Coast). We confess that we have turned over its learned pages with new astonishment at the devotion with which the human mind can pursue the most difficult topic, and the most remote from all immediate interests, through the labyrinths of obscure antiquity, and the misrepresentations of centuries of ignorance, in order to establish some fact apparently of little importance to the world at large. But scholars know how to appreciate such achievements, and to such we cordially commend this work. To students who seek to understand the inmost penetralia of classical and Biblical history it has a great value.

—General VON RADOWITZ has published, under the title of *Gesammelten Schriften* (Collected Writings), two volumes, containing his speeches in the Parliament of Frankfort, with a disquisition entitled *Iconography of the Saints*, and another upon the Devices of Chivalry. We always read Mr. Radowitz with a sort of unpleasant suspicion that he is a char-

latan, which his undeniable ability, and the affluence of learning which he manifests, cannot entirely remove. In this book the best part is the speeches, for they are clear and plausible at least. The Iconography of the Saints shows the mystical and queer side of the General's mind, the misfortune of which is, that if the author understands it himself, his readers must often be doubtful what he is driving at.

—Since 1830, FREDERIC VON RAUMER has published an annual of historical and political essays, by various authors, under the title of *Historisches Taschenbuch* (Historical Pocket-Book). The issue for 1853 contains five articles, none of them by the editor. The first is an account of Count Christopher von Dohna; the second, by Dr. Barthold, continues a curious history, begun last year, of the religious movement of the *Erweckten* (the Awakened), or pietists in Germany, during the close of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century. These religionists taught that learning was comparatively useless, that regeneration was an active process of repentance, despair, and final hope in the divine grace, and otherwise rebelled against the usages and organization of the dogmatic, scholastic, formal Protestantism which had grown up after the death of Luther. Dr. Barthold's essay is written with great detail, and is valuable rather for the professional student than the general reader. Dr. Weber, of Heidelberg, also continues the discussion of Milton's prose writings. Justice is done to the manly heart and the noble head of that glorious old champion of human rights. A curious chapter of German aristocratic history is the biography of Caroline, the great Landgravine of Hesse, by Bopp, of Darmstadt. Moriz Carriere contributes an article on the History of Christian Art, which none but a German could have written, and few but Germans will read; it is one of those vast applications of philosophic formulas which the Teutonic mind delights in, but which require a translation into language less abstract and general, in order to be useful to the more practical students of other nations. Mr. Carriere distinguishes the history of Christian art into three periods, viz.: that of Myth, or Ecclesiasticality, that of World-actuality, and that of Divine (*göttinnig*) Humanity; and then proceeds to demonstrate the truth of this classification in a very rapid and comprehensive review of architecture, painting, music, sculpture, and poetry.

—*Die Volksvertretungen in Deutschland's Zukunft* (Popular Representation in Future Germany), is the title of a very

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stupid book by Mr. August Winter. It is an attempt to construct a State on pretty much the same method that the German artist painted his famous camel, that is, from his own moral consciousness and original ideas. The various trades and professions are to be organized in separate guilds, and their head men are to form legislative assemblies, rising from those of the simple parish, through various hierarchical degrees, up to an imperial parliament, while counts and princes fill the aristocratic scale, and the king stands at the summit of the whole. Democracy Mr. Winter regards as proper in a very primitive and savage state of society.

—A book akin to the *Epiodes of Insect Life*, which last year gained such popularity in this country and England, is the *Skizzen aus der Pflanzen- und Thierwelt*, by Dr. HERMANN MASIUS. With exact scientific knowledge, as the foundation, Dr. Masius has built up a structure in which persons of every age and class can take delight as well as find instruction. He is at once a savan, a lover of healthy, happy nature, and an artist. The chapters on Birds are especially attractive. A book in English should be made not exactly of it—for the parts which apply to German birds and trees are not well adapted to translation—but after it.

—Historical and ethnographic scholars will find Dr. WUTTKE's *Geschichte des Heidenthums* (History of Heathendom) worthy their attention. The first volume, which has alone been published, opens with a survey of the first beginnings of history, and of the development of savage nations, and treats of the Huns, the Mongols of the middle ages, the Mexicans, and Peruvians. With a great deal of learning and of excellent sense, Dr. Wuttke fails not to combine a due proportion of fleshless and fantastic German speculation, quite remote from the severity of true science. His style is, however, a model of clearness and elegance.

—The attempt has often been made to reproduce antique life in modern romances, and thus to give us an immediate conception of Greek or Roman society. No effort of this sort has ever been more successful than FREDERIC JACOB's *Horaz und seine Freunde* (Horace and his Friends). We heartily commend it to all who like to take the results of almost boundless learning in the most agreeable way. It is at once an interesting story, and a genuine representation of the time it undertakes to revive.

—KARL GUTZKOW, one of the most considerable romance writers now living in Germany, has just published a volume of autobiography, called *Aus der Knaben-*

zeit (From my Boyhood), which has some charming passages, but generally has no interest for American readers.

—WILLIBALD ALEXIS, the writer of sundry readable romances in the German tongue, has lately completed a historical novel, which he has for some time had upon the anvil, by the publication of the third, fourth, and fifth volumes. Its title is *Ruhe die erste Bürgerpflicht* (Tranquillity the Citizen's First Duty). A just critic says of it, that it is too historical for a romance, and too romantic for a history. It is very good in parts, but poor as a whole.

—A book full of life and spirit, and worthy of a translation, is JULIUS VON WICKEDER'S *Aus dem Leben eines Touristen* (From the Life of a Tourist). The writer, a soldier by profession, has been pitched about in France, Algiers, Schleswig-Holstein, every where where meets with adventures, that he recounts in a lively, witty, daredevil strain, and with a turn for picturesque description that render him a most agreeable companion.

—*Die Brüder aus Ungarn* (The Hungarian Brothers), by A. WIDMANN, is a historical novel, ostensibly of the time of the Reformation and the Peasants' War, but really intended to expound the events of the years 1848 and '49 in Germany, and to enforce certain political doctrines in that connection. Of course, the book is a failure, though there are some charming little episodes woven into the story.

—A book which translators might find their advantage in looking up, is EDMUND HÖFFER'S *Geschichten* (Tales), a volume containing eight stories of popular life in Germany, done with great truth to nature, felicity of invention, and poetic interest.

—A volume of *Scenes Americaines* has just been issued for the benefit of the French nation, by M. CHARLES OLIFFE, a traveller, who last year honored the United States by his explorations. He does not go very much into the great philosophical, political, and economical questions which MM. Tocqueville and Chevalier so elaborately discuss in connection with the western republic, but devotes himself rather to observations upon the daily life and ordinary affairs of the Yankees. M. Oliffe is not a very great man, to judge by his book, and we advise no one to give way to sorrow if by chance he is unable to get a sight at the *Scenes Americaines*.

—A novel of Mexican life has lately appeared at Paris, in one volume under the title of *Costal P Indien* (Costal the Indian), by M. G. FERRY. The author perished in the conflagration of the steamer Amazon, which caused so melancholy a

loss to English letters in the death of Eliot Warburton. The scene is laid in the Mexican war of independence, and Morelos, the famous patriot chieftain in that war, plays a prominent part. The hero of the book is an Indian of the Sierra Madre, and the life of the time and country is depicted with a vigorous air of fidelity, which we confide in the more readily that M. Ferry is known as the author of other trustworthy sketches of Spanish American society and manners.

—Under the title of *Le Pays Latin* (The Latin Region), M. HENRI MURGER has published at Paris a touching story, which first appeared some year ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is an episode in the life of a student at Paris, wrought out by the author with a great deal of feeling and artistic skill. Told of any other persons than a Parisian student and his mistress, the incidents would be impossible, but here we have no doubt of their truth to nature. Amid the dreary desert of recent French novels, this one is worth reading.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ELEGANT organisms in the Animal and Vegetable kingdoms are constantly developed under the careful research of scientific inquirers. A new genus of the family of Volvocineæ is described by Dr. FREDERICK COHN of Breslau. It was observed by Dr. VON FRANTZIUS, during his journey to the Tyrol in 1850, that a green mucilaginous coloring of rain-water collected in the hollow of a grave-stone at Salzburg: the color being caused by the presence of innumerable vesicles moving about like Infusoria, each containing eight small green globules arranged around the periphery at regular distances, in other words, the rare wheel-animalcule in a living state. Acting upon this hint, Dr. COHN instituted a series of examinations in the highlands of Silesia, with the view of ascertaining the true nature of the organism. He arrives at the conclusion, that all analogy of structure and indications of natural relationship point to the fact that the Volvocineæ belong, not to the Animal kingdom, but to the Vegetable, and that they should be placed in the class of the Algæ. The formation of this genus is stated to be very beautiful.

—A new Hemipterous insect, forming the type of a new genus, is described by Mr. DALLAS. It is from Sylhet, forming part of the collection made in that country by Messrs. COLTON and TURNER.

—A report from Dr. GRAY and Mr. WATERHOUSE makes complaint of the restricted accommodations of the Zoolo-

gical department of the British Museum. The Osteological collection is large and important, and contains valuable specimens which have not yet been described.

—The British Museum of Practical Geology has commenced its second session, under very favorable auspices. The inaugural lecture was delivered by Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR, who made some striking comments upon the state of industrial instruction on the Continent. The British Government has established, in this Museum, a School of Mining and of education in the application of Science to the Arts, which cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence in popularizing scientific problems, and elevating the standard of public sentiment in regard to the pursuit of scientific investigations. The Course of Lectures for the present season will comprise forty-eight discourses on Chemistry, by Dr. PLAYFAIR; forty-eight on Metallurgy, by Dr. PERCY; thirty-six on Mechanical Science, by Mr. R. HUNT; forty on Geology, by Mr. A. C. RAMSAY; forty-eight on Natural History, by Mr. E. FORBES; and seventy-six on Mineralogy and Mining, by Mr. W. W. SMYTH.

—An interesting paper on the mode of vegetation of European and North American trees transported to Madeira, has appeared from the pen of Prof. OSWALD HEER of Zurich. Prof. HEER is distinguished for his valuable observations on the Botanical Geography of the Swiss mountains. Compelled by ill health to reside for a time at Madeira, he employed his leisure in investigations of the growth of plants in that equable climate. It was found that the *Platanus occidentalis*, a native of the United States, loses its leaves very slowly after the middle of October, and that the Apple and Pear begin to be leafless in December. Both these latter come into flower at Funchal by the 7th of April, and their fruit is collected in August. There are, however, varieties of apple and pear trees which flower and produce fruit twice during the year; and one variety of apple is perpetually in flower and fruit. Peach trees continue blooming in abundance during December and January.

—Mr. MACADAM communicates some observations regarding the General Distribution of Iodine, resulting from statements made by M. CHATIN before the French Academy of Sciences. M. CHATIN is of opinion that there is an appreciable quantity of Iodine in rain water, in the atmosphere, and in soils; and that the relative amount present in any one locality determines to a great extent the presence or absence of certain diseases. In what he styles the Paris zone, the quantity of iodine present in the water, the atmos-

phere and the soil, is comparatively great and hence there is an absence of goitre and cretinism. In the zone corresponding to that of the Valleys of the Alps, the amount of iodine has diminished to one-tenth of that found in the Paris zone; and accordingly,—according to this hypothesis,—the diseases named are there found to be endemic. Mr. MACADAM, in order to test the truth of these speculations, has recently undertaken a series of analyses in reference to the general distribution of iodine. His investigations were prosecuted in Edinburgh, and, though not determinate as to the results indicated by CHATIN, pointed out these important facts:—1. That the quantity of Iodine in the atmosphere is frequently too minute for detection by the ordinary methods of testing. 2. That Iodine is more generally distributed in the Vegetable Kingdom than has formerly been supposed; as is proved by its presence in potashes and by the discovery of distinct traces in the lixivium of charcoal. 3. That traces of bromine are to be found in crude potashes.

—The relation between the Height of Waves and their Distance from the Windward Shore, has been made the subject of inquiry by Mr. THOS. STEVENSON, C. E. Mr. STEVENSON, in designing a sea-work, experienced the usual difficulty of engineers in discovering the line of maximum exposure to the force of the waves, and was led to make a course of observations, extending through two years, upon the Frith of Forth and the Moray Frith. His results are not yet satisfactorily established, but he directs attention to the prosecution of inquiries which can be perfected only by multiplied trials. So far as the observations have extended, the plain result is indicated, that the waves seem to increase in height most nearly in the ratio of the square root of their distance from the windward shore. The subject is an important one.

—The coloring of the Green Teas of commerce is a topic which has been very generally discussed, but with little good. A new series of microscopical and chemical investigations has lately been instituted by Mr. ROBERT WARRINGTON. Specimens submitted to examination were found to be colored with indigo mixed with porcelain-clay, the indigo being of very inferior quality and leaving a large proportion of inorganic matter by calcination. A method for removing the coloring matter from the surface of green teas, for the purpose of microscopical investigation, attended with little trouble, is to take a piece of cream-colored woven paper, free from blue coloring material, rendering the surface slightly damp, and to place a small quan-



tity of the tea upon it. The coloring substance will adhere to the paper in small quantities, and may then be placed under the microscope, or submitted to the action of chemical tests.

—The return of two of the Arctic Expeditions to England has given rise to renewed speculations regarding the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. At the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Capt. KENNEDY and Capt. PENNY were present, the former of whom gave a succinct and interesting description of the route he pursued and the results he had obtained. The *Prince Albert*, under the command of Capt. KENNEDY, sailed from Aberdeen on the 22d of May, 1851, and penetrated to Leopold Island, on the northeast extremity of North Somerset on the 4th of September. From Leopold Island to the northern shore, a continuous line of densely-packed ice was seen barring Barrows' Straits from side to side. The original intention of exploring to Cape Riley and the entrance of Lancaster Sound was frustrated by the continuance of the ice in compact fields; but Capt. KENNEDY, with a few men, finally succeeded in reaching Whaler Point, on which were placed the stores deposited at Port Leopold by Sir JAMES ROSS. The party were detained at this point until the 27th of May. Their absence from the ship continued for ninety-six consecutive days, during which time they travelled a distance of 1100 miles. The results of this exploration, though not satisfactory as regards indications of the route of the missing navigator, are important as proof that he could not have visited the localities described by Capt. KENNEDY. Capt. INGLEDIEF, commander of the *Isabel*, the vessel fitted out mainly from the resources of Lady FRANKLIN, has had no better fortune. The labors of Capt. KENNEDY have served one useful purpose, in the discovery of a passage from Regent Inlet into the Victoria Channel of RAE, proving the existence of a northwest passage along the coast of North America, actually effected by modern navigators. It is noticeable that the British public regard with evident satisfaction the efforts which have been put forth in the same direction by American enterprise. The Geographical Society recommends a Government Expedition to the Arctic Seas in conjunction with vessels belonging to the United States.

—M. ELIE DE BEAUMONT, in his first Memoir on the Mountain Systems of Europe, read before the Paris Academy in June, 1829, indicated the existence of four systems. Soon after, he increased the number to nine; then to

twelve; and, latterly, to twenty-one. In a recent communication, he considers the probabilities of a still further extension, and expresses the belief that if the study of this department of Geology is continued, the number of systems will exceed one hundred. The subject has been investigated with much care by AGASSIZ, GUYOT, and others beside M. DE BEAUMONT, so that new developments will be likely to bring out important considerations.

—A Meteorological Society has been formed at the Mauritius, under the auspices of the Government. It proposes to collect all possible information in regard to that colony and its surrounding waters.

—Sir CHARLES LYELL has completed his visit to this country, and returned home. The object of this second visit from the distinguished geologist is understood to be, beside the delivery of lectures on his favorite science, the examination of the Geology of some extensive tracts in the United States and Canada, of which we may expect soon to see accounts from his popular pen.

—The preparation of the American Nautical Almanac, to be issued under the sanction of the Navy Department, has been so far advanced as to warrant the speedy publication of the first number of that work. The calculations are made for the year 1855. The Almanac is prepared under the superintendence of Lieut. C. H. DAVIS, U. S. N., who is assisted by Lieut. MAURY of the National Observatory, and other gentlemen of scientific knowledge and high reputation. A number of improvements over the English publication of the same character are introduced.

—The Sixth Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, just issued from the press, shows a liberal encouragement of scientific explorations and researches by the Government. The Institution has recently established a very complete system of Meteorological observations, the results of which will be valuable additions to the stock of our knowledge on that important subject.

—M. BROWN LEQUARD, a Member of the French Academy, and at present lecturing in Boston, has succeeded in re-exciting the irritability, or restoring life to the muscles of the human subject, by injections of blood. The circumstances which favor the transfusion are, that the blood be freshly drawn (although it is capable of producing the effect when an hour old), and that the injections be repeated every two or three hours. The effect is produced even when the blood used has been deprived of its fibrine. When the substance of a muscle is removed from the body and injected

with chloroform, it assumes great rigidity, and, after the interval of several days, so far retains its irritability as to respond to the stimulus of blood. Most of the experiments were made after the process of decomposition had commenced, and in one case, ten days had elapsed from the period of the natural death. A much larger quantity of blood was required than when the interval was less.

## MUSIC.

In domestic musical matters the present excitement is Madame Sontag's promised appearance in opera. It must be confessed that her career in this country has been conducted with great skill. Men like Barnum do not live in vain. The manager of the Sontag Concerts has benefited by the experience of the Jenny Lind, and, with admirable tact, having less available power to compel attention, he has so varied his appeal as always to attract it. Nothing more happily illustrates the value of management than the different success of Alboni and Sontag in this country. The first has all the prestige of a fresh, rich, and unequalled voice, and of a peculiar and acknowledged European fame. She is also a rarely accomplished artist, with a languid heroism that does not shrink from coping with the most intricate difficulties of her art, and mastering them with regal ease. She has, moreover, a quality of voice that is always captivating, smooth, luscious and sympathetic, and the charms of youth, and of a frank and unaffected demeanor, range themselves upon her side. The voice of the other is long past its prime; it is hard, and wiry, and weak. The bloom and richness are gone, and the fame of Sontag is historical. She, also, is a rare artist; but it is the trick of study. Whatever the impression of her singing may once have been, it is now that of an elaborate and artificial elegance. It is the Countess Rossi, singing as countesses should sing. It is unexceptionably lady-like, and the remark of a friend was a characteristic and appropriate criticism. "How delightful it is," said she, as she looked around her at Sontag's Second Concert, "to be in the midst of stylish toilettes again!" That is the fair feeling. To hear Sontag sing is to be in good society. White kids are *de rigueur*. She must be heard *en grand tenue*, in full dress, nothing less satisfies the sense of propriety. But time is against the lady, cunningly as she parries him; and the prestige of youth, which was always so persuasive an appeal to public favor, inclines to the contralto rather than to the soprano.

Yet there is no comparison of success.

Sontag has carried the town. Alboni, after the first gush of curiosity, failed to fill the hall. And the reason of the difference lies, as we said, solely in the management. The genius of advertising, and of various other means of catching the public eye—not unknown to the initiated—has been lavished upon one, but it has been only carelessly and lightly employed by the other. Sontag, too, has deserved success, by the admirable array of other musical talent than her own, which she has constantly presented. A large and effective orchestra, led by a master,—a colossal and carefully drilled chorus, as occasion required,—an exquisite tenor, for such we have found Pozzolini to be,—Badiali, our best of baritones, and Rocco, a basso, who is not a mere buffoon,—Paul Julien, a boy whose age and genius recall the youth of Mozart,—and, with these artists, a selection of music indicating the utmost care to consult the best, and the most popular, and most various tastes. These have combined to give Madame Sontag's concerts a just eminence in our musical annals, and all these have been wanting in the concerts of Madame Alboni. If, as we hear, the latter artist feels a little aggrieved, as if the American public did not appreciate her, she should remember that the concerts which preceded her own in Metropolitan Hall were those of Jenny Lind, in which Salvi, Badiali, Goldschmidt, Burke, and a noble orchestra, took part. No weak hand can hope to raise the sword of Achilles, and exquisite as is Alboni's singing, and beautiful and rare as her voice, yet Alboni only, clogged by Rovere and Arditi, had no right to expect the success she had not challenged. Her last concerts, we are sorry to say, were not very fully attended. The great singer herself was always delightedly greeted and heard, and there is a sweet and pensive elegance in San Giovanni's tenor, that, in a parlor, would be admirable, but is lost in a hall. But how was the audience to dispose of the dreary tracts upon the programme devoted to M. Arditi and his "works," and to the musical ranting of M. Rovere? It was hoped that Alboni might be included in the opera arrangement. Then, with Sontag, Alboni, Salvi, Badiali, Pozzolini, and Rocco, we could have snapped our fingers at "Her Majesty's," and the "Salle Ventadour." But it is not to be, we learn. Yet we reserve the right of not being surprised if it should so happen, for we have learned that if there be any thing in our uncertain life especially uncertain, it is the vows of singers, and if there be any thing especially certain, it is immortal discord among musicians.

We have already had the pleasure of hearing Sontag in opera. It was during the second season of her *renaissance* in London. She sang in the *Tempesta*, a musical travesty of Shakspeare by Halévy,—a composer even more destitute of melody than Meyerbeer,—and which ran a brief and spasmodic career, and then died away from human consideration entirely, as it deserved. Her debut in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, we also saw. It was very careful, and scholarly, and lady-like. The singer deployed all the conventional grace of high society in rendering the character. The rude, wild charm of the part was not in her delineation. It was a study in a certain style, not an individual appreciation and treatment. It was like private theatricals, not the dramatic art. Yet with what consummate skill she sang! How carefully, how well! All was as finished as a Parian vase. It was like a rose-wood musical-box perfectly in tune. Every thing was precise and true. The force of cultivation could go no farther. Our despair was that of Pygmalion before his statue. You can easily infer from the characteristics of Sontag in the concert-room what she will be upon the stage. In respect of high lyrical dramatic genius, it will be what the charming Countess in perfect toilette is to the noble ideal of woman. We shall all be pleased, delighted. There will be graceful propriety of action, a certain dainty archness in Rosina, irreproachable tournure and coiffure—a dexterous evasion of difficulties, the best possible presentation of voice, and a deferential assumption of success, to which we shall be only too happy to accede. We shall all be elegantly dressed in the boxes; our flowers and jewels will flash and thrill responsive to hers. We shall be a brilliant circle, and as clever in the *entr'actes* as we can manage. We shall indulge freely in our foreign musical reminiscences, and allow generously that, on the whole, this is not so bad. Silk, satin, lace, kid, *mille-fleurs*, and *moelle de boeuf*, will have it all their own way on the stage and in the boxes. It will be an epoch. We shall date from the Sontag opera; and if an exquisite singer, and an estimable lady retains golden remembrances of the time, we shall all be glad of it. Yet, meanwhile, as we put on our rose-colored opera-cloaks in the wardrobe, let us whisper timidly to each other, that the great genius which makes an immortal name by touching our deepest feelings and holiest admirations, is not described by the terms that truly criticise Sontag.

Both she and Alboni have delighted Boston. Alboni, indeed, “inaugurated”

the new Music Hall in that city, of which the Bostonians are justly proud, and she is now making her Southern progress. Sontag’s “festival concerts” succeeded well, but not so pointedly as to justify the extra expense, and her two last evenings in the city were of the usual character and without the chorus. The attendance and the satisfaction continued unabated to the last. Madame Sontag is now at the South. In our next we shall chronicle her operatic success, which we hold to be beyond question.

Madame Bishop has tried the experiment of English opera at Niblo’s during the autumn. It cannot be called successful. English versions of familiar Italian operas rarely succeed with a public slightly cloyed with them in the original. In the present instance they were brought forward without sufficient care and study. The best part of the experiment was Flotow’s *Martha*, a recent German opera, founded upon a characteristic incident of English life, and worked up with popular effect in much agreeable, if not very original, music. *Martha* was first produced at Vienna in the winter of 1847–8, and had a marked success. It was instantly mounted upon every stage in Germany, and, finally, after much resistance from the serious and jealous Prussians, it was brought out at the Royal Opera in Berlin. We had the fortune of “assisting” at the first representation. The composer was in the stage-box, and, so bitter is the difference of taste in art between the Viennese and the Berliners, that it was by no means a success assured in advance. But the lively and simple interest of the plot, and the really genial and sympathetic music soon found their way to the popular heart, and the curtain fell amidst very hearty applause and a unanimous call for the composer, who bowed his acknowledgments from his box. Some of those astute censors, the musical critics, charged savagely upon the opera in the feuilletons of the next morning’s papers, calling it “dance-music,” and fit for the superficial Vienna taste, but by no means satisfactory to the severe purity of the Berlin standard. *Martha*, however, held its own, and became one of the standard operas of the house. The overture has been played at Sontag’s concerts, and upon other occasions, and is a pleasing compromise between the flashing French and grave German schools. The movement has the vivacity of the former, and the forms of the melodies belong to the latter. The successful representation of the opera, however, requires a geniality which neither Madame Bishop nor her troupe

possess. It must go with unanimous spirit, or, like all cheerful intentions of the kind, it becomes a little dreary.

Mr. William H. Fry's musical lectures are the most remarkable event of the season. Their scope is so generous and catholic, and their intention so good, that we are happy to record an unequivocal success. The conception of the undertaking implies a kind of genius. To present a historical, æsthetic, scientific, and critical review of music in the compass of ten lectures, and so to distribute this huge material, as to leave some marked and permanent impression upon the public mind, is certainly an imperial prospectus. We speak the truth in saying that the promise has been kept. Mr. Fry's course is now in course of weekly delivery. Metropolitan Hall is thronged every Tuesday evening, to hear his descriptions and exegesis of various styles of music in all times and countries. The song *Blondel* sang to captive Richard in the Austrian tower, Chinese lullabies, Hindoo lyrics and Egyptian chants, whatever is old and characteristic, quaint and interesting, down to the colossal times of the oratorio, and the softer days of opera—even to that blending of the two, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which was performed entire, all these are presented, under Mr. Fry's auspices, with good solo-singers, and a chorus of two hundred voices, and with a success commensurate to the design. Of course in such an undertaking there will be a great difference of interest in the parts. Some may be apparently too elementary, others too abstruse. Many of the illustrations may seem tedious, many commonplace. But these are things incident to the character of Mr. Fry's work. It is not a concert intended solely to please, nor a dry explanation aiming only to instruct, but it is, on the whole, the most skilful, and by far the most successful union of the various kinds comprised in the scope of his intention, that we now recall. Mr. Fry has shown himself in these lectures, thoroughly competent to write such a history of Music as has not yet been attempted. How gladly would we rank among the many imposing proofs that America is not callous to the deepest persuasions of art, a comprehensive history of Music written by one of the most American of Americans.

The concerts of the two great singers have not interfered with the steadily growing and constantly deserved success of the Philharmonic Society, whose first concert this season at Niblo's Saloon, introduced us to Gade's "Ossian," and was among the best of their many memorable evenings. Eisfeld's Quartette Soirees of

Chamber music—a Chapel-of-ease to the great Cathedral of the Philharmonic—have commenced their third season auspiciously. They are altogether worthy the attention of lovers of genuine German music, presented in the most careful and effective manner.

The recent musical careers in this country have suggested the inquiry whether the concert will not take the place of the opera among us. It is certainly evident that there is no operan-enthusiasm sufficient to erect a suitable house, although we have Sontag with us ready to sing in it, and although letters have been received from Grisi, Mario, and the other greatest European celebrities, inquiring about the prospects and chances of an opera. We have no doubt of the success of a cheap opera, if it comprised the best vocal and instrumental talent in the world. But it must be managed by some Barnum, who thoroughly comprehends the genius of our public, and not by disappointed and incompetent managers from Europe, stiff-necked with stale operatic traditions of management which, even in Europe, cannot keep the opera alive. The opera to succeed in America, must be, like every thing else, Americanized.

In Europe there is little interest in the musical reports. There are no signs of any new great singers, nor of any new great opera. The huge shadow of some of Meyerbeer's coming events is, of course, cast upon musical rumor. The mountain is laboring; but its gestation is so prolonged. In England they have been singing Mendelssohn's *Christus*, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*, upon occasion of the Duke's death. But no new singers of note took part. Madame Anna Zerr continues to sing the music of Mozart's *Magic Flute* at Julien's Concerts, and earns great praise thereby. The range is so peculiar that no one else can sing it, and Madame Anna will therefore probably continue its performance. M. Julien, who gives monster promenade concerts in London, and gilds for the cockneys the prodigious pill of Beethoven by the most irresistible polkas and "Grand-Exhibition-of-all-Nations" waltzes, mazurkas and redowas, in which the Chinese gong struggles in deadly warfare with the Dorian flutes and voice of soft recorders, and over which—serene in flamboyant waistcoat—presides imperial Julien fiddling music out of the chaos, is coming to New-York to fiddle money out of our pockets. He will do it. We can no more avoid it than the "gents" of Drury-lane can resist his waistcoats. Let us "come down" in advance and lay the keys at the feet of the

conquering Julien. He will give us—and all honor to him for it—Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart, with a colossal orchestra, and no clap-trap performance, but a genuine matter. He will interweave a lighter music so daintily, that our feet will insensibly glide from the solemn marches of the great masters to the airy pulsations of Strauss, and Lanner, and Julien himself. He will do all this at a cheap rate, and the cavillers at the two and three dollar reserved seats, will fall into charmed silence as Julien reveals his unutterable waistcoat, and proffers them Paradise for a shilling. We record our fealty in advance.

The French papers mourn over the small prospect at the Italian Opera. The engagements for the season are Cruvelli, Vera, and Bertrandi, for soprani, and Borghi-Mamo for contralto. The tenors "threatened" are Bellini and Negrini, and for basso, our old friend Belletti, Marini (who used to dress Bertram at Astor Place, like Mumbo Jumbo), and Valli. Of the names upon this list, Belletti is always sure and good, and Cruvelli, judging from foreign report, had a chance of the greatest success, which she seems to be squandering by carelessness and laziness. The Emperor Louis, to keep matters along, pays £4000 for his box for the season.

In Italy there is a new opera at Genoa, *Fiorina*, which is well mentioned. Barbieri-Nini is singing acceptably in Rome; and we learn from that city, that our countryman, Crawford, has received from Boston an order for a bronze statue of Beethoven, for the Music Hall there.

#### THE FINE ARTS.

THE utter extinction of the American Art-Union, by a decision of our courts, has had a temporarily depressing effect upon the cause of Art in this country. But so vital a principle as the love of art is not to be extinguished by the demolition of any institution. The love of art remains, and those who minister to it are not weakened in their energies. Pictures will continue to be painted, and statues chiselled, now that the Art-Union has ceased to exist, as they were before that institution was organized. We were never well satisfied that Art-Unionism was a healthy and sound principle; it was too direct an interference with the principle of *laissez faire*, which is as essential to a vigorous and healthy development of genius in art as in every thing else. So that we have no tears to shed over the destruction of the

Art-Union, while we are very far from approving of the means by which the ruin of that, our only institution for the encouragement of art in the United States, was accomplished. Our artists will now be compelled to depend upon chance visitors to their studios, and the Annual Exhibition, for purchasers of their pictures; and we do not much doubt but they will be better off in consequence. They will work better, and, generally, find more discriminating customers than they have done the past five years.

The pictures of the Art-Union, which were to have been distributed last year to the members, were sold, on the 15th and 16th, at auction, for the benefit of all concerned. We believe it has not yet been determined what use shall be made of the Art-Union Galleries in Broadway; but it would be a very great pity for such admirable exhibition rooms not to be employed in some way for the promotion of art. We believe that the managers of the Art-Union have entertained an idea of keeping the galleries open as an exhibition and sales-room for works of art of various kinds. This would be an excellent plan, no doubt; something of the kind is needed—an artist's exchange, or market-house, where their productions might be seen by the public, and purchased. It is a rather difficult matter for our Medici, who would be glad enough to act the part of patron, to discover all the "studios" and "ateliers" of our rising artists; and the National Academy opens its galleries but once a year. But a better use to which the Art-Union rooms can be put, is to make them a school of design for artists. There is nothing that we so much need as practical artists, to create designs for our fine-art manufactures. Millions of dollars are annually sent to France, to pay for little artistic knick-knacks, which might easily be produced here. The English have opened their eyes to the importance of encouraging their fine-art manufactures, and, by the establishment of national schools of design, have already done much for the cause in all parts of the kingdom. The appropriation of one hundred thousand pounds, by Parliament, fifteen years ago, for the establishment of schools of design, has been ten times repaid by the benefit conferred upon their fine-art manufactures. Our Free Academy has made a small effort in this matter; but it requires the aid of the Government, either of the State or nation, to do any thing on a sufficiently liberal scale to be of any permanent benefit.